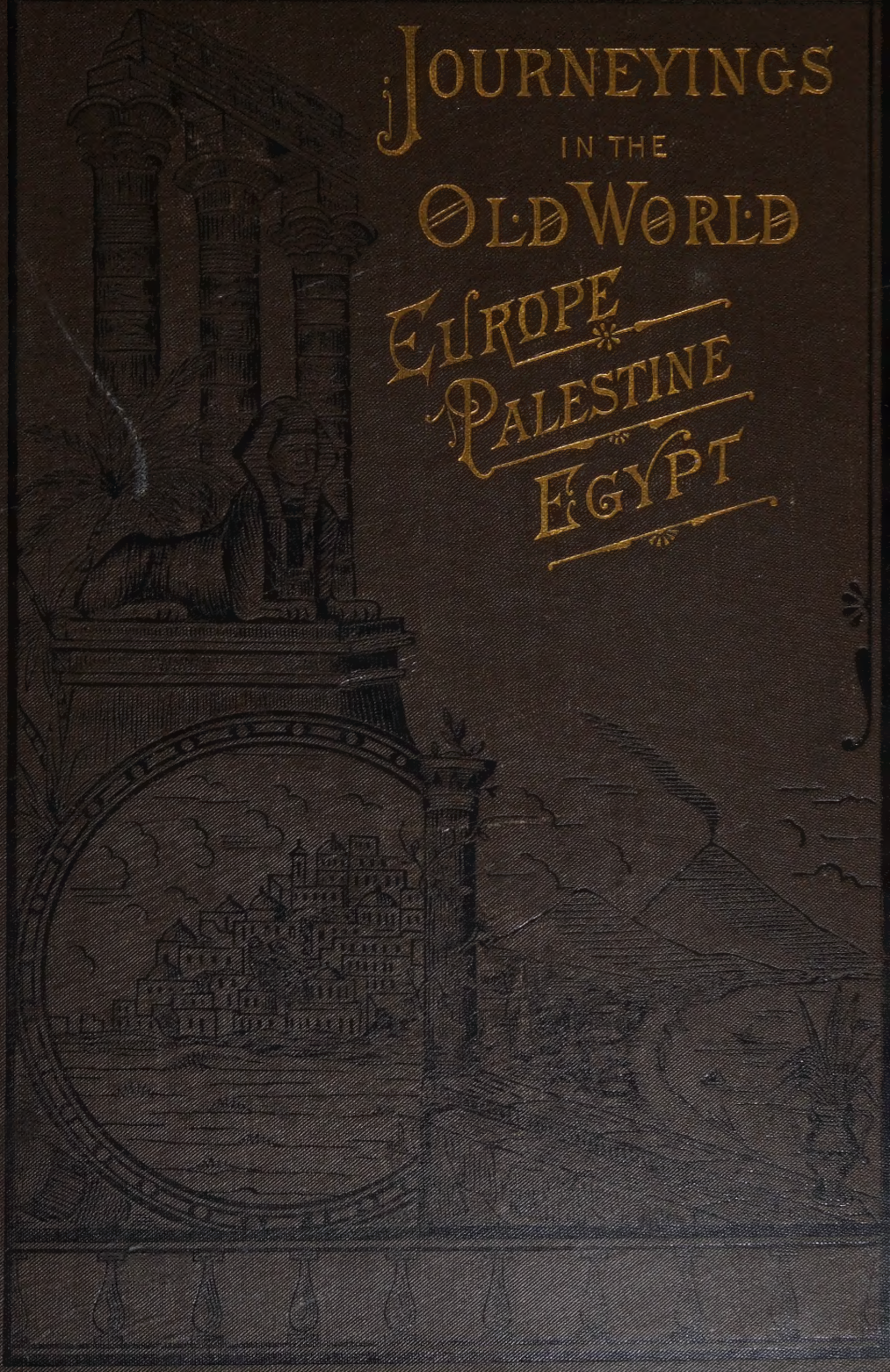
JOURNEYINGS IN THE OLD WORLD

EUROPE PALESTINE EGYPT



Engd by Augustus Robin. NY

Yours Truly,
G. W. Hobart.

JOURNEYINGS

—IN—

THE OLD WORLD;

—OR,—

Europe, Palestine, and Egypt,

EMBRACING

Ireland, Scotland, England, France, Italy, Greece, Turkey, Syria, The Holy Land, and Egypt, together with many Cities and Other Places Renowned in Sacred and Profane History, with Personal Observations and Incidents, and the Results of the Latest Explorations in Bible Lands,

With Maps, and over 100 Choice Illustrations.

BY

JAMES W. HOTT, D. D.,
EDITOR RELIGIOUS TELESCOPE.

INTRODUCTION BY

BENJ. ST. JAMES FRY, D. D.,
EDITOR CENTRAL CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

DAYTON, OHIO:
UNITED BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE.
1884.

Copyright, 1884,
By Rev. W. J. Shuey.

TO THE

MANY VERY DEAR

FRIENDS WITH WHOM IT

HAS PLEASED OUR LOVING LORD

IN HIS ABUNDANT MERCY TO BLESS THE

LIFE-JOURNEYINGS OF HIS UNWORTHY SERVANT,

AND

TO ALL WHO

HAVE EXPERIENCED

LIKE INTEREST IN THE PAST

AND PRESENT CIVILIZATION OF EUROPE

AND THE EXPLORATION AND DISCOVERIES IN BIBLE LANDS,

THIS VOLUME

IS MOST AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED BY THE

AUTHOR,

IN THE LOVE OF OUR

LORD AND SAVIOR JESUS CHRIST,

TO WHOM BE ALL GLORY THROUGHOUT ALL AGES.

PREFACE.

A most distinguished Christian thinker and orator says, "There are now no hermit nations." The developments of Christianity in the nineteenth century have taught the world the truthfulness and meaning of the brotherhood of man. The facilities of inter-communication have made foreign nations our neighbors. Investigations of the philosophy of history have made our age to look wonderingly back upon the ages and civilizations from which our civilization has sprung. We have a ceaseless and growing interest in the history of nations and the biography of mighty men. The nations that were have passed from their career of glory. The people who press the soil of countries hallowed by their graves are working out, with us, the old problems of the world's history by new methods. Thus it becomes us to place the past and present side by side. It is exceedingly interesting and profitable for one to do so by personal travel, and by visitation of the scenes where the first links which entered into the endless chain of history were forged. It is only less interesting and instructive in our own quiet home to follow others in their journeyings, while we are spared the toil and fatigue of foreign travel. The desire to afford others the pleasure and profit of such a pursuit has produced this volume.

The author of these pages did not travel as a specialist,—for traveling is not his profession,—nor with a view of studying the philosophy of historic events. He went abroad as a Christian to meet the duties assigned him as a member of a Christian society. In Ireland, Scotland, England, and continental Europe, he traveled with an open eye, inquisitive mind, and the susceptible heart of an American.

The writer has not aimed merely to tell a pleasing story, but to so connect historic fact and incident with places visited, and with the present appearances and conditions of these scenes, as to make his

book really worth reading. This plan has been followed through the several parts of the book. During the writer's journeyings in the Holy Land, it was his custom before visiting a place to read whatever portions of the Bible, in any direct way, stand associated with that particular locality. The reading was repeated when on the ground and the passages marked, as given in this work. The design of the book is to thus locate and connect, in the mind, Bible events and holy teachings with places, rivers, lakes, mountains, hills, plains, and valleys that are still to be looked upon by the traveler in Bible lands.

In the preparation of the first, second, and third parts of the book the writer most freely acknowledges his indebtedness to various handbooks for travelers, histories, biographies, and many poetical works, which were read and studied to great profit. Many historic facts were suggested by these books, without which a journey would be tedious and barren in these lands. The writer relied largely upon them for measurements and dates; but when found inaccurate, as thoroughly tested by standard authorities, they have been departed from. A like debt is due to many monuments and slabs, from which inscriptions were copied by the writer's own hand.

The preparation of the pages describing Syria, the Holy Land, and Egypt has employed the writer's closest attention for many months. No claim is laid to discovery or exploration by the author. He visited in all parts of Syria, Palestine, and Egypt; and what others have seen or can see in the course of travel, he saw.

It is a matter of painful regret that the lands of the Bible should remain to this day in the possession of such rude, superstitious, and semi-civilized people as we have described in these pages. It is marvelously strange to find the customs of thousands of years ago still existing and reproducing themselves, as generation follows generation, in these sacred Bible lands. To-day the traveler not only looks upon the same places mentioned in the Bible, but finds all about him, every hour, habits, customs, and scenes which place him amid the very echoes and memories of the ancient and saintly days. It is painful to look upon the land in its desolation, with its once mighty cities sleeping in ruins and dust, and its hills and valleys barren and naked. But it is not entirely without compensation, for it has pleased God to allow the Holy Land to thus lie, the ruin of its former self and glory. No improvements of progressive civilization have touched the hills and valleys and cities of these countries for two thousand years. To-day we look upon the lands of the Bible as the companion-book to the inspired record. The oldest and only history coming from the ages so

remote has its witnesses in rocks and rivers, in hills and plains, as well as in the excavated ruins of cities of Bible renown. Blind superstition and fanaticism have been the guardian of the most interesting treasures of antiquity known to the Christian world.

Great progress has been made in archæology in the last fifty years. The first scientific explorer to enter Palestine was Dr. Edward Robinson, who entered the Holy Land in 1838, and gave the world vast results from his toil. Ten years later Lieutenant Lynch, of America, did much to throw light upon the character of the Sea of Galilee, the Jordan, and the Dead Sea. He, with a dozen associates from America, launched two boats on the Sea of Galilee in April, 1848, and within eight days passed down the Jordan into the Dead Sea. His measurements and levels have been depended upon almost to the present time as the most valuable and reliable. Dr. J. T. Barclay, a missionary at Jerusalem, published a work of great value in 1857, and a year later Dr. William Thompson, a missionary at Sidon and Beyroot, published "The Land and the Book." These were valuable publications. Dr. Thompson's improved work, "Southern Palestine," appeared from the press in 1880, and "Central Palestine" in 1882. About 1865 the English Exploration Society was organized, and began surveys of the Holy Land west of the Jordan, which it completed several years ago. Much valuable information respecting the topography of the Holy Land and manners and customs of the people was thus secured. We have had occasion to quote frequently from Lieutenant Conder, who, with other able men, was employed by this society. About fourteen years ago an American Palestine exploration society was organized with a view to explore minutely the country east of the Jordan; but no great results have yet been secured, on account of a lack of funds to prosecute the work. Within the last two years a popular and elaborate work called "Picturesque Palestine," edited by Colonel Wilson, has been issued, which is the most fully illustrated work on Palestine published in America. Beside these valuable works, many other books on Palestine and Egypt have been published that have great merit. Rev. J. W. McGarvey, of Lexington, Kentucky, published, a few years ago, one of the best of these books, called "Lands of the Bible." To all of these books mentioned, and many others, the author acknowledges his great indebtedness; and also to Baedeker's "Palestine and Syria," published in English, in London, as a hand-book for travelers. A number of other books were helpful in the preparation of the chapters on the land of the Nile.

In giving measurements, distances, and population of towns in Syria

and Palestine, the author has usually followed Baedeker, but sometimes Lynch, and sometimes Conder, as one or another seemed most reliable. The fine colored maps used are the best to be found in this country, and are as accurate as can now be secured. Their value will readily appear to the reader. The illustrations have been selected with great care, and secured at material cost. They are reliable as faithful representations, secured originally from photographs.

The author has constantly sought to check any exuberance of spirit which leads sometimes to too fanciful descriptions. While he has sometimes allowed the reader to interpret the land by looking through his intense emotions, he has from first to last steadily aimed to put nothing in these pages which is not faithful and true.

The preparation of these pages has been a pleasant task. Should they prove a source of real pleasure and profit to the reader, and serve to introduce him to a better acquaintance with those parts of our globe to which all Christian hearts turn with ever-increasing delight, and should they cheer, with a few beams of pure sunshine, fellow-pilgrims in their journeyings to the good land in the skies, the labor of the author will have been abundantly rewarded.

J. W. Hott.

Dayton, Ohio, June 1, 1884.

CONTENTS.

PART FIRST.

THE EMERALD ISLE.

CHAPTER I.

Preparation for the Journey — Good-by — On the Steamer — Leaving the Harbor—Leaving the Pilot—Sea-Sickness—Fog — The Ocean —Vessels at a Distance—Burial at Sea — Inhabitants of the Deep — The Vessel — Bill of Fare 21

CHAPTER II.

Sighting Land — Coast of Ireland — Passing the Custom-House — Emerald Isle — St. Patrick — Names of Company — Irish Jaunting-Car — Blarney Castle — Kissing the Blarney-Stone — City of Cork — Bells of Shandon 31

CHAPTER III.

Reign of Terror — Beggars — Glengariff — Little Things — Frances Clare — Lakes of Killarney — Gap of Dunloe — Innisfallen — Old Abbeys — Irish Wit — Kildare Fame — The Unextinguishable Fire 38

CHAPTER IV.

Dublin — Parliament House — Dublin University — Statue of Goldsmith — Thomas Moore — Burke — William — Nelson — Castle — St. Patrick's Cathedral—Swift—Whately — Phenix Park —Tomb of O'Connell — Harvests — Lough Erne — Round Towers — Romances 45

CHAPTER V.

Londonderry — Its Siege — James II. — William of Orange — Rev. George Walker, Commander — His Monument — Battle of the Boyne — Portrush—Dr. Clarke's Birthplace—A Tribute—Giant's Causeway — Belfast — The Irish Problem—Condition of the People — Ignorance — Priestcraft — Landlordism — No Encouragement to Labor — Peat — Minerals — Parnell and the Agitation 50

PART SECOND.

SCOTLAND AND ENGLAND.

CHAPTER I.

Scotland — Size — Climate — North Channel — Greenock — Grave of "Highland Mary"—Glasgow—Population—Statues—Residences —First Steamer, the "Comet"—The Clyde — Cathedral — Visit to Ayr — Burns' Character, Writings, Home, and Relatives..... 59

CHAPTER II.

Highlands of Scotland — Lake Katrine — Sterling — The Castle — Bannockburn Battle-field—Robert the Bruce — Knox's Old Pulpit — Murder of Earl of Douglas — Virgin Martyrs — The Cathedral — Guild Hall — Burying the Dead — Scottish Character — Wit..... 66

CHAPTER III.

Edinburgh — Monuments — Edinburgh Castle — Room of Mary — Holyrood Palace — Murder of Rizzio — Home of Knox — Grave of Knox — His Character — Martyrs — Abbotsford — Labors of Scott — Vale of the Tweed — Scott's Grave at Dryburg Abbey — Melrose Abbey — Farewell to Scotland 74

CHAPTER IV.

Entering London — Population of London — Cost of its Support — Streets — Billingsgate—Charity—Parliament Building — Queen's Robing-Room — Prince's Chamber — Portraits — Henry and his Wives — House of Lords — House of Commons — Westminster Hall — Cromwell, Lord Protector — St. Margaret's Chapel — Sir Walter Raleigh — Canon Farrar. 85

CHAPTER V.

Westminster Abbey — Its Location — History — First Impressions —Monumental Statues: Pitt, Wilberforce, Wesley, Livingston, and others — Poets' Corner — Tombs of Chaucer, Shakespeare, Campbell, Milton, and others—Through the Tombs of the Kings and Queens — Stanley — Coronation Chair — Stone of Scone — Superstitious Legend—Religious Services—Jerusalem Chamber.. 93

CHAPTER VI.

Travel in London—Hansoms — Railways—Tramways — The Thames —Lambeth Palace—Prison of Wycliffe—Blackfriars Bridge and Monastery — Divorce of Henry VIII. from Catherine of Aragon

by Wolsey and Campeggio — London Tower — Crown-Jewels — Tower Green — Saddest Spot on the Globe — Beheading of Lady Jane Grey and Anne Boleyn — St. Paul's Cathedral — An Incident — Whispering Gallery — Hyde Park — Museums — Spurgeon — Rowland Hill's Chapel — Newman Hall 104

CHAPTER VII.

Ecumenical Conference — Churches Represented — United Brethren in the Conference — Opening Service — Entertainments — Lord Mayor of London — Order of Exercises — Results of the Conference 114

CHAPTER VIII.

London from the Parliament Tower — Smithfield — City Road Chapel — Grave of Wesley — Benson — Watson — Clarke — Newton — Bunhill-Fields — Susannah Wesley — Tomb of Burder — Owen — Watts — De Foe — Bunyan — A Reverie 125

PART THIRD.

FRANCE, ITALY, GREECE, AND TURKEY.

CHAPTER I.

The English Channel — Paris — Statuary — Men and Women — Church of the Madeleine — Agriculture — The Alps — Mont Cenis Tunnel — Italian Skies and Landscapes — Mountains Terraced — St. Michele dela Chiusa — Turin — Two Incidents — The Waldenses — Pisa — The Cathedral — Campo Santo — Leaning Tower — Journey to Florence 134

CHAPTER II.

Florence — View of the City — Home of Vespucci — Dante — Savonarola — Uffizi Gallery — Portrait of Raphael — Baptistery — Incidents — Piazza — St. Croce — Tomb of Angelo — Galileo — De Medici — Field of Art — Cathedral 146

CHAPTER III.

Milan — Cathedral of Milan — View from the Tower — Venice — People — Incident of Fashion — Gondolas — Skill in Rowing — History — Church of St. Mark — Ashes of St. Mark — Horses of Venice — The Piazza of St. Mark — Pigeons — Palace of the Doges — Bridge of Sighs — Churches — Venetian Art — Paintings — Titian's Last Work — Works of the Masters — The Campanile — Sunset from the Campanile — A Beautiful Lesson of Glory and Hope 153

CHAPTER IV.

From Florence to Rome — Rural Scenery — Valley of the Tiber — Seven Hills of Rome — History of Rome — Population — People — Sabbath in Rome — Ruins of Rome — Baths of Titus — Palace of Nero — Trial of Paul — Roman Forum — An Incident — Mamertine Prison — Arch of Titus — Arch of Constantine — Forum of Trajan — Tomb of Trajan — Palace of Caligula — Baths of Diocletian and Caracalla — Royal Palace — Colosseum 165

CHAPTER V.

Walls of Rome — Priests — Monks — Orders — St. Pietro in Vincoli — Statue of Moses, by Michael Angelo — An Incident — Pantheon — Tomb of Raphael — Roman Art — Sistine Chapel — Frescoes of Michael Angelo — Vatican — Transfiguration — Church of St. Peter — Pilate's Stairs — Chapel of St. Paul — Tomb of Paul — Catacombs — Persecuted Christians — Pagan Tomb — Lessons from the Catacombs 175

CHAPTER VI.

Paul in Rome — A Roman Citizen — Epistle to the Romans — At Puteoli — Paul's Hired House — Dwellings of Jews — The Appian Way — Footprints of Christ — Paul's First View of Rome — His Epistles — Success of His Ministry — Two Incidents — Paul's Associates at Rome — Reference to His Imprisonment — Lessons from our Sorrows 183

CHAPTER VII.

Naples — Scenes in Naples — Men — Women — Donkeys — Going to Market — Making Macaroni — Pompeii — History — Destruction — Long Sleep — Excursion — Streets — Character of the People — Lessons — Vesuvius — Various Eruptions — Railway — Ascending Vesuvius — Terror of the Mountain 194

CHAPTER VIII.

Leaving Italy — Differences of Customs — Southern Italy — Its Appearance — Products — Canosa — The Battle-field of Hannibal — Storm on the Adriatic — Bible Descriptions — Corfu — Greek Clergy — The People — Our Palestine Company — Scene on Shipboard — Mohammedans at Prayer — Barren Hills of Greece — Dr. Schliemann — His Life — Mrs. Schliemann — Piræus — City of Plato 202

CHAPTER IX.

Athens — Early History — Location — Surrounding Mountains — Hymettus — Pentelicus — Aigaleos — Lycabettus — Pass of Daphne — Sacred Way — Temple of Ceres — Eleusis — Worship of Ceres

—Modern Athens—Athenians — Greek Churches—Ancient Athens — The Acropolis — The Parthenon — Erectheum — Statue of Minerva — Propylæa — Temple of Wingless Victory — Temple of Jupiter — Temple of Theseus — Pnix — Story of Demosthenes — Odeum of Herodes — Theater of Bacchus — Stadium — Agora — Mars' Hill — Temple of Mars—Paul with the New Philosophy —On Mars' Hill — Surroundings — The Discourse — Leaving Athens..... 211

CHAPTER X.

Leaving Greece — The Hellespont — Quarantine — Sea of Marmora — Mixed Multitude — Dr. S. F. Smith — An Incident — Constantinople — Location — History — Sultan's Harem — Stamboul — Burial Scenes — Ancient Wall — Mohammedan Superstition — Dogs..... 227

CHAPTER XI.

Constantinople — Head-Dress—Carriers—Streets— Houses—Mosques — St. Sophia—Calling the Faithful to Prayer — Hours of Prayer — Incident — Mohammedan Worship — Women Outside — Bazaars — Interpreters — Trip to the Black Sea — The Bosporus — Bible-House — Robert College — Girls' Home-School — Plea for Womanhood..... 235

CHAPTER XII.

Voyaging in the Levant — Oriental Travelers — Mohammedans at Prayer — From Constantinople to Smyrna — Plains of Troy — Paul's Vision at Troas—Mitylene—Smyrna — Population — Message from the Lord — Polycarp..... 247

CHAPTER XIII.

Ephesus — Distance from Smyrna — Passing Scenes — Flocks — Caravans of Camels — Tents of Kedar — Site of Ephesus — A City of Ruins—History of Ephesus—Temple of Diana—Eight Temples in Ruins — Paul at Ephesus—Apollos—Aquila and Priscilla —Beasts at Ephesus — In the Theater — Address to the Elders of the Ephesian Church—Epistle to the Ephesians—Home of John — Timothy — Ruins..... 253

CHAPTER XIV.

Distances in the Great Sea — Chios — Samos—Patmos—Vision of the Revelator — The Echo of Patmos — Coos — Rhodes — Cyprus — Limersol — Larnica — Salamis — Paul and Barnabas on Cyprus —Witnesses..... 263

PART FOURTH.

THE HOLY LAND.

CHAPTER I.

Location of Palestine — How to Reach It — First View of the Holy Land — Long-Cherished Hopes Realized — Types in Mountains and Stone — History of the Land — Abraham's Day — Original Occupants — Their Location — Patriarchs — Possessions of Israel — Period of the Judges — Kings — Greeks and Romans — Times of Christ — Persian Conquests — Crusaders — Napoleon — Arabs — Present Government of Palestine 269

CHAPTER II.

Time to Visit Palestine—Order of Travel in the Spring and Autumn — Sojourn in Tents — Number of American Visitors to Palestine — Syria — Beyroot — Hotel de Orient — History of Beyroot—Mission-Work — Harbor — University — Printing-House — Cacti — Fountains — Scene at the Well — Eleazar — Maidens Drawing Water — Beggars — Poor — No Hospitals for the Destitute — Christ's Contact with the Suffering—Bartimeus—Shops—Preparation for the Journey — Methods of Travel — Damascus Road — Why no Roads Now — Ancient Chariots — Wagons of Joseph — Roman Roads — One Path Prepared for Pilgrims — Drawing for Horses — Grave of Kingsley 277

CHAPTER III.

Leaving Beyroot — Loading the Beasts — Our Company — Modes of Accommodation — Dragoman — Crossing the Valley — Pines — Palms — Sycamore-Tree — Vineyards — Lebanon Mountain — Ascending the Lebanon — Desolateness — Traveling Family — Outlook from Lebanon — Lofty Peaks — View of Hermon — Ancient Glory of Lebanon — Cedars — Toward our Tents 285

CHAPTER IV.

First Night in Camp — Shtora — Heat and Cold—Caravans — Riding — Diligence — Valley of Cœle Syria — Litany — Fields — View of Lebanon — Thrashing-Floor — Druses — Vineyards — Streams of Water — Landmarks — Baalbec—Ruins—History—Baal Worship — Walls — Plateau — Great Stones — How Handled — Stone in Quarry—Entrance to Acropolis—An Incident—Tunnels—Temple of Jupiter—Temple of the Sun—Sabbath Services in Temple of the Sun 293

CHAPTER V.

Leaving Baalbec—Last View—Valley of the Orontes—Crossing Anti-Lebanon—Tomb of Noah—Abana—Naaman—View of Damascus—Surrounding Plain—Hotel—Eastern House—Population of Damascus—Houses of Damascus—Bricks—Walls—Court of Oriental House—Divan—Bazaars—Costumes 308

CHAPTER VI.

Damascus—Trading—Camels—Ornaments—Mosques—Call of the Muezzin—Great Mosque—Basilica—Roman Temple—Tomb of the Head of John the Baptist—House of Rimmon—Altar of Ahaz—Trouble in the Mosque—The Massacre—Damascus of Antiquity—Visits of Abraham and Elisha—Conversion of Saul—Street Called Straight—House of Ananias—Old Wall—Eastern Gate 319

CHAPTER VII.

Leaving Damascus—Whited Sepulchers—Place of Saul's Conversion—Tomb of Nimrod—Over the Hermon—Plowing—Height of Hermon—Character of Hermon—Bible Allusions—Rain-Storm—View from Hermon—Cæsarea Philippi—History—Herod Philip—Salome—Banias of To-Day—Walls—Moats—Gate—Coins—Temple of Pan—Fortress—Christ at Cæsarea—His Discourse—The Transfiguration—Raphael's Transfiguration—The Lunatic Child—Woman Healed—Statue—Eusebius' Record—A Figure... 328

CHAPTER VIII.

Clouds Lifting—Leaving Banias—Dan—Golden Calf—Mound of the City—Samson's Foxes—Hasbany—Derdarah—Mountains of Naphtali—Kedesh—City of Refuge—Home of Deborah—Shepherds—Goats—Sheep—Bible Illustrations—Christ the Good Shepherd—Sheep-fold—Dividing the Sheep from the Goats—Skin Bottles—Incidents—Women Carrying Water—Hagar—Fat of Sheep—Bedouin Cloaks—Camp at Merom—Battle-Scene of Joshua 339

CHAPTER IX.

Leaving Merom—Gazelle—Stork—From Lake Huleh to Sea of Galilee—Khan Yusef—View of the Sea of Galilee—The Scene of Jesus' Labors—Chorazin—Capernaum—Ruins of a Synagogue—Christ's Woe on the Cities—His Boundless Invitation 351

CHAPTER X.

Leaving Capernaum—Safed—City on a Hill—Springs—Papyrus—Bethsaida—Bethsaida Julius—Plains of Gennesaret—Lessons of the Land of Gennesaret—Oleander Groves—Magdala—Tomb of

Mary Magdalene—Ride along the Lake—Tiberias—Bed-sick—Home of Herod—Iniquity of the Palace—City of Jewish Honor—Mishna—Ancient City—View of the Sea—Size of the Sea of Galilee—Storms—Mountains Around the Lake—Steep Place—Bath in the Sea—Fishes—Leaving Tiberias—Last View of the Sea of Galilee 360

CHAPTER XI.

Mountain of Beatitudes—Women Riding—Cana of Galilee—Christ's First Miracle—Nobleman's Son Healed—Water-pots—Well—Women Washing—Jonah's Town—Tomb of Jonah—First View of Nazareth—Child-Home of Jesus—Population of Nazareth—Dress of Women—View from the Hill—Grotto of Annunciation—Synagogue—Jesus Rejected—Brow of the Hill—At the Well—Bake-oven 371

CHAPTER XII.

Storm at Nazareth—Singing of Birds—Leaving Nazareth—Hills of Galilee—Path of the Holy Family—Plain of Esdraelon—Little Hermon—Carmel—Battle of the Gods—Elijah—Ahab—Jezebel—The Famine—The Prayer for Rain—God or Baal—Hermits of Carmel—Nain—Tabor—Shunem—Elisha's Chamber—Raising the Widow's Son 384

CHAPTER XIII.

Fountain of Gideon—Jezreel—Gilboa—Battle of Deborah—Gideon—Scene at Endor—Saul Slain in Gilboa—Jezebel—Vineyard of Naboth—Josiah Slain by Nechro—Napoleon's Battle—Jehu—Dogs Eat Jezebel—Women Grinding at the Mill—Rock-Cut Cisterns—Across Esdraelon 394

CHAPTER XIV.

Jenin—Cactus—Date-Palm—Women at the Tombs—Dothan—Joseph Sold—Elisha at Dothan—Watering Camels—Samaria—Home of the Prophets—Colonnade of Herod—Church of St. John—Siege of Benhadad—Philip at Samaria—Peter at Samaria—Sight of Ebal and Gerizim—Gathering Sticks—Arabs at Meal 403

CHAPTER XV.

Shechem—Valley of Shechem—Camp of Abraham—Joshua and Israel—Amphitheater—Mount Gerizim—Samaritan Temple—Climbing the Mountain—Samaritan Worship—Passover—Sacred Rock—Samaritan Population—Samaritan Pentateuch—Mount Ebal 413

CHAPTER XVI.

Leaving Shechem — Lepers — Houses — Flat Roofs — House-tops — Plain of Moreh — Tomb of Joseph — Jacob's Well — Askar — Leaving Jacob's Well — Balata — Northern Hills of Judea..... 425

CHAPTER XVII.

Khan Sawich — Lebonah — Shiloh — Tabernacle — Altar of Incense — Ark of the Covenant — High-Priest — Home of Samuel — Eli — Robbers' Fountain — View from Bethel — Mizpeh — Bethel — View of Jerusalem — Events at Bethel — Over the Quarantine Mountains — Camp at Jericho..... 434

CHAPTER XVIII.

Valley of the Jordan — River Jordan — Plain — Cities of the Plain — Jericho — Elisha's Fountain — Quarantine Mountain — Gilgal — Sodom and Gomorrah — Dead Sea — Bethabara — Pilgrims to the Jordan..... 447

CHAPTER XIX.

Leaving Jericho — Thieves — Brook Cherith — Elijah Fed by the Ravens — Ravens — Wilderness of Judea — The Good Samaritan — Gazelles — Apostles' Fountain — Stone of Rest — Bethany — Tomb of Lazarus — Christ at Bethany — View of Jerusalem from Olivet — Entering the Holy City..... 462

CHAPTER XX.

The Holy City — History of Jerusalem — Origin of its Name — Location — Size — Population — Moriah — Zion — Valley of Kedron — Valley of Hinnom — Plan of Jerusalem — Tyropeon Valley — Stone City — View in Jerusalem — House-top — Present Condition of Jerusalem..... 477

CHAPTER XXI.

Walk about Jerusalem — Mount of Olives — Place of Christ's Ascension — Olives — Oil Mill — Taxation of the Lands — Via Dolorosa — Brook Kedron — Valley of Kedron — Grotto of Jeremiah — Tomb of Mary — Gethsemane — Olive-Tree in Gethsemane — Jewish Tombs — Tomb of Absalom — Other Tombs — Hill of Offense — Virgin's Fountain — Pool of Siloam — En-rogel..... 487

CHAPTER XXII.

Valley of Hinnom — Mo'ech — Hill of Evil Counsel — Field of Blood — Lower Pool of Gihon — Aqueduct — Upper Pool of Gihon — Rain-Fall — Coronation of Solomon — Burial-Grounds — Olive-

Trees — Tombs of the Kings — Tombs of the Judges — Sepulcher of Christ — Sepulcher Open and Closed — Nob — Saul's Murder of the Priests 503

CHAPTER XXIII.

Walls of Jeruselam — Towers — Eastern Wall — Great Stones — Foundations — Golden Gate — Council-Chambers — Superstitions — Place of Judgment — St. Stephen's Gate — Herod's Gate — Damascus Gate — Length of Entire Wall — Joppa Gate — Tower of David — Mount Zion — Zion Gate — Tyropeon Valley — Dung-Gate — Stone-Quarries under the City — Golgotha 511

CHAPTER XXIV.

Streets of Jerusalem — Haram es Sheriff — Dome of the Rock — Sacred Place — Praying-Place of David — Superstitions — Dome of the Chain — Praying Before the Mosque — Cisterns — Mosque el Aksa — Cradle of Christ — Solomon's Stables — Wailing-Place of the Jews — Robinson's Arch 520

CHAPTER XXV.

Via Dolorosa — Pool of Bethesda — Tower of Antonia — Pilate's House — Arch of Pilate — Church of the Holy Sepulcher — Stone of Anointment — Holy Sepulcher — Rent Rock — Chapel of St. Helena — Finding of the Cross — Sacred Pillar — Tomb of Adam — Pilgrims — Holy Fire — Pool of Hezekiah — Armenian Monastery — Tomb of David — Lepers — Synagogue — Bazaars — Hospital of St. John — Lady Riding a Donkey — Money-Changers — Arab Quarrel 533

CHAPTER XXVI.

Land of Abraham — Sight of Bethlehem Fields — Tomb of Rachel — Giloh — Pools of Solomon — Tekoa — Mountain of Paradise — Cave of Adullam — Russian Pilgrims — Abraham's Oak — Plain of Mamre — Hebron — Cave of Machpelah — Pools of Hebron — Bethlehem — Church of the Nativity — Well of David — Birth of Christ — Lights of Zion 547

CHAPTER XXVII.

Climate of Palestine — Wood — Products of Palestine — Fruits — Silks — Cotton — Fig-Tree — Beasts — Population — Jews — Turks — Arabs — Fellahin — Bedouins — Costumes — Women — Salutations — Land-Tenure — Taxation 563

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Church in Jerusalem — Leaving the Holy City — Trouble with the Driver — Last View of Jerusalem — House of Obed-edom — Kirjath-Jearim — Valley of Ajalon — Latrun — Ramleh — Tower of the Forty — Plain of Sharon — Joppa — Simon's House — Orange-Orchards — Mohammedan Funeral — Ships of the Desert — Thanksgiving Dinner — Leaving Joppa..... 573

PART FIFTH.

EGYPT—LAND OF THE PHARAOHS.

CHAPTER I.

Land of the Pharaohs — Port Said — Suez Canal — Desert — Land of Goshen — Joseph and Jacob — Home of Israel — Ismailia — Rameses — Bondage of Israel — Zakazik — Palm-Trees — Women — People of Egypt — Pyramids — Donkeys — Cairo..... 587

CHAPTER II.

Ancient Egypt — Its Antiquities — Ancient Government—Abraham in Egypt — Egyptian Glory and Plagues — Plato in Egypt — Egypt the Shelter of Christ — Virgin's Tree — Climate of Egypt — Copts — Abyssinians — Turks — Women as Slaves — Streets of Cairo — Egyptian Gardens — Blind People — Mosques — Grand Mosque — Citadel — Mamelukes — Mohammedan School — Mohammedan Students — Missions in Egypt..... 594

CHAPTER III.

Festival of Hassan — History of the Celebration — Scene in the Streets — Murderous Procession — Fanaticism — Curious Belief — Baal Worship..... 603

CHAPTER IV.

Visit to the Pyramids — Arabs—Burial-Ground of Egypt — Cheops — Size of the Pyramid — Interior of Cheops — Queen's Chamber — Sarcophagus in King's Chamber — Ascending the Pyramids — View from the Top of Cheops — Pyramid of Cephren—An Arab Race down the Pyramid — Sphinx..... 609

CHAPTER V.

Visit to Heliopolis — Watering the Lands — Virgin's Tree — City of On — Obelisk of Egypt — Marriage of Joseph — Decay of Ages... 621

CHAPTER VI.

Visit to Sakkarah — Donkey Riding — Sad Sight — Women Mourning — Ancient Memphis — Statue of Rameses — Groves of Palms — Burial Places — Serapeum — Tombs of the Sacred Bulls — Tomb of Tih — Crossing the Nile — Moses in the Rushes..... 625

CHAPTER VII.

Museum of Cairo — Old Statue — Mummies — Whirling Dervishes — Nilometer — River Nile — Overflowing of the Nile — Camp-Fires of Israel..... 635

CHAPTER VIII.

Egyptian People — Route to Alexandria — Fields — The Delta — Ancient Alexandria — Schools of Alexandria — Alexandrian Libraries — Pompey's Pillar — Doom of Alexandria — Modern City — Memories..... 641

CHAPTER IX.

Leaving Alexandria — Across the Mediterranean — Triest — Custom-House Robbery — Homeward — In London — Oxford — Latimer and Ridley — Across the Ocean — At Home — The New World — Good-by..... 647

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE
Portrait of the Author.	*Frontispiece.*
Irish Donkey-Cart	40
Irish Donkey	58
Birthplace of Robert Burns	65
Monument of Walter Scott	83
Parliament Building	89
Westminster Abbey	94
St. Paul's Cathedral	109
Bunyan's Tomb	130
Bedford Jail	132
Place de la Concorde	135
Church of the Madeleine	137
View of Pisa	144
Cathedral of Milan	155
Bridge of Sighs	161
Arch of Titus	171
Remains of the Colosseum	174
The Pantheon	176
St. Peter's Church, Rome	179
Graves in the Catacombs at Rome	182
Crater of Vesuvius	200
New Testament World (map), opposite	202
Athens, with the Acropolis	214
The Parthenon	216
Mars' Hill	221
Mosque of St. Sophia	237
Mohammedans at Prayer (1)	240
Mohammedans at Prayer (2)	241
Smyrna	251
Temple of Diana	256
Ancient Theater at Ephesus	260
Modern Palestine (colored map), opposite	269
Palestine in the time of the Patriarchs (map), opposite	277
Fountain by the Wayside	280
Carob-Tree and Pods	288
Cedar of Lebanon	291
Medals of Baal	299
Stone in the Quarry, Baalbec	301
Entrance to the Temple of the Sun, Baalbec	305
Our Camp at Baalbec, opposite	308
Damascus from Jebel Kasiun	311
Court of an Eastern House	315
Divan, or Reception-Room	316
Street which is Called Straight	325
Eastern Gate of Damascus	327
Arabs Plowing	330
Gate of Cæsarea Philippi	333
Jackal — Samson's Fox	341
Sheep-Fold	346
Syrian Sheep	348
Stork on a Ruin	352

	PAGE
Sea of Galilee, from the North	354
Ruins of a Synagogue, Capernaum	356
View of the Sea of Galilee, from Tiberias	369
View of Nazareth	374
Oriental Dress	377
Village Bake-Oven	382
Women Grinding at a Mill	401
Date-Palm	404
Weeping for the Dead	405
Herod's Colonnade at Samaria	408
Arabs at Meal	402
View of Shechem	414
Worship of Samaritans on Mt. Gerizim	417
Ancient Scroll Closed	422
Oriental House-Top	428
The Tabernacle at Shiloh	435
Altar of Incense	436
Ark of the Covenant	437
High-Priest Before the Lord	438
The Dead Sea	455
Crossing the Jordan at Bethabara	457
Jerusalem from the North-east	472
The Damascus Gate	475
Pool of Siloam, looking toward Jerusalem	479
Plan of Jerusalem	483
View in Jerusalem	485
Environs of Jerusalem (colored map) opposite	486
Mount of Olives	489
Oil-Mill	490
Old Olive-Tree in Gethsemane	495
Pool of Siloam and Garden, South-eastward	500
Upper Pool of Gihon	505
Sepulcher Open and Closed	509
The Golden Gate	513
Dome of the Rock	522
Praying before the Mosque	526
Wailing-Place of the Jews at Jerusalem	529
Via Dolorosa	535
Church of the Holy Sepulcher	538
Holy Sepulcher	539
Lady Riding a Donkey	545
Tomb of Rachel	548
Pools of Solomon	549
Hebron and the Haram	554
Bethlehem	557
Oriental Costumes	568
Sandal	568
Woman Veiled	569
Tower of the Forty—Ramleh	579
Joppa	581
Ships of the Desert	584
Egypt (colored map) opposite	587
Suez Canal	588
Nile and Pyramids	610
The Sphinx	618
Obelisk of Egypt at On	623
Egyptian Donkey	626
Statue of Rameses at Memphis	629
Scene on the Nile	633
Egyptian Mummy	636
Whirling Dervishes	637
Pompey's Pillar	645

INTRODUCTION.

BOOKS of travel have always been regarded with favor by the large class of intelligent people who are not given to scholarly pursuits. They satisfy the desire for something which gives new life and interest to the dry details of history as it has been commonly written. The traveler who relates with the felicity of a ready writer what has passed under his own observation, and introduces the reader, as it were, to the people with whom he has come in personal contact, renders a grateful service. If on the one hand the common accusation that the traveler delights to hear himself talk holds good, on the other, if he has profited by his travels, the people are more eager to listen than he is to communicate what he has seen and heard. And as the better facilities for travel have greatly enlarged the number who take advantage of them, so they have increased the desire of those who are compelled to remain at home to know more of the world beyond their line of observation. And whoever gratifies their laudable search for information stands to them somewhat in the relation of a personal friend, willing to share with them the benefits which have fallen to his lot.

It has grown into a proverb, nearly, that one should become acquainted with his own country before going abroad. There is not so much wisdom contained in this suggestion as appears on the surface. Ours is a country rich indeed in beautiful and, in some parts, sublime natural scenery, which is beginning to secure the attention of the old world. But it is a newly-settled country, with so few historical monuments of

any kind, so little of the higher achievements of men, so few great cities, museums of art and science, and we are so far removed from the scenes of man's highest endeavors, that we can not give precedence to these less interesting objects at home. We desire to touch the current of human affairs that has been flowing in other lands and feel the pulse that beats in other races, and learn more of the development of society. This is the feeling, not always clearly apprehended, that makes a well-written book of travels among the most entertaining and useful of the varied publications of our times.

This volume is the record of a tour taken through the more attractive parts of Europe and on into the East into the Bible lands. Over the first part we passed as an independent traveler; but these pages have served to renew and intensify the memories which we cherish of many delightful hours in western and southern Europe. And we bear willing testimony that the author, in whose company we journeyed from Corfu to Athens and Constantinople and on through Syria and Egypt, back again to Europe, has been a careful and faithful observer, catching the spirit and impress of the countries through which we passed. For many hours, amounting to days during the tour here narrated, we rode side by side, enjoying the new and strange scenes about us, exchanging views and consulting authorities. It would be difficult to magnify the enjoyment, the revival of one's previous knowledge, the quickening of all one's faculties under these circumstances. The imaginings and dreams of one's early years become realities; a great part of one's faith passes into knowledge, begetting larger faith in the things which still lie beyond. To transfer all this as far as possible to the reader is the object of this volume.

It will not be thought strange that so large a portion of the volume is devoted to Palestine and the adjacent countries. The interest that attaches to the land that Jehovah gave to his chosen people suffers no abatement as the years roll on. How proudly the descendants of Abraham looked upon their goodly heritage, rich in memories of their early possession and the growth of the nation, is pathetically described in

the books of the prophets. The smallness of the territory, its marked physical peculiarities, the singular beauty of its mountains, valleys, and plains, of the Sea of Galilee, the mystery in which the valley of the Jordan and the Dead Sea are involved, all give it a hold on the imagination and affections that has no parallel among the nations. Where in all the world shall we find a counterpart for Zion, the City of the great King? Beautiful for situation, crowned with a temple on which had been bestowed the free-will offerings of the nation and the highest skill of the times in which it was built, where God had manifested himself as in no other house of worship ever built with human hands, it still stands in the hearts of men as the type of the heavenly city — the New Jerusalem.

The hopes and aspirations of which Zion is the prototype have produced, in Christian minstrelsy, hymns that will endure with the strains of the Psalmist. Indeed, it may be truthfully said that the followers of Christ have shown a deeper attachment to the Holy Land than the Jews themselves; for whatever memories the Jews still cherish of patriarchs, prophets, and kings, we who believe in Christ as God manifest in the flesh, and trust in the salvation which he brought to men, have memories more tender and enduring. Abraham, Moses, David, were the progenitors and builders of a nation; Christ is the redeemer of the human race. By his coming the glory of Shechem and Bethel and Hebron has lost its splendor in the brighter light of Bethlehem, Bethany, and the mount of Olives. Jerusalem had become only a name in the earth except for Calvary. Even the awful grandeur of the descending God on Sinai does not so touch the soul as the glory of the mount of the transfiguration. The early Christian pilgrims found so many precious memories of their Lord and Master that many spent their lives there, happy to live and die where he had been in person. Christian churches became more numerous than synagogues had been, and have served since to identify the places that had been hallowed by the presence of Christ. The Crusaders are a grand illustration of the undying faith and affection of Christendom in regard to this land.

This century has seen a great awakening of interest in the history and present condition of Palestine. That which for centuries was possible only to adventurous and professional travelers has in these later years been accomplished by scholars and devotees in constantly increasing numbers. Yet only a few have been able to gratify what has become a common desire among the more intelligent. To these, however, remains the satisfaction of learning from one whose hopes have been gratified, or of reading, as in this volume, the record of his observations and thoughts. And they may rely with confidence on his report. Although the judgments of the Lord have fallen on this once fairest and most prosperous land until it has become a wreck, and desolate compared with its best days, yet no other country with so old a history has changed so little in outward appearance. Nowhere else have the sites of its memorable places been so well preserved. Manners and customs have changed so little that one soon perceives that he is certainly in the land of the Bible; that it was written by those familiar with the scenes before his eyes. With all its ruin, no other land has preserved in such integrity the characteristics that have been woven into its history, its literature, and its religion.

So well has the author combined in these pages the physical aspects of the countries, and their present condition,—civil, social, and religious,—with the ancient and later history, that they can not be read without advantage; and we commend them to favorable consideration, assured that they will justify reasonable expectation of enjoyment and profit.

BENJ. ST. JAMES FRY.

St. Louis, Missouri.

Journeyings in the Old World.

JOURNEYINGS IN THE OLD WORLD.

PART FIRST.

THE EMERALD ISLE.

CHAPTER I.

Preparation for the Journey — Good-by — On the Steamer — Leaving the Harbor — Leaving the Pilot — Sea-Sickness — Fog — The Ocean — Vessels at a Distance — Burial at Sea — Inhabitants of the Deep — The Vessel — Bill of Fare.

MANY years ago, when childhood fancies floated in boyish dreams, an atlas of the world became my possession, by the thoughtful gift of a grandfather, now long since among the angels. From that atlas, by nightly study, I learned to know the countries and continents of the great globe and the islands of the distant seas. Beside that treasure a loving mother, who made our home a path of light, placed a Bible. These were the writer's first possessions. From that Bible, ere yet my youthful feet had confidence to tread beyond the shadow of my own dear father's roof, I read of the Holy Land, where God's ancient people dwelt in tents, and where once Jesus lived and walked among the sons of men. Then my eyes filled with anxious tears to look on those distant scenes, and my heart throbbed to have the feet some distant day press the same paths where the dear Master trod. Slow years have wrought their shadowy changes. Many childish dreams remain unrealized, and

always must. It was a joyously bright June morning which woke the dreamer to the consciousness that some of the long pent-up heart-throbbings were to be stilled, and I must hasten to be ready for the journey.

Did you ever prepare for a long journey? If so, you found it to be no easy task. What to take along and how to get away from that which can not be taken along is a difficult problem. The preparation is different according as we do or do not expect to return. If we expect to come again everything must be so arranged as to go on somewhat according to our wishes, and so that we will know where to find it. If the departure is forever, then let the cords break, let the bonds be sundered. Other hands will put the tangled and bleeding ends together. But who knows the return of the footsteps? Who does not know that there is the last journey, and there is that good-by which lingers on and on, dying out at last in a long, unbroken silence?

On Wednesday, July 29th, I had completed my good-bys to many friends and fellow-laborers at my home city and was at the beginning of a long journey. I found that men who had usually been too busy to notice a passer-by had for days stopped me on the streets to wish me good fortune abroad. So I had tickets, passports, letters of credit in foreign lands, and a small supply of medicines and a few books in the valise, and was ready for sea-sickness.

It will hardly be of interest to the reader to note here that in the picturesque valley of Virginia I said good-by to that dear little woman who for almost a score of years has been the strength and inspiration of my life. After a season of prayer alone with three little girls I had got away from their embrace. How delicate these jewels of ours. How tender the moment when they slipped out of sight and sat still crying. Children are just the creatures to love, just the little tendrils from which we would not be severed. That anxious, loving, sorrowing face from which I turned away at the depot in Winchester, Virginia, I shall never forget. The reader need not be told that it was hers who has made our humble home the path to paradise.

After two days in New York, at noon, August 6th, Dr. Thompson and myself climbed into a cab, and the driver hurried us along through the busy, crowded streets of the great city to the pier where the vessel lay receiving its vast company of voyagers. No artist can picture and no pen describe the scenes which almost daily occur at this great harbor. Vast crowds sauntered about, without apparently any object. Others wore a look of deep anxiety. Women were clinging to husbands who were going from them for many months. Children held on to parents whom they would not soon see again. The bell rings and a sharp voice calls, "All ashore," and the parting is at hand. Those who have come aboard to see friends and loved ones off must say good-by. Hundreds kiss good-by with tears, and embraces loving and tender. What a throb of excitement! The good-by was repeated over and over, as a moment of time remained. One effort after another is made by friends to get away, and still they cling fast to each other. The partings were made at last. The bridge was taken in, the "greyhound of the sea" turned from the pier, and the last wavings of cheer from the shore were out of sight, and we had all said, "Farewell to America; welcome the sea."

The scenery on leaving New York is delightful. There is a magnificent view of the city and of the great bridge swung across the river to Brooklyn. The bay was full of vessels, tugs, and steamers. Two or three were just coming in from foreign ports. One takes an interest in watching the buoys, which in great numbers float like painted barrels or hogsheads, some red, some striped, and of various colors, pointing out places of danger. They are chained fast to the rocks and tell where peril is to be avoided. Some time there may be telegraph stations and light-houses and life-saving stations at intervals all the way across the ocean.

One of the most interesting of the early scenes of a voyage is the leaving of the pilot. Every steamer is in the hands of an experienced pilot until it has passed Sandy Hook and is beyond buoy No 1. Knowing the pilot would be taken

from us, a sharp lookout was kept so that I might see him when he left us; and withal, I had some desire at least to get a postal-card off with him to friends left behind. Suddenly off to the left I caught sight of a pilot sail-boat, from which two strong seamen in a row-boat came plunging toward us over the boisterous waves. It was a wild scene. Often, in the language of the psalmist, "they mount up to the heavens, they go down again to the depths." Sometimes they were entirely out of sight, though near us. It seemed they would never rise again, so deep was the trough of the sea in which they sunk. By and by the frail thing stood alongside our steamer, and a rope was let down from above, by which the men steadied their boat for a few moments while the pilot quickly climbed down the side of the vessel and got into the boat and was rowed away to a steam-tug which was in waiting. Our vessel put off to sea.

There is one acquaintance to be made on a voyage which must be formed at once. Not that it is so bewitching as to take hold of the affections, but because of a peculiar power to fascinate the stomach. So I made my first acquaintance with sea-sickness greatly against my will. It is a thing, a sensation, a monster, a beast of evil which no one can describe. I shall not try. It must be experienced—yes, experienced—not to be enjoyed, but everlastingly abhorred. One feels a little dizzy about the head and a little squeamish about the stomach, but guesses it will pass off, as the scenery is so grand and the atmosphere so delicious and bracing. One soon wonders if any besides himself has these sensations. Some one asks if you "have experienced any of the sensations of sea-sickness." You are ashamed of yourself. You don't want anybody to know how you feel, or that you feel at all. You answer, "I have felt better, but guess I shall be all right presently." Just how that state of affairs is to come about you do not know. Meantime there is a nice lady led to the side of the deck to vomit. Some lad says he feels sick, and it is all because he went down to the state-room or the saloon. He vows he will not go down there again for all the

water-proofs the women have. By this time there are hosts who have gone below to try it alone in the state-rooms. From my room I could hear at least a dozen groaning, crying, moaning, and vomiting. By this time one is in a perspiration—no, sir, he sweats. Then he is sick—oh, so sick! I never was so sick. You think may be you will die. If you do, you do not want anybody to know it. You do not care if you would die. You have submitted, and are willing to do anything. You just go on vomiting. Some one says, "You don't vomit—you throw up." Just so I found it. You just throw up until your very gizzard is out of you, and your back is unjointed, and you are all gone every way. It was not a little remarkable that with perhaps nine out of ten down sick, still there were those who went right through the voyage without the least inconvenience, and never missed a meal. The ladies seemed to suffer the most. Some were very ill indeed.

A heavy rain-fall in mid-ocean is an interesting phenomenon. With it the wind often drives against the vessel with great fury. The waves dash high, lashing their great sheets over the deck, and giving free baths to heroic passengers.

One of the unpleasant experiences at sea is the passing through a dense fog. For a night and part of a day our vessel was in deep darkness. Sometimes this continues for a longer time. The fog on the Atlantic is very dense. For many hours our officers could not see half the length of the vessel before the prow. The heavy fog-horn was sounded, and all night long, every minute, its tremendous tones sounded out over the darkened and angry billows of the awful deep. This was to advise any vessel which might chance to be passing near, so that there should be no collision. There may have been no vessel within a hundred miles; yet the signal of danger never stopped till the warm sun poured down its beams with a heat which lifted the dark cloud.

After being out four days, and not a moment's cessation of speed, one day our vessel suddenly stopped. The sensation was peculiar, from the different motion of the vessel on the

waves. The sails were run up, but did little to carry the vessel. Soon the repairs were made and the sluggish, drifting sensation was over, and our "city" was riding straight over the waves.

When sea-sickness is passed and acquaintances are formed, ocean voyaging is delightful beyond expectation. Every nerve and muscle becomes adjusted to the motions of the vessel; and it is indeed rocking in the cradle of the deep. The ocean, in grandeur, is beyond all description. There is a hint of its vastness in the great prairies, and a suggestion of its beauty, variety, and wonder in the clouds of heaven. It rolls, it swells, it flows, it seems to nestle to stillness, and then rises and swells again and again. Great mountains of waves are dashed and broken in pieces, and crested white with foam. Then their broad, hollow sides, like mountain declivities, present their blueish-green forms crested or sprinkled with white foam. Sometimes the horizon presents the appearance of great mountains in the distance; sometimes that of sunset. But, seem as it may, there is nothing but the heavens above, and water, water, water, oceans of eternal water, beneath and all around. Now and then a steamer or a sailing-vessel is seen off in the solitary ocean at a great distance, perhaps ten, twenty, or thirty miles away. This is a grand sight. Early one morning we had such a view, after being out almost a week. The sun was just up from behind the blue waves. The ocean was calm. The great billows seemed to have been broken by the Master into little ripples. Over all the sun sprinkled a sheen of light. It brought vividly to mind the second verse of the fifteenth chapter of Revelation — "And I saw as it were a sea of glass mingled with fire: and them that had gotten the victory over the beast, and over his image, and over his mark, and over the number of his name, stand on the sea of glass, having the harps of God." The vessel rose in sight gently but slowly far off to the right and front. After half an hour its hull could be distinctly seen. With the aid of a good glass it seemed not more than a mile away, just to the right of us. It looked like a queen of beauty. It

was probably twenty miles distant. Little by little it seemed farther and farther off, until at last the hull disappeared. Then only the top of the sails was visible. At last it faded out like a speck on the distant waters. This pleasant sunrise and picture of beauty came as a fitting beam of bliss to my heart. Just two hours before I had witnessed the most sorrowful and weird scene my eyes ever beheld,—the burial of a fellow-mortal in the depths of the murmuring, wide, deep sea.

On Thursday evening it became known that a lady among the steerage passengers had died. She was a native of Ireland, and was returning to her own country with a son aged about eighteen years. She was ill of consumption when she came on board, but had hoped to get back to her native land at least in time to die and be buried there. I resolved to witness the last sad funeral rites. As late as eleven o'clock on Thursday night I saw the purser of the ship and told him nicely that I wanted to witness the funeral. He said the orders for the burial had not been given by the captain, but if he found out when it would occur in time to let me know he would do so. A subordinate officer told me it would be better to be on deck by six o'clock in the morning. I thought best to put a margin of an hour and a half to the chances, and accordingly Dr. Thompson and myself were up by 4:30 A. M. Four other saloon-passengers were alike skillful; and these with the captain, the purser, the surgeon, and six strong sailors who bore the body, made the *cortege* to the wide tomb. The burial occurred promptly at five o'clock. None of the steerage passengers knew of it; and the son of the dead mother was not awakened from his sorrowful slumber to witness the deeper anguish of her burial. The corpse was in a plain coffin, which rested upon a heavy plank ten or twelve feet long. This was carried by six strong seamen; and one end rested upon the side of the vessel, while their shoulders held up the other. Around the coffin was wrapped a large English flag. The captain read the Episcopal service for the dead. When that part of the service was reached requiring the lowering of the coffin, the head end of the board was slowly

elevated until the corpse slipped overboard feet foremost; and down, down went the body of the dead. The coffin being weighted, the feet first struck the dashing waves, and the old ocean received another addition to the already countless number of the dead who sleep in her awful bosom. The reading of the burial-service went on tenderly, yet without trembling, to its close. The vessel had never stopped or slacked her speed, yet one of her passengers had landed on the eternal shore. I could but think of the poor boy who lay sleeping a few paces away, with his sorrow-burdened heart at rest; of the tenderness and love which slept unconscious all through the vessel, and which would have loved to perform some kindly ministry if it could have served any heart or any interest: and of the bereaved somewhere. Never before had I seen such meaning in the words of the revelator—"And the sea gave up the dead which were in it; and death and hell delivered up the dead which were in them." It is a grand grave. It is better than cremation to my sense. But after witnessing this sad, lone funeral, it is my deliberate preference to die at home, in the bosom of its tender ministrations of love, and to be buried among brethren and kindred. Sailors are almost superstitious with regard to deaths on sea. Two days before this death a very little bird came on our vessel, wearied and almost dead. Its appearance was considered a token of death. We call this superstition, and yet I shall never forget trying to catch that little yellow bird nor the sad burial at sea. A day or two later the captain expressed much astonishment when he learned that I had witnessed the funeral, and told me that burials were always conducted with the greatest privacy.

I often found amusement in watching the porpoises which seemed to be jumping and racing along by the ship, just to show themselves. Some of them appear to be six or eight feet long, and look like a fish in the shape of a hog. They leap ten feet out of the water, and skip along on the surface now and then. They are always seen in companies of from three to six, and follow the vessel five or more minutes.

Then we were often cheered by the sight of "Mother's Cary's chickens," which fly about in groups of four or six. They look much like our swallow. A fowl more frequently seen in mid-ocean is the sea-gull. These gulls flying at a great distance resemble a crow. Seen closer, it is noticed that their breasts are white and their wings much larger than the crow. They fly very close to the water, and are often seen sitting on the waves. They seem to be in quest of fishes.

I must close this chapter with a brief description of our vessel, in order to give the inland reader some idea of the ponderousness of these great steamers which plow the deep. They are wonders of art. The "City of Berlin" is a fair specimen, being one of the largest on the Atlantic. It is over five hundred feet long, with corresponding width and height; carries one thousand four hundred and forty-seven cabin passengers; is manned by a crew consisting of one hundred and forty-seven persons; and its saloon seats at meals one hundred and forty-three at a time. Its equipment every way is masterly. It has twelve boilers, each having three furnaces. Nine persons are kept throwing coal into the furnaces. It was completing its fifty-seventh voyage. Captain James Kennedy is commander of the Inman fleet. He was then making his one hundred and fourteenth trip as the captain of the "City of Berlin." He has crossed the Atlantic, as master, over five hundred times. As I administered to him a little catechism, some one hinted to him that he might be written up. He showed two crackers on which he was lunching, and said, "This is my lunch. As a rule, people eat too much at sea. Give me a long rope and make the agony short." The officers and stewards were all Englishmen, and were courteous and gentlemanly in the highest degree. The state-rooms are small but comfortable. The one occupied by Dr. Thompson and myself was like the New Jerusalem,—four square,—but not nearly so large—just eight feet long, eight feet high, and eight feet wide. The provisions of the table were all that the most fastidious or hoggish taste could demand; that is, good, varied, and an abundance of them. We had breakfast

served from 8:00 A. M. to 9:30 A. M.; lunch from 1:00 P. M. to 2:30 P. M.; dinner from 5:00 P. M. to 6:30 P. M.; lunch at 9:00 P. M. Here is the bill of fare for dinner, Tuesday, August 11th:

Soup—green turtle, oyster; fish—salmon, with cucumbers, parsley sauce; *entrees*, etc.—fricassee of calves' feet, snipe on toast, joints; roast beef and pudding, saddle of mutton and currant jelly, roast fillet of veal, roast sucking pig, apple-sauce, roast lamb; poultry—roast ducklings, boiled turkey with vinegar, roasted and boiled chicken, roast turkey; vegetables—green corn, string-beans, plain boiled and mashed potatoes; cold meats—ham and tongue; pastry—plum-pudding and brandy-sauce, bakewell pudding, apple hedgehog, tapioca pudding, jamsnip ruse, Genoese pastry, rice with custard, calves'-foot jelly; ice-cream; cheese—seven kinds; coffee, tea, chocolate.

It is a terrible array, yet many kept up prompt attendance upon every meal, eating in proportion to the bill of fare, and still lived to get ashore.

CHAPTER II.

Sighting Land — Coast of Ireland — Passing the Custom-House — Emerald Isle — St. Patrick — Names of Company — Irish Jaunting-Car — Blarney Castle — Kissing the Blarney-Stone — City of Cork — Bells of Shandon.

AFTER a voyage of eight days on the ocean, the grandest thing possible is the sight of land. The first glimpse of solid form rising above the ocean waves was the upper peaks of the Skelligs, off the coast of Ireland, which was caught on Sabbath afternoon. These two immense and indescribable rocks, towering probably two hundred feet above the edge of the water, at a distance of about fifteen miles from the shore, stand as sentinels of the south-west corner of the Emerald Isle. They are off the coast of the County of Kerry, and may mark what was once really the coast-line. The scene beheld as the vessel followed around the rock-bound coast of Ireland was wonderful in picturesque grandeur. For a distance of nearly a hundred miles our steamer sailed in sight of the rocky shores and distant hills and mountains. Such rugged, wild, and stalwart works of God were a grand dessert to mental appetites just a little gorged with the sea. East of the Skelligs is Valencia, a mountain height, from the foot of which the first Atlantic cable was laid from the Great Eastern, by Cyrus W. Field. Sixty-four miles from Queenstown is Fastnet Light-house. It is built upon a tremendous rock, which towers up to great height in the midst of the ocean. The steamer passed within a few miles of it, so that it could be seen very distinctly. All along this bleak and rock-bound coast there are immense light-houses, which cast their light far out over the ocean. Eight miles

out from Queenstown our steamer was met by a tug which received passengers and mails for Ireland, and the "City of Berlin" went to Liverpool. It was a pageant to behold as the ship drove away from our tug through the mellow moonlight, with the light gleaming from her hundreds of windows, and her crew cheering and laughing at our little tug-boat. By 10:30 P. M. our boat entered the splendid harbor and pulled up at the wharf at Queenstown, where the company had intended to land. It was the occasion of a great regatta, and we being informed that the hotels were crowded, Captain Jenkins chartered the boat for the city of Cork, thirteen miles farther up the River Lee.

At Queenstown the company of fifty to seventy-five persons, many of them ladies, were put through the custom-house. It was the grandest farce I ever saw enacted. It was a scene worthy the sketching of an artist. There were about half a dozen Irishmen going about with little lamps, or candles, opening and looking into valises and trunks. Men and women, old and young, were clambering about in the darkness over the baggage, talking and hunting, and untying ropes and unbuckling straps, so as to allow the officers to get a peep. There was no order about it. Soon as one got done with a trunk another attacked the same trunk, and he was only prevented from proceeding by being pushed off and told the thing had been attended to. And so the scene went on for nearly two hours, and until nearly one o'clock in the night.

The ride up the harbor of Cork by moonlight is a delight. Black Rock Castle is a splendid sight. Near it was the home of William Penn, and from it he embarked for America. At two o'clock in the night our tug pulled in to the quay at Cork.

Ireland is one of the brightest spots of God's green earth, in its natural aspects. This is true of a large part of the island. It lies directly west of England, and south-west of Scotland, and is divided from England on the east by the Irish Sea, one hundred and thirty miles wide, on the north-east by the North Channel, fourteen miles wide. It lies nearly in the latitude of Labrador, between fifty-one and fifty-five.

It has an area of twenty million eight hundred and eight thousand two hundred and seventy-one acres, the length being three hundred and four miles, and width one hundred and ninety-four miles. Yet, by reason of the influence of the gulf-stream, the waters of which flow warm from the Gulf of Mexico, its climate is about that of the central portion of the United States, though much less varied, the mean temperature being from 48° to 50°. Its winters are less cold and its summers less hot than those of England or Scotland. It grows sheep and cattle in abundance; oats, barley, and some wheat, with potatoes. You see no corn here. It is, indeed, an Emerald Isle. I never saw verdure until here. The humid atmosphere gives to the grass, the trees, and the shrubs a greenness beyond all description, while the hills and the forests and the hedges are adorned with flowers of splendid delicacy and beauty.

Who discovered the Emerald Isle? St. Patrick. Who drove all the snakes out of Ireland? St. Patrick. Who invented the Irish cart? St. Patrick. Who invented the Irish jaunting-car? St. Patrick. Yes, all this and much more, for this is "ould Ireland," the land of St. Patrick.

A company of twenty-six was organized into a special American party for a tour through Ireland, Scotland, and England, on the morning of August 15th, in the city of Cork. The company was composed of most agreeable gentlemen and ladies. As a faint tribute to the friendship of these traveling companions, I here give their names and residences:

Rev. Dr. J. B. McFerrin, Miss McFerrin, Miss Mollie Edwards, Nashville, Tennessee; Mrs. N. C. Collier, Miss Lulu Collier, Murfreesborough, Tennessee; W. W. Sedgwick, Esq., Sandwich, Illinois; H. B. McKenzie, Esq., Haverstraw, New York; Hon. J. J. Gillespie, Mrs. Gillespie, Miss Jessie Gillespie, Miss Mamie Rhodes, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Rev. Dr. H. A. Thompson, Westerville, Ohio; Miss A. Ledlie, Utica, New York; Rev. G. W. Miller, Wilmington, Delaware; Hon. James Burns, Mrs. Burns, Miss Lizzie Newland, Detroit, Michigan; E. M. Jenkins, Esq., Mrs. Jenkins, New York; Hon. W. C. DePauw, Charles W. DePauw, New Albany, Indiana; D. Banning, Esq., Mrs. Banning, Miss Banning, Cincinnati, Ohio; Rev. R. N. Standifer, Concordia, Mississippi; Rev. Dr. Waugh, India.

The party was under the special care of Mr. E. M. Jenkins, an expert tourist, of 271 Broadway, New York. I can only show the reader a few pictures of things seen here and there in the Emerald Isle.

The Irish jaunting-car is one of the first things a traveler becomes acquainted with in Ireland. Now, this thing called the Irish jaunting-car is unlike all other vehicles of every kind known in the civilized world. But let it be remembered that few vehicles have more than two "whales" in Ireland. So the jaunting-car has but two. They are right under it and intended for business. The driver sits in front. Four persons ride in a car, besides the driver. The car has no cover, and you sit two on a side with your backs squarely toward the backs of your partners, who sit on the other side, while the feet rest on a kind of shelf within a foot of the ground. The wheel, which is low, is directly under the seat. One thinks at first that he will upset either sidewise, or backward, or forward, or all three ways at once. Then he finds comfort in the thought that it would not hurt anybody if he did. There are cover-cars in Ireland, and wagonettes, but for sight-seeing there is nothing equal to the jaunting-car.

The drivers of these cars are witty, from nature and by profession. They follow wit for a business, as I learned on my first experience with them.

I must first of all take the reader to the famous Blarney Castle. According to the tradition it will be helpful to all. It is reached by a most splendid road, at a distance of eight miles from Cork. The road lies along the "sweet mossy banks of the River Lee." There are old gray walls on either side at many places; then delightful shades and walks, with hills covered with pine, spruce, fir, hemlock, and trees and hills trellaced with vines and flowers. The landscape scenes are most charming to the eye. I soon found that the driver of the car was a bland, "fluid talker." He was of course uneducated — could neither read nor write. In this I describe the thousands of cab-drivers in Ireland. He soon began to quote poetry. I said to him, "You are well versed in poetry. Who

is the great poet of Ireland?" "Faith, and I could not tell, sir; for I am a very good poet myself," was the witty reply. I soon learned that all this was practicing his profession — the amusing of the traveler with the hope of getting a shilling. They are half paid by the owners of the car, and manage to beg the balance out of the traveler, though he has paid for car, driver, and all.

Blarney Castle is not a myth. It was built in the fifteenth century, by Cormac McCarthy or by the Countess of Desmond. It is in its foundation about one hundred feet square, and is a massive tower one hundred and twenty feet high. The lord of Blarney must have had strong ideas; for the walls of the castle are from ten to thirteen feet thick. The castle has four stories; but of course only the walls remain. You reach the heights by a flight of stairs, through the tower, of one hundred and eight steps. It was intended to defy power and powder and time. Lord Cromwell captured it in his visit to Cork. The castle is about as wonderful as the fancy-power attributed to the Blarney-Stone, so famous, which has been a by-word throughout the world. When Millikin wrote his song on "The Groves of Blarney," 1799, this foolish notion reached its zenith, that whoever kissed this stone should be eloquent and poetic. The story is told that the Blarney-Stone, which bore the inscription, "*Comach MacCarthy Fortis mi fieri fecet*, A. D. 1446," which is now illegible, was and is to be seen only at the north angle, clasped by two iron bars suspended over the buttress of the wall, so that one had to hang over the wall by the bars to kiss it. But another stone about three feet long is suspended to a projecting buttress, which is comparatively easy of access to the candidate of blarney eloquence. It also is clasped by two iron bars, and bears date 1703. I saw a number of young men — lawyers — and young women perform the feat; but for myself, I risked nothing on such nonsense. I shall never forget how anxious many ladies, whom I saw there, were to kiss this old stone. They must bend down over an opening through which if one were to fall he would be precipitated almost one hundred feet to the ground. Then the

face must be turned upward and the stone kissed on the bottom, as it is a kind of lintel. It required from two to six men to hold a lady while she lay down and thrust her head and twisted her neck and face and mouth until the cold stone was kissed, and the fancy of the legend honored. "Father Prout" wrote,—

"There is a stone there,
That whoever kisses,
Oh he never misses
To grow eloquent."

As we drove toward Cork the driver of the car would repeat over and over, as if in a joyous reverie, this stanza:

"The groves of Blarney
They look so charming
Down by the pearling
Of sweet, silent streams.
Being bank'd with posies,
That spontaneous grow there,
Planted in order,
By the sweet rock close."

The city of Cork has about eighty-five thousand people, only ten thousand of whom are Protestants. It is the capital of southern Ireland in beauty and wealth. It is said to have been founded in the ninth century by the Danes, it having long been the place of a pagan temple. It is probable that its founding was yet earlier than above stated. Oliver Cromwell subdued the city in 1649, when he was there for a short time. The name Cork, formerly "Corrach," means a swamp, and was given it from its position on the River Lee. The Queen's College is here, to which students of all denominations are admitted. The principal street is St. Patrick; and the St. Patrick bridge over the harbor, built in 1860, is of stone, and is sixty feet between the parapets. The city streets are narrow, and the side-walks are made of stone. Near the bridge is a statue of Father Matthew, the great Irish apostle of temperance, dated 1856, as a tribute from a grateful people. It was in Cork that William Penn was converted to the Quaker faith; and a number of those people yet reside in

the community. It is now the home of Parnell, the Irish agitator.

One of the most interesting places there is the quaint old church, with

> "The bells of Shandon,
> Which sound so grand on
> The pleasant waters
> Of the River Lee."

The church is a quaint and almost grotesque structure, which well repays a visit. It bears the marks of antiquity. I do not know when it was first built. It was destroyed in 1690, and rebuilt in 1720. The old fountain in front of the altar bears date 1629. In its glory as a state church it had five curates, and paid a salary of about nine thousand dollars a year. It was then one of the largest parishes in Ireland. Its tower is nearly one hundred and fifty feet high. I reached its summit by crawling up over many dark steps of stone, through narrow ways. The church is now dingy and almost dilapidated, and has only an attendance of one hundred or one hundred and fifty persons. It has an old curate nearly eighty years old, who will neither die nor resign. In its immense tower swing the far-famed "bells of Shandon." They are eight in number, and of good and delicate tone, and bear date A. D. 1750. They are rung by a huge clock. Every fifteen minutes their tones ring out over the city. There are four strokes at the one-fourth hour, eight at the half hour, twelve at three-fourths hour, with sixteen at the full hour and a heavy bass bell tolling the number of the hour. Here in the church-yard is buried Rev. Francis Mahony, called Father Prout, who wrote the "Bells of Shandon." I close this chapter with two stanzas from that pretty poem:

> "With deep affection
> And recollection
> I often think on
> Those Shandon bells,
> Whose sounds so wild would,
> In the days of childhood,
> Fling round my cradle
> Their magic spells.
>
> "I've heard bells chiming
> Full many a clime in,
> Tolling sublime in
> Cathedral shrine,
> While at a glib rate
> Brass tongues would vibrate;
> But all their music
> Spoke naught like thine."

CHAPTER III.

Reign of Terror — Beggars — Glengariff — Little Things — Frances Clare — Lakes of Killarney — Gap of Dunloe — Innisfallen — Old Abbeys — Irish Wit — Kildare Fame — The Unextinguishable Fire.

SEVERAL days were spent in the disaffected regions of Ireland. This southern portion is by far the poorest part of the island. On the way to Bantry, sixty miles south-west from Cork, I saw where some evictions were occurring, and where the Irish Land-League were providing homes for those who had thus been turned from their tenements for which they had not paid the rental. Much excitement prevailed here and there over the recent killing of landlords. No punishment could be inflicted. The citizens knew who the murderers were, but would not tell. Life was in great danger, and the peasants were full of hatred to the landlords. The whole country was overrun with soldiers. In the little town of Bantry there were one hundred and fifty of the royal army. There was, indeed, a reign of terror.

Westward, across the mountains of Kerry, a route of eleven miles, made over a splendid road by car (car there means the jaunting-car or wagonette), the tourist witnesses a scene he can never forget. As the road winds and turns around the arms of the Bay of Bantry, poor children come out one after another, following the company, begging. They are ragged beyond description. Their hair seems never to have been combed, and their whole person is covered with dirt. They look as if they had to wait for rain to wash. One after another comes running after the company, hallooing, "A penny, if ye plaize, miss," "A penny, if ye plaize, sir," or, "Something, if ye plaize, sir." At one time there were more than

twenty of these little squalid urchins, ranging in age from six to twelve years, following our company; and this continued for a distance of two or three miles. Every now and then when a piece of money was thrown upon the hard pike, there would be such a scramble for it as among half-starved chickens running for one grain of corn. They did not look starved, for they were plump, with rosy cheeks glowing through the dirt. While such a scene furnished amusement for a moment to some, I hope never to see the like again.

Glengariff is a beautiful and picturesque spot. It is a glen about three miles long and about half a mile wide, lying upon the Bay of Bantry. The hills around it can hardly be called mountains for lack of height, yet their ruggedness and sharpness of feature give them that aspect. The bay is surrounded by irregular banks covered with willows and grass, and every variety of green hills sloping back to miniature mountains, while just a mile away from the shore are nearly a half dozen little islands dropped down just for beauty. The mountains all about are covered with the heather celebrated and made classic by Sir Thomas Moore, the Irish poet.

Before taking the reader farther it may not be amiss to put in a paragraph of little points. A castle in Ireland is what Americans would call a mansion, only it is built with greater strength and has a tower as a fort. Steps to the upper parts of these castles are always circular, and in towers constructed for them. Our direct-ascending stairs were little known until the time of Elizabeth. Hotels furnish splendid accommodations. Breakfast about eight o'clock, lunch at noon, and dinner about 7:00 P. M. Dinner is the big meal. One's plate is changed at the table from five to nine times, according to style, as are also knives, forks, etc. Everybody is polite. It is, "If you please, sir," "Beg your pardon, sir," "Thank you, sir," and many other like courteous and euphonious phrases. The heather, growing everywhere, is a shrub four to six inches high, in thickness of the grass, and green and leafed like delicate cedar, but always adorned with a small red flower. The finest specimens of the fuchsia grow

here almost wild, being even in great quantities along fences, and as hedges about country hotels and at railroad stations. After the middle of August I found the country in the midst of harvest. Wheat, barley, and oats were being cut, as well as hay. There is no machinery, not even a grain-cradle,—nothing in the reaping-line above a sickle, or an excuse of a mowing-scythe, both of which are used in the harvesting of grain. The people work as if they were too lazy to gather the grain they have. Most of the grain is about the same as in America. There is no corn raised in Ireland. They have the most splendid roads. One can tell where Irishmen learn to break stone. There are splendid fisheries in the bays and lakes. Everybody in Ireland looks at you in a way which says, "A penny, if ye plaize, sir." The favorite thing of Ireland seems to be the donkey-cart. You can buy a donkey for a pound; that is, five dollars. Everywhere are to be seen these donkey-carts, with an old woman or a half dozen squalid children riding to or from town. The cart is always too big for the donkey. It can rain at any time there, and that, too, readily as you can imagine. The people seem determined to own land. Since they can not have it as real estate they hold it as personal property, and carry it about on their persons. I saw few grave-yards through the country. Our

DONKEY-CART.

driver said, "They all drown themselves, sir." Great forms of men, young and strong, hang around to tell you some lie with the hope of getting a penny. You are expected to give a few pence or a shilling to every driver or waiter or steward. It is awful. Everybody expects you to give "something, if ye plaize, sir." Every castle is surrounded by a massive stone wall, and at its entrance is a lodge, where some poor servants live. There are only a few school-houses, and churches are few and far between.

To the Lakes of Killarney, over the continuous mountains of Kerry, the scenery is varied and delightful. There is a fascination and charm in its grandeur, and a mellowness and depth in its frequent valleys and shades which feed the mind and heart.

Twenty miles from the Bay of Bantry is Kenmare, where are the convent and schools over which presides the world-famed Sister Mary Frances Clare, the Nun of Kenmare. The buildings and grounds are tasteful, and the school is an object of much interest in this ignorant and poor region. A large number of poor children are here fed and educated. Mush is served for breakfast, and potatoes or bread for dinner. Most beautiful lace-work is made and put on sale. Our company, having a number of ladies in it, left the institution ten or fifteen pounds for kerchiefs and collars. The very handsome face and manners of Sister Frances and her associates will ever be a bright picture to associate with Kenmare.

Twenty miles farther, over another mountain, and down by hoary-gray walls, overgrown with ivy and shaded by the indescribable holly and hemlock and *Arbor Vitæ* trees, whose trunks are covered with moss spreading over rocks and hills sprinkled with blooming heather, nestled in a frame-work of hill-side glory, lie the beautiful Lakes of Killarney. Near by is a town of about five thousand people, noted for its idleness and dirt. Sift out the beggars and there would be only a few hundred remaining. After a wagon-ride of a few hours from the town, a horseback ride of about five miles through the gap of Dunloe brings the rider to the head of the lakes.

This gap is a wild mountain pass, between great mountain peaks. Its winding course is about lakes, buried away in those lofty heights, above great chasms and beneath lofty rocky peaks. These projecting rocks are covered with ivy, heather, shrubs, and trees. In this pass is Black Lough, from which St. Patrick is said to have banished the last snake from Ireland. Descending from the passway, there rise to the right the Carrantual Rocks, the highest peaks in Ireland, three thousand, four hundred and fourteen feet above the ocean. The upper lake is the smallest and most beautiful, surrounded with rocky shores and dotted with beautiful islands. Its length is two and one half miles and its breadth three fourths of a mile. The middle lake, reached from the other by a long channel, is nearly twice as large as the upper, while the lower lake is five miles long and three miles wide. It would make a small volume to write the legends and tales a tourist hears from his guides and boatmen. On the west of the lower lake is plainly to be seen the pretty cottage of the queen, where her majesty took lunch, just twenty years ago, upon her visit here. There is a marvelously sweet vibration of sound to be heard at certain points in the gap of Dunloe, and at different points along the lakes. Our guide provided the company with one of the rarest entertainments by allowing them to alight by a lake in the gap while he withdrew a few paces and played on his clarionet the "Vale of Avoca." Its music chimes well to the delightful poem of Thomas Moore, which will be remembered by the reader:

> "There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
> As the vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet."

As the sweet strains floated, echoed, and vibrated, playing on their invisible strings of music over the lakes, I could but think of the swelling, tender cadences of song which shall be when the ransomed rejoice above.

In the lower lake is Innisfallen Island, upon which are the ruins of an old abbey. It is believed to have been founded in 600 A. D., by St. Finnian. On the eastern coast of the lake

is Ross Castle. It was a structure which must have defied fearful assault. It was captured and put in ruins about 1652, by Ludlow. The chapel is only about fifteen by twenty feet, but shows well the style of architecture of a few centuries ago. The most interesting place to visit outside of the wonderful creations of God in the lake and the mountain passes in these regions is the Muckross Abbey, founded in 1440, and repaired in 1602. These ruins are a short distance from the lake, eastward, and consist of a chapel and abbey. A dark court-yard is in the center, around which on all sides are the cloisters, like a piazza, arched over with heavy masonry. There now stands a magnificent yew-tree in the center of the court-yard, said to be four hundred years old. There are immense chambers and halls, all built in the most quaint manner. In these old ruins of a once splendid abbey, which are so eloquent with antiquity, sleep the bodies of the monks deposited in their honored places, surrounded by great rocks which have defied the flames of two destroying fires, and the decaying hand of more than six hundred years. These ruins are the most splendid and best preserved I saw in Ireland. There is a solemn and awful grandeur about such a spot. How one is reminded of the superstition and false religious ideas in monastery life!

The Lakes of Killarney, set around by antique ruins, are the most beautiful objects of nature I have ever beheld. Why they should be found in the midst of such idleness, poverty, and eternal beggary, I can not conceive. I can most heartily recommend everything here to the tourist except the beggars, and also the hotel which no doubt did the best it could, but whose waiters were quite too slow for the hungry mouths of Americans. This town and surrounding country are all owned by one man, Lord Kenmare. Mr. Herbert owns the old Abbey of Muckross.

There is one thing which always causes a ray of hope to spring up in the tourist's heart, and that is the prospect of some new specimen of Irish wit which you may expect to bubble over at any time. One of our company, pointing down

a valley, one day asked the driver how far down the possession of a certain landlord extended? "Twenty miles, sir," was the reply. "But how far straight down?" was the further interrogation. "Down to hell, sir. He has his estate arranged for the next world, sir." Landlords are not much loved by the Irish. As our wagonette was driving to the gap of Dunloe, our driver repeated a homely verse as follows:

> "You have seen Killarney's beauteous water,
> You have seen Kate Kearney's daughter's daughter;
> You have passed the Bull and Purple too,
> And tasted of the mountain dew."

Bull and Purple are the names of two mountain peaks, and one of the descendants of a noble woman, Kearney, lives on the road to the gap, while "mountain dew" is the familiar and universal name there for whisky. I said to him, "Your stanza is mostly good, but it has a bad climax." Quick as thought came the answer, "Yes, sir, yer honor, there is great room for improvement in the 'mountain dew,' sir."

Southern Ireland is among the most blessed and most cursed spots on earth. Going northward by rail to Dublin, I found the country much more productive. The most interesting place on the route was Kildare, in the county of the same name, thirty miles from Dublin. Here the convert Bridget erected the nunnery of Kildare's fame, in which it is asserted the nuns kept up the "unextinguishable fire" for pilgrims, during a thousand years, which the archbishop of Dublin,—Harry,—had extinguished in 1220. After being rekindled, King Henry VIII. again put it out, never to be lighted again.

CHAPTER IV.

Dublin — Parliament House — Dublin University — Statue of Goldsmith — Thomas Moore — Burke — William — Nelson — Castle — St. Patrick's Cathedral — Swift — Whately — Phenix Park — Tomb of O'Connell — Harvests — Lough Erne — Round Towers — Romances.

DUBLIN is *the* city of Ireland. It has a population of about two hundred and fifty thousand, nearly two hundred thousand of whom are Catholics. It has splendid linen and silk manufactories, and is what Americans would call a finished city. There is more of wealth and business and comparatively less of abject poverty than in southern Ireland. It is the great sea-port and trading town.

The old Parliament House has some of its compartments just as when Ireland was governed as a separate province with its own parliament, as Ontario is now. It is a large semi-circular stone structure, with a recess in the front on College Green. It cost about five hundred thousand dollars, and was completed about a hundred years ago. It is now owned and used by the Bank of Ireland, except the room where the House of Lords used to meet. That room is kept as when formerly used, except that a statue of King George III. sits on the throne.

Trinity College, commonly known as the University of Dublin, is situated at the head of the street called College Green, and immediately opposite the parliament building. As early as A. D. 1311 authority was given by Pope Clement V. for the establishment of this institution of learning. The college was founded under his successor, Pope John XXII., by Bicknor. Henry VIII. closed it; but Queen Elizabeth again

ordered it opened. It has received the endowments of several kings, as well as those of private persons of great wealth. The buildings are of stone and in the Corinthian style. It has a large dining-hall, library, geological museum, lecture-rooms, examination-rooms, dormitories, and other departments. Here is the field where the witty and sarcastic Dean Swift, the benevolent poet Oliver Goldsmith, the eloquent Burke, and the poet of Ireland, Thomas Moore, were educated and won their fair fame. The college-grounds embrace probably ten acres. There are dormitories for about two hundred and fifty students and for the professors, who number about eighty, besides the "grinders." It has an average attendance of about one thousand students. The library is a place of much interest, and contains over three hundred thousand volumes — no two alike. The college, like Oxford and Cambridge, is entitled by law to a copy of every book printed in the United Kingdom. The library-room is two hundred and seventy feet long. Here I saw a copy of the Coverdale Bible, the first complete English Bible printed. This volume is worth eight thousand dollars. An edition of Shakespeare is here, published in 1664 — the first ever issued. There are many paintings of kings and queens, one of the most striking of which is a painting of Elizabeth in the examination-room. In front of the college, as you enter, to the right, is what is cherished as a splendid work of art, a statue of Oliver Goldsmith, whose literary genius made him immortal. To the left is a like statue of Edmund Burke. A little way up College Green is an equestrian statue of William of Orange, who defeated King James II. at the battle of the Boyne. It was erected in 1701. Near by is a statue of Thomas Moore, who was born in Dublin, May 28th, 1779, and who entered the college in 1794, and who died February 26th, 1852. Farther up the street is the monument to Lord Nelson, who won the battle of Trafalgar, and whose language to his soldiery is so often quoted — "England expects every man to do his duty to-day." This monument is one hundred and thirty feet high.

The Castle of Dublin is a place of interest, showing the

style of royalty in life. It is the residence of the lord-lieutenant, the highest officer in Ireland. The curtains, paintings, and parlors are gorgeous indeed. The chapel, though plain externally, is within the most elaborately carved and beautiful church in Ireland.

There are a number of old churches and cathedrals which I found marvels of interest, and so filled with statues and busts that I could hardly realize that I was not in another world. One of the oldest is the Cathedral of St. Patrick, where the Danes once had an idol-temple. Here St. Patrick erected a place of worship near the well where he baptized his first converts in the fifth century. The present building was begun in 1190, by Archbishop Comyn, and improved in 1370, after a partial burning. The church is a cruciform structure; and all the surroundings are made gloomy by the tablets and tombs of the dead. Here I stood at the grave of Dean Swift, the witty preacher, whose chequered life in some of its love affairs is a wild romance. Here also lies the dead dust of Archbishop Whately, the learned author, some of whose writings have gone into all countries with ministerial learning. The room is low down in the earth; and though with immensely high ceilings and extended transepts, it has nothing inspiring except the grandeur and elaboration of sculpture, carving, and art. I attended a Sabbath-morning service. The chanting of the liturgy occupied just one hour and a half, and the beautiful little sermon just twenty minutes. The building was recently repaired by the late Sir B. L. Guinness, at a cost of over two hundred thousand pounds, or one million dollars. His greatest notoriety is his immense distillery-business, and liberality with ill-gotten gains.

Phenix Park, celebrated as the scene of the murder of Lord Cavendish and Burke, is a vast tract of land, embracing one thousand, seven hundred and fifty acres. The constabulary, where the soldiers of the queen are quartered, is here; and it also contains a zoological garden. Its greatest attraction is a splendid equestrian monument of the Duke of Wellington, whose fame has filled the world as the conqueror of

Napoleon at Waterloo. Yet after all, the park is greatly lacking in beauty, being largely a great pasture-field.

There are a number of Presbyterian and Methodist churches in the city. The Centenary Methodist Church has a prosperous college connected with it.

Dublin was the home of the eloquent O'Connell, known as the liberator of Ireland. He now sleeps in a vault in the cemetery, under a monument of great height. He died May 15th, 1847, at Genoa, on his way to Rome; but his remains were not placed in their present resting-place until 1869, when the monument was completed. The metallic casket in which his dust reposes is exposed to view in this deep vault; and thousands consider it a great privilege to place their hand on the coffin and bless the memory and dust of O'Connell.

From Dublin northward to the northern coast lies the best of Ireland. The land is fertile and well cultivated. Barley, flax, and oats are abundant. Everywhere great quantities of flax were spread in the fields, and the barley and oats are ready to harvest soon after the middle of August. I saw one reaper at work in a small field in Ireland; but besides that only the sickle and mowing-scythe were seen in harvesting. Men and women were at work in about equal numbers in the fields. I never saw an old man out digging potatoes without a woman helping him. The women must be good wives — very helpful and useful, as well as ornamental. Four hours' travel from Dublin on the train brings the traveler to Enniskillen, which stands on an island in the connecting waters of the Upper and Lower Lough Erne. It has about five thousand people; and a physician of the town apologized for its not getting larger, upon the ground that it had no room to grow, as it had covered the island.

Lough Erne is the largest fresh-water lake in Ireland, and is a delightful scene to take in by a pleasant boat-ride. It is varied in width from one to nine miles, while its length is not less than thirty. It is dotted over with islands, large and small, some cultivated, and others covered with shrubs, ivies, and evergreens. Its shores are not rugged and wild as those of the Lakes of Killarney; but the slopes rise more gently,

and the adjacent hills are covered with fields of grass and grain. There are several hundred of these beautiful islands, which are set like emeralds upon its glossy bosom. Lough Erne deserves to be celebrated in poetry and in song. A more delightful place I did not see in Ireland.

All through the country are to be seen the ancient round towers, which attract attention. One of the first I saw was on the banks of Lough Erne. A number of others lie in view on the way to the North Atlantic. Of course, there is a history to every one of them, which some lad will detail for two pence, or which a boatman will be glad enough to interest you with for a half hour if you will in the end seem pleased, and give him sixpence. This is indeed a land of legends and romance; nor is it to be wondered at. It is the land where royalty, religion, and superstition have fought some of their greatest and most memorable battles. But as to the towers; none may tell their uses and purposes in olden time. They are built of square stone, are from six to twelve feet in diameter, and from thirty to seventy feet in height. They are as great a mystery as the mounds and mound-builders of our own country. Some suppose they were built centuries ago for astronomical purposes; some suppose them to be the work of heathen architects, built in honor of idols and for worship; others suppose them to be monuments to mighty chieftains of the ancient tribes, who have been buried, possibly, beneath them. A more reasonable view, as it seems to me, is that they were designed as monuments to the dead of Christian times, and were erected by Christian hands. It is probable that they were built during the first centuries of the Christian era. I have seen a half dozen of them, and most of these stand near the ruins of an abbey.

To this day the peasantry of the country, when their homes are invaded by death, bury their dead loved ones under the somber shadows of these old abbey-ruins; and here the unmarked graves of the centuries await the blast of the trump of God, which shall gather the scattered dust of the sleeping millions to the judgment-scene. "Before him shall be gathered all nations."

CHAPTER V.

Londonderry — Its Siege — James II. — William of Orange — Rev. George Walker, Commander — His Monument — Battle of the Boyne — Portrush — Dr. Clarke's Birthplace — A Tribute — Giant's Causeway — Belfast — The Irish Problem — Condition of the People — Ignorance — Priestcraft — Landlordism — No Encouragement to Labor — Peat — Minerals — Parnell and the Agitation.

ON the renowned River Foyle is situated the historic old town of Londonderry, whose trials and glory shall never fade from the pages of history. It is a city and county, having been built by the citizens of London during the reign of James I. It now has about thirty thousand inhabitants, having greatly outgrown its walls, which were built in its early history, and which embrace not more than one fourth of the present city. These walls are in a good state of preservation. A number of arches are formed so as to allow several passes in and out of the walled part. On Tuesday morning, August 23d, in company with Dr. Thompson, I enjoyed a walk before breakfast around the city on these illustrious walls. There is no place in Ireland where I so felt the presence and power of history. On these old walls one remembers the siege of Londonderry, so often referred to by writers, and so deeply chronicled in the pages of human history. The thought of the heroic struggles of the Protestants, who here, through months of indescribable anguish and woe, resisted the accursed siege of an ambitious Catholic king, rushed through me with the vividness of a present battle-scene. King James II. had forsaken the Protestant faith and embraced Catholicism; yet, ambitious to rule, he held on to the throne of a Protestant government.

His son-in-law, William of Orange, called William III., who had married his oldest daughter, the weeping bride Mary, was summoned from Holland to take the throne of England, which had been declared vacant by a majority of one vote at the convention of Lords and Commons, James II. having fled from the country. The Irish throughout the island had determined to make an onslaught upon Protestant Londonderry and massacre all its inhabitants. Two companies of the Irish were on the opposite side of the Foyle, when only eight or nine heroic young men had the courage to close the entrances of the city when the soldiers were within sixty yards, and pressing for the gates. Helpless women and children pleaded and prayed, and a handful of strong men manned the guns, and fought at the walls and gates against the thousands of armed soldiery under King James. II. That which is so peculiarly interesting in these historic events is the fact that the city was not commanded by a trained general, but by a clergyman, Rev. George Walker, who encouraged the starving men and women, who were feeding upon scraps and hides, and the meat of dogs, to trust in God, who surely would send them deliverance. Although almost two hundred years have passed since that heroic struggle within these walls, it required no great imagination to look into these old houses and see again the anguish of homes where children died of starvation, and to look upon funeral scenes in the old plain Gothic cathedral, in which women sorrowed for the dead, who had perished of starvation, but not without hope, assured that they should "hunger no more." In the old church there are many relics of the siege, such as battle-flags, etc. That which brings up these scenes is a monument, erected over fifty years ago, consisting of a Doric column, more than a hundred feet in height, mounted with the statue of Rev. George Walker, standing on the walls of the city on the hill. A huge cannon stands on each of the sides. On the monument is the following inscription:

"To Rev. George Walker, who, aided by the garrison and brave inhabitants of this city, most gallantly defended through a protracted siege —

namely, from December 6th, 1688, O. S., to August 12, following,—against an arbitrary and bigoted monarch, heading an army of upward of twenty thousand men, many of whom were foreign mercenaries, and by such valiant conduct in numerous sorties, and by patiently enduring extreme privation and suffering, successfully resisted the besiegers, and preserved for their posterity the blessings of civil and religious liberty."

It is a matter of regret that this stone column is beginning to show signs of decay. The memory of the heroes whose struggles it would perpetuate in the grateful affections of the people is more enduring than columns of brown stone or statues of marble. With the coming of William, God brought deliverance. Less than a year after the lifting of the siege of Londonderry, William met King James II. on the Boyne with thirty thousand men, and defeated him on July 1st, 1690. But long, long ago these heroes and heroines of Londonderry have been at rest.

Northward from Londonderry some hours' travel is Coleraine and Portrush, the former on the River Bann and the latter on the North Atlantic. Half way between these towns, and perhaps three miles from either, a humble cottage in the county, is the birthplace of the renowned Dr. Adam Clarke, whose pious and learned writings, especially those of his commentaries, have blessed so many ministers' studies. The old home is still standing, though occupied by strangers. He has a better mansion. Here about Portrush the ignorant and dull boy Clarke, whose teacher said he could never learn Latin, once went to school; and here among these green hills of Ireland he first felt the kindlings of a noble manhood, which when developed inspired the world. I must acknowledge how powerful and salutary were his writings upon my young mind and heart many years ago, when with anxious inquiries I turned for instruction to the word of God, whose pages were so marvelously sweet and dear, yet often so mysterious. The writer counts it a treasure greater than landed estates that his father owned and studied Clarke's commentaries. There is an immortal value, and power for good or for evil in the first books we read. How dear they are to us! How tender our hearts as they touch the scenes where lived and

toiled their illustrious and renowned authors. In the town of Portrush is a very appropriate monument to the memory of Dr. Clarke, erected a few years ago by Dr. Cother, deceased, of London.

Eight miles on a wagonette from Portrush is the Giant's Causeway, where Nature puts on her wildest mood. The peculiar honey-combed formations of basaltic rock have furnished illustrations for the book of geography for all times past. The visitor is disappointed at first. The rocks lack the grandeur and sublimity which he expects to meet. The rocks cover probably an area of five acres. The higher columns are about thirty feet high. The whole is a body of rocks, higher and lower, completely honey-combed; or rather the rocks are shaped in the forms of the cells of a honey-comb, with crevices between them a quarter of an inch to an inch in size. The size of these columns standing side by side varies, but is usually about one foot in diameter. They have from four to seven sides, and the face of one is concave and that of another convex. They run back to the base of the heights of the adjoining hills, and down to the edge of the North Atlantic, and how far out under the waters I do not know. The tourist walks over the face of not less than forty thousand of these perpendicular columns, arranged together with a beauty of design which suggests the skill of a great Artificer. The whole is one of nature's greatest wonders. It would seem that at some remote period those rocks were solid, and by some process of drying, or by the action of atmosphere or water, they were thus divided. But why divided in these strange forms, and with a uniformity found nowhere else on the globe, no scientist or learned person has yet told us.

The city of Belfast contains about two hundred thousand people, two thirds of whom are Protestants. It is the only live town in Ireland, and the only town that is growing. Its streets are wide and clean, and its business houses are like those of American cities. It is not an old town, but is splendidly situated on the River Lagan, with a fine port, one hundred and thirty miles from Glasgow and one hundred and

fifty-six miles from Liverpool. In 1612, Belfast as a little village was given by James I. to Sir Arthur Chichester, the ancestor of the present owner of the city, the Marquis of Donegal. Were it not for some long leases, formerly granted, the annual income to the present owner from this city alone would be three hundred thousand pounds, or one million five hundred thousand dollars. There are more than one hundred places of worship, thirty-four of which are Presbyterian, nineteen Methodist, and nineteen Episcopal. The Presbyterians and the Methodists have splendid institutions of learning. The blood of the Scotchman commingles largely with the Irish in the veins of this industrious and thrifty people.

I shall close this chapter and the first part of this volume with a few pages upon the Irish people and the perplexing problem which will remain yet unsolved when a score of years have passed. This is indeed a question which most deeply interests the entire civilized world.

Ireland is a land of verdure, flowers, and donkey-carts; a land of ragged, hearty, and dirty children; a land of landlords, poverty, wealth, potatoes, and beggars; a land of antiquated walls and shades, and a land of castles and huts. The people of Ireland are half freemen and half slaves. They are partially ruled by the English crown,—one of the noblest governments under heaven,—and largely by the dominion of landlords, who own their present possessions by acts of confiscation in former times. The peasantry of a large part of Ireland are the happiest people on God's green earth. They have nothing, really seem to want nothing, and are too lazy to try to get anything. They are given to legends, whisky, dirt, and Catholicism. They are in the bondage of poverty, filth, landlords, and ignorance; and, worse than all, they are under the tyranny of a drunken, lazy, and intolerant priesthood.

In northern Ireland, where Protestantism has a prevailing influence and power, there is thrift; and many homes in the rural parts somewhat resemble those of America. But even here there is much poverty. I dare not, indeed I can not,

give the reader a true picture of the condition of the people in all the great southern portion of this country. The whole land is inhabited by the poorest of the poor. The people live in small huts, which have no compartments, and are without floors, except what nature gave. There are few articles of furniture; and these could only be called such for want of a name to describe them. The houses are built of stone, and covered with slate, straw, or tiling. In the one room of the house they all live together. Besides this, chickens, pigs, goats, and cows are quartered in the same room. Through the middle of the room they dig a trench; on the one side are the quarters of the family, and on the other are those of the goat, the cow, and the donkey. If by chance, as is sometimes the case, there be a separate building on the premises for a stable, it is immediately in front of the dwelling, at a distance of ten or fifteen feet away. In forty-nine cases out of fifty there is a large compost pile within five feet of the door of the house. It is impossible to picture the ragged, dirty beings who inhabit these horrid places. Yet such is southern Ireland. Nor is a large portion of the towns much better than what has been described. The people, however, seem hearty, and the cheeks of the children, through the dirt, show signs of good health.

Besides this, the people are largely given to drinking. I did not see many persons beastly or dead drunk; but it really seems that all the people, men and women, are drunken. In some of the towns almost everybody, high and low, old and young, male and female, were half intoxicated. Their highest ambition is to have some of the "crathur." They are cursed with a religion which to them is practically a superstition, and nothing more. There is nothing elevating or ennobling in it to them. It checks them in no vice and encourages them in no virtue, except as it does so through superstitious beliefs. Catholicism and the priestcraft wish to keep the people in ignorance. They can control them only by so doing. Let enlightenment come and the power of the priest is broken.

The people are cursed with church-holidays. These interfere with their labor, and are occasions for drunkenness.

Then, added to this, there is the landlordism of Ireland, which must forever be its baneful curse as long as it continues. English and Irish landlords own the country. The poor peasantry, apparently enfeebled by years of poverty and pleasure, seem to have been contented for it to be so until now. If the lands were taken from these landlords and distributed among the peasants, with their present character, religion, and habits, they would hardly have a morsel of them in five years. What improvement might be wrought among them I may not conjecture. The land is rented to the people at prices as great as or greater than the purchase-price of like lands in the United States. Let a man toil ever so hard, and suffer ever so bravely, there is no hope of a shelter for his family when he is dead. Every year thousands and millions of dollars are carried over to England to enrich the coffers of the land-owners. Even an Irish landlord can hardly be said to live in Ireland. If he builds a castle he purchases the material (save the stone) in England, and hires his mechanics and artists in London or Paris. He does not spend his money in Ireland; he buys in England or Scotland, and lives in one of these countries much of his time. There is no money spent by him in Ireland for anything. No buildings are being erected. Ireland is every year fleeced as a farmer clips the wool from his flocks; but it is never fed. Of course, I do not assert that these dukes and landlords are all bad men. Some of them are men of eminent learning and gentility. But the system of landlording must, in its principles of government, always be a detriment to the country. There must be something which will induce the owners of estates to improve them, and give the best conditions of life to the inhabitants of a country, if there is to be prosperity. The laws of the land must be such as to encourage the people living on the soil to own the ground, as it is their God-given right to do, if the higher prosperity is to be realized. Any country that is made merely the market-place of another, as Ireland

is of England, must become poorer and poorer as the years go by. There is money enough going out of Ireland, for rents to owners abroad, to buy in a short time the lands of the country and give them to the peasants as homesteads. How the people are to be elevated from their present low state and lifted out of their poverty and superstition, is the saddest conundrum of the age.

The feeling against the landlords among the peasantry is bitter. The agitation led by Mr. Parnell and others, and organized in the Land-League, tends to increase this. The league receives and expends in Ireland not less than twenty-five thousand dollars per month. The most of this is contributed by foreign countries, only one and a half per cent being raised in Ireland. This money is used to carry on the agitation, and to furnish temporary homes for families evicted from their tenantries by landlords because of their failure to pay the rents. Much of this work is highly humane. Yet the same thing has practically encouraged revolt and boycotting,—that is, preventing any person from going on a farm from which one has been evicted,—and has in many cases led to the cruel murder of landlords. The league is not in itself a secret society; yet it is shrewdly suspected that there is within it a secret society which has communication with the Fenians. The population of Ireland is yearly decreasing and its wealth depleting. Its people are now, in a large district of country, living from the patronage of English and American travelers.

Much of Ireland is really poor soil, though a delicious climate prevails. There are few minerals. Peat, or turf, is substituted for coal. This is a vegetable compound, found in great quantities in the low-lands, and even in the marshes of the mountains, and is cut out in blocks or squares the size of a brick, and, when dried, burns very well.

With all this, there is a generosity, a blithesomeness, a virtue both in men and women, a wit, and a politeness about these people which can never be forgotten. There is a beauty in their country which causes one to love the God of nature

more. May he give this "Emerald Isle" a better day. May Protestant Christianity and freedom cover the land, and its people eat of the fruit of the soil. May the dominion of the pope and priest cease among them forever.

"Thus shall memory often, in dreams sublime,
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over;
Thus singing, look through the waves of time
For the long-faded glories they cover."

IRISH DONKEY

PART SECOND.

SCOTLAND AND ENGLAND.

CHAPTER I.

Scotland — Size — Climate — North Channel — Greenock — Grave of "Highland Mary" — Glasgow — Population — Statues — Residences — First Steamer, the "Comet," — The Clyde — Cathedral — Visit to Ayr — Burns' Character, Writings, Home, and Relatives.

NO land is more romantic or more celebrated in history and song than Scotland, the northern and smallest division of the island of Great Britain. It is picturesque in landscapes, rugged in its highland mountains, rich in mineral resources, sturdy in population, enterprising in manufactories and commerce. Lying near to England and more nearly allied to the government, it possesses great advantages over many other parts of the royal queen's dominions. Scotland is only about two hundred and eighty-seven miles long, and its greatest width not more than two hundred and seventeen miles. It is so penetrated and channeled by arms of the sea that the farthest points from the shore are less than forty miles, except in one spot. Of the nineteen million acres of land, less than one third is arable. The land is famous for its beauty of lakes and rugged mountains. At the close of August the harvest was not yet ripe; and fire in the room was needed to keep an American warm.

When the weather is fine and the sea calm it is a splendid passage one makes from Belfast on the eastern coast of Ireland

to Greenock on the western coast of Scotland. Your steamer seems for hours to creep along the coast of Ireland, and then boldly strides across North Channel to the mouth of the River Clyde. If the channel is rough there is much danger of sea-sickness; but otherwise the trip is romantic. Of course the Clyde, up which you sail so proudly between the grand old hills of Scotland, at whose base great towns and cities nestle, is in reality an arm of the sea, and its waters salt as those of the ocean. Greenock is a fine business city, but noted most on account of its vast ship-building. Burns' "Highland Mary," to whom he paid his sweetest verse, is buried here. What a fascination and charm the genius of poetry throws around a humble Scottish peasant-girl.

An hour on the train from Greenock brings the traveler to Glasgow, which in the most modern sense is a business place, with a population of nearly eight hundred thousand people. It has much of industrial and social interest—indeed, vastly more than any city in Scotland, though less of the historic. It is the third city in the United Kingdom, and has immense manufactories of almost every kind. Chief among these are the navy-yards, where are made the ships which go down into the great seas.

The residences of the city are in many portions very splendid indeed. Vast terraces and crescents of dwellings, most tastefully fronted with parks and lawns, meet the eye of the visitor. George's Square, in the central part of the city, has an excellent equestrian statue of her majesty Queen Victoria, also statues of Walter Scott, Campbell, Sir John Moore, Lord Clyde, and others, including a bronze figure of James Watt, who began his experiments with steam in 1763, and by whose faithful study and genius, combined with those of Mr. Henry Bell, the first steamer ever launched in Europe was set afloat in the River Clyde in 1812. It was called the "Comet," and had an engine of three-horse power. It began its career, January 18th, 1812, and plied between Greenock and Glasgow.

There are a number of institutions of learning at Glasgow, of great prominence, the principal being the New University

of Scotland, the corner-stone of which was laid by the Prince of Wales, October, 1868. The immensity of the structure must be imagined from the statement that the floor covers about six acres. It has ninety-eight departments of instruction, and each chair its recitation-room and retiring-room. The university has been in operation about eleven years. It is indeed a magnificent institution. The city has about seventy-five churches belonging to the established church of Scotland, and about the same number owned by the Free Church of Scotland, and two thirds as many, at least, belonging to the United Presbyterian, a dozen to the Episcopal Church, and about the same to the Catholics, with Congregationalists, Baptists, and Methodists each from ten to twenty churches, while nearly fifty houses of worship belong to minor bodies.

Historically, the most interesting structure in Glasgow is the cathedral. It is a massive, gloomy building, over three hundred feet long, with eight transepts, which have never been completed. The cathedral was founded under David I., in 1133, upon the same site occupied by the structure built by St. Mungo, five hundred years earlier. For four hundred years it was the place where Catholics worshiped; and many are the prelates and men of renown whose ashes lie under its stone floors. Upon the restoration of the episcopacy it became the heritage of the Episcopal Church. But when the Presbyterian Church became established in Scotland its ministers entered the old pulpit. It is owned by the crown of England, and is supported by the government. Its choir or chancel has sittings only for about five hundred persons. It is more for the dead than for the living. The walls are filled with memory-tablets; and some of the relics of the old building, erected in the fifth century, are in the chapter-room. On an eminence just a little way from the cathedral is the necropolis of Glasgow, where sleep its dead. Many monuments are planted upon this hill, the most conspicuous of which is a colossal statue of John Knox, the Scotch reformer.

The city of Glasgow is supplied with splendid water brought from Lake Katrine, which has a deep literary halo about it

from the writings of Sir Walter Scott, who has done so much for the poetry and delight of his native land.

On Thursday morning, August 25th, eight of our company took train for Ayr, forty miles south-west of Glasgow, the town and shire made immortal in fame by having been the home of the greatest of the Scottish poets, Robert Burns.

Burns was not in every way the greatest poet of Scotland; yet he put Scotland and its life, its customs, its heart, its follies and its vices, its love and its beauties, and its shame as well, into poetry and song as no man ever has done. He was the poet of the people. He is the only poet who came up from such unlearned paths to be — though allowed to languish in poverty and shame during his life — the admiration of the most learned and gifted men of the world. He put wisdom into a marvelous nut-shell — for he burned with indignant fire — when he wrote —

> "The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
> A man's the gowd for a' that."

The poems of Burns breathe the sighs, the love, the passions of the human heart all the world over as none other have ever done. Christian people are too well acquainted with the life he at times led. They know too well how evil associations and evil passions often controlled him. The world has in the main been quite charitable enough in its treatment of the character and life of Burns; and yet it knows well enough the need of charity, which in this case has covered a multitude of sins. The lack of early Christian influences and training, and the later influence of the gatherings of the Masonic lodge and other clubs and fellowships are the causes which led a great genius to such paths as virtuous and sober mortals shun. Yet Burns had a heart broad and deep. In his hand he held the harp which wakes often the tenderest and noblest feelings of the heart of humanity. Albeit not all his verse is worthy; for often when he would reach the depths of the human heart he stirs the devil up and puts him at business. Your mother may have sometimes

been bad in temper and sometimes harsh in words and reproof, but the good so far outweighs the evil that the evil is forgotten. You deem it a pleasure and a duty to cover up the bad and immortalize the good. And thus it is that a human heart owes something to genius, and loves to honor God and pay it. A few miles from Ayr, a city with over forty thousand inhabitants, stands by the road-side the humble cottage in which, on the 25th of January, 1759, Robert Burns, the familiar poet of Ayrshire, was born. The clay and stone floor, the fire-place and the oven, are as a hundred or more years ago. The humble, short bed still stands in the niche in the wall where the poet first lay on the bosom of maternal love. The table of Burns, the clock, and other relics of the family are to be seen. Here also may be seen copies of his poem "Tam O'Shanter," in his own handwriting. The house is indeed a humble one, with low ceiling and roof of straw. On an eminence to the left of the road, going from the old home of Burns toward the "Bonny Doon," stands a splendid monument to Burns, erected over sixty years ago. In its chamber below are also many interesting relics, among which is the identical Bible given by young Burns to his "Highland Mary," the parting from whom he has so touchingly put in verse, and to whose departed memory he gives his sweetest and choicest poem. There is also here a marble bust and a splendid oil-painting of the poet, with other paintings. The road has evidently been changed; but its old course is easily traced, along which

> **"Tam skelpit on through dub and mire,**
> **Despising wind and rain and fire."**

"Kirk Alloway," "Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry," is yet standing, though the roof is entirely gone. The walls, erected in 1516, are yet strong; and the little bell hangs in the stone frame, though it has long ceased to be used. Around the Kirk Alloway lie many of the dead of the past century, among whom in front of the kirk are the father and mother and sister of Burns. Beyond the kirk nearly two hundred

yards is the old bridge where Tam O'Shanter crossed the Doon as he fled from the witches at the kirk, and where

> "The carlin claught her by the rump,
> And left poor Maggie scarce a stump."

Across the River Ayr, in the city, are to be seen "The Brigs of Ayr," which in one of Burns' best poems are made to speak so wittily and wisely.

Burns wrote poetry founded on realities. He took nature and painted its likeness. He made the hills which smile so sweetly, and these houses and kirks and brigs, and the Doon, to speak with language which has immortalized the poet and the scenes of his life; and as he wrote of the departed "Highland Mary,"

> "Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
> And fondly broods with miser care;
> Time but the impression stronger makes,
> As streams their channels deeper wear."

In "auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses," is yet, as in the time of "Tam O'Shanter" and "Souter Johnny," the inn where "they had been fou' weeks thegither," and where still the landlord and the modern "Tams" grow "gracious." I was inquisitively foolish enough to go in and examine the rooms, but did not remain long. The country about the early home of Burns is delightful, and such as would inspire a poet. Yet it is a mystery that one born and reared so humbly should so strike the harp of ages. But it is as he said, "The Poet Genius of my country found me, as the prophetic bard, Elijah, did Elisha,—at the plow,—and threw her inspiring mantle over me. She bade me sing the loves, the joys, the rural pleasures of my native soil, in my native tongue; I tuned my wild, artless notes as she inspired." Two maiden nieces of Burns, Agnes and Isabella Begg, daughters of his younger sister, live in the neighborhood, and are, so far as I know, his nearest relatives living. They are pleasing and entertaining old ladies, having reached the time usually allotted to human life. They were glad to welcome Americans to their

cozy home for a season; and one of them replied to some words of ours, "Nowhere is Burns more loved than in America." They are spoken of as very benevolent and kind to the poor. Burns has left a fascination and charm about Ayr and along the banks of the "Bonny Doon." Alas! how depraved a genius can be. I only wish that what Burns wrote in his "Address to the Devil" may have been true:

"And now, Auld Cloots, I ken ye're thinkin',
A certain bardie's rantin', drinkin',
Some luckless hour will send him linkin'
To your black pit;
But, faith! he'll turn a corner jinkin,
And cheat you yet."

BIRTHPLACE OF ROBERT BURNS.—See page 63.

"But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow-fall in the river,
A moment white—then melts forever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flits e're you can point the place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form,
Evanishing amid the storm."

Robert Burns died at Dumfries, Scotland, July 21, 1796.

CHAPTER II.

Highlands of Scotland — Lake Katrine — Sterling — The Castle — Bannockburn Battle-field — Robert the Bruce — Knox's Old Pulpit — Murder of Earl of Douglas — Virgin Martyrs — The Cathedral — Guild Hall — Burying the Dead — Scottish Character — Wit.

THE Highlands of Scotland have been made illustrious and immortal in poetry, history, and romance. I had longed to look upon these inspiring and beauty-decked mountains and lakes. Did they make Walter Scott, or was it his genius which threw over them their immortal charm? One day took our company over Loch Lomond, the pride of Scotland, girt about with rugged mountains covered with heather and evergreen. The highest peak about the lake rises over three thousand feet high, at the craggy base of which is the prison of Rob Roy. All about us were

> "Those emerald isles which calmly sleep,
> On the blue bosom of the deep."

From Inversnaid the journey was made over lofty mountain-heights in a huge wagon, drawn by four great Scotch horses. The scenery in these highlands is romantic and picturesque beyond description. Far off to the right and left were vast flocks of sheep, which range over the immense pasturage; here and there a humble but neat cottage. The cascades, amid depths and heights covered with ferns and heather, present a picture for the artist or the poet. Six miles over these heights and you are at the head of Lake Katrine, the scene of the "Lady of the Lake," by Walter Scott. I had not known that this time-worn and world-honored poem so minutely describes the hills, shores, and island of Katrine.

The mountains are a little steep for Scott's stranger to ride down; but the poet's imagination must have reasonable play, and then the story makes the steed fall dead. Lake Katrine is about ten miles long and two wide.

Our boat sailed nicely around "Ellen's Isle," where

> "For retreat in dangerous hour,
> Some chief had framed a mystic bower."

One could almost see Ellen rowing the boat, and hear her voice from the thick foliage, saying,

> "On heaven and on thy lady call,
> And enter the enchanted hall."

And still Ellen sings,

> "Soldier, rest! Thy warfare o'er,
> Sleep the sleep that knows no breaking;
> Dream of battle-fields no more—
> Days of danger, nights of waking."

By wagons our company crossed the Trosachs Mountains (Bristled Territory) thirteen miles, and took cars for Sterling, the old capital of Scotland. I had over a hundred miles' travel in the Highlands of Scotland, and was pleased to cross again the river Forth, which, by an old saying, "Bridles the Wild Highlander."

It was a splendid, bright morning that welcomed our company to Sterling Castle, the ancient home of illustrious kings and queens. You gradually ascend a steep road under the shadow of a great wall, from twenty to thirty feet high on the north, while on the south are rocky precipices reaching down hundreds of feet. At last you are within the outer wall of protection, and are in front of a statue on which you read, "King Robert—the Bruce, June 24th, 1314." Then crossing the draw-bridge over the deep moat, you pass through the gateway under the inner wall, beneath which kings, queens, and princes were wont to pass from the earliest history of Scotland. Another wall is passed through, and then another, when you are in the lower square. To the right is the grand battery. There, looking out over the valleys below, are those

old cannon whose sounds once thundered forth the terror of armies. They are old death-monitors which spoke at the voice of kings. To secure possession of this castle the mightiest monarchs on these islands fought with powerful armies. Under these walls, Edward and Robert Bruce, whose history reads almost like mythology, fought the greatest battles of Scotland. It remained for Cromwell to lay it in the heritage of the English crown. Here the Stuart line of kings delighted to dwell. Here James II. and James V. were born. It is the scene of the fears, the loves, and the tragedies of powerful kings. To the left is the old "Palace Royal"—a giant structure of stone which has defied the destruction of centuries. In the center is the "Lion's Den," a hollow, oblong square, about fifty by seventy-five feet, in which James III. had lions confined for his amusement. About it are cells and heavy walls, showing how securely prisoners might be confined, where they could hear the roar of the ravenous beasts.

Many scenes here such as this give to one's conception a sad comment on the character of many of the ancient kings. Surely, the world is growing better.

From the Palace Royal the access is easy into the upper square, which must embrace nearly half an acre. To the right is the parliament house, and in front of this, Chapel Royal. To the left is the Douglas Room, which is a kind of museum. Passing between the chapel and Douglas Room you have reached the garden, and to the right may ascend the terrace, and looking to the right northward, far over the valley below, is the field over which the armies of Sir William Wallace and the Earl of Surrey, of England, in 1297, met in awful conflict. On a lofty eminence rises the Wallace Monument to the height of two hundred and twenty feet. Here, too, is in sight the Sterling Abbey and the memorial tomb of King James III., and his queen, Margaret of Denmark. Their tomb was identified in 1864, when a search was instituted in the old abbey. Thus is it that under the shadow of the palace of royal splendor there is always a tomb. Farther to the west are the beautiful plains where the Duke of Argyll fought with the Earl of

Marvis, in 1715. Passing around to the southern side of the garden upon the terrace, the eye rests upon the Royal Gardens, still kept in the form of olden times, where sports were made for the king and his court, while he with his royal women could look down upon it from the terrace more than three hundred feet almost perpendicular. On this south terrace-wall is a hole about four inches in diameter, at which Mary, Queen of Scots, the last royal Scottish queen, used to look out upon the royal games and sports in the garden below. I stooped down and took a peep through the same orifice in the stone. Farther away over the valley toward the sunrising is the field of Bannockburn, in which, in June, 1314, Robert Bruce, with thirty thousand soldiers of Scotland, met Edward II. at the head of the English army numbering one hundred thousand men of war, of whom history records that thirty thousand fell in one day by the sword of the Highlanders. But looking out over these fields dotted with skirts of forests, presenting one of the most delightful if not the grandest landscape view of Scotland, one is wont to forget the scenes and memories of conflict and death. We live in better days. A city of beauty is at our feet; and far to the north are the highlands of Scotland, and southward the valleys ready to yield their luxuriant harvest. Now, this is a blessed as well as beautiful land; but for centuries its valleys and mountains ran with the blood of many a battle.

In the Douglas Room of the castle is the rude oak pulpit which used to stand in the Chapel Royal, from which Knox sometimes used to preach more than three hundred years ago. From it Patrick Galloway preached upon the occasion of the baptism of Henry,—on the 30th of August, 1594. It is of split oak, about two feet wide and three and a half feet long. A few steps below, in a small room, I stood in the identical chamber where James II. murdered William, earl of Douglas. He had brought him to the castle under a safe conduct, and wished William to break an alliance with some of James' enemies. After all entreaties proved futile, James said to him, "If thou wilt not break the bond, this will," and

thrust his dagger to the heart of William. Some of the nobles then threw the body out of a small window into the garden, where it was reported to have been buried, a statement which was confirmed by the exhuming of a human skeleton in 1797. Horrible feelings crept over me as I stood in this dingy chamber and thought of the bloody scenes enacted there centuries ago, by those long, long ago passed into the eternal unseen. Thrones are sometimes built upon hell as a foundation, and the blood of victims cries out from the deserted habitations of kings. Passing out from this spot, so profound in its impressions and awful in its historic associations, I visited the burying-grounds below. Here sleep unnumbered generations of the dead. Here is an enduring monument to the martyrs of the Reformation. Here are also splendid statues of Knox, Melvin, and Henderson. Near to the old cathedral is a statue of James Guthrie, the martyr who labored well in this old church for many years, and paid the price at Edinburgh, June 1st, 1661. But I envy not the heart of one who could pass without emotion the delicate and beautiful monument erected to the Virgin Martyrs. It is indeed a beautiful work of art, and commemorates a splendid but sad instance of heroism in which Margaret Machlochlan and Margaret Wilson suffered death by drowning in the Solway, May 11th, 1685, rather than deny their Lord. In the marble below the glass covering which shelters the three marble forms is the following inscription:

MARGARET.

Virgin Martyr of the Ocean Wave, with her like-minded sister

AGNES.

Love many waters can not quench—God saves
His chaste imperiled one in covenant true.
O Scotia's daughter, earnest scan the page,
And prize this flower of good, blood-bought for you.

PSALMS IX.— XIX.

The inscription on the slab below tells the history of this martyrdom perhaps better than I could put it in my own words. "Through faith Margaret Wilson, a youthful maiden,

chose rather to depart and be with Christ than to disown his holy cause and covenant, to own Erastian usurpation and conform to prelacy enforced by cruel laws. Bound to a stake within flood-mark of the Solway tide, she died a martyr's death on the 11th of May, 1685." The monument presents in clear, white marble two gentle sisters in youth studying the word of God. By their side kneels a lamb, while behind them is the form of an angel with the laurel in hand ready to be placed upon their triumphant brow. The marble has the delicacy and finish of wax, and tells a story of devotion to Christ which softens the heart. Here in this land of martyrs there now stands the most striking, delicate, and enduring monument to their glory. These scenes reminded me of the words of the apostle, "And others had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea, moreover of bonds and imprisonment: they were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword: they wandered about in sheepskins and goat-skins; being destitute, afflicted, tormented; of whom the world was not worthy: they wandered in deserts, and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth." Near by is the cathedral, a grand old stone structure, dating from the fourteenth century. It has two chancels—the east and the west. In the former of these James VI. was crowned in 1567, John Knox preaching on the occasion. The stout box-seats look as if they may have been there half a thousand years. Near the church is Guild Hall, founded by John Cowane as a hospital. The hall contains many interesting relics. The following inscription is seen over the door to the hall:

"This Hospital was largely provyded by John Cowane Deane of Gild for the Entertainment of Decayed Gild Breither.

JOHN $\frac{16}{39}$ COWANE.

I was hungrie and ye gave me meate
I was thirstie and ye gave me drinke
I was a stranger and ye tooke me in
Naked and ye clothed me
I was sicke and ye visited me

Matt. xxv. 35."

During my sojourn in Ireland and Scotland I often had oc-

casion to contrast the methods and customs of those countries with those of our own America. Sketches so hasty as these could not venture a description such as I should like to furnish. I can only sketch here and there a place of antiquity and now and then draw a picture.

Being anxious to observe the rites paid to the dead, I attended several funerals. The burial of the dead is sad enough at best, and the manner of its performance in these lands renders it still more dismal. The hearse is usually closed up, so as to prevent the sight of the coffin. The hearse, which is black, is overspread with nine great black plumes, two feet in diameter. This is drawn by black horses. In one of the cities in Ireland I saw the horses drawing the hearse entirely covered with black velvet. No one can imagine the spectacle a procession forms thus headed and joined by carriages all covered with mourning. The coffin is covered with black. Women do not go to the grave, and relatives of the deceased do not attend at the burial. There are no exercises whatever at the grave, except in Catholic burials. The coffin being lowered, some grass is thrown upon it as a covering, and the grave is then filled up, without a word of song or a breath of prayer.

The Scotchman is a strong character. A stout *physique*, a lordly bearing, and a sturdy morality and firm faith have so impressed the world that in our own America any man is proud if he can trace in his veins a ruddy drop of Scottish blood. This sturdy force and orderly life is the product of clear, strong ideas, and suffering to maintain them. Still, the reader should not infer that these stout Presbyterian pietists are free from the spice of wit or the enjoyment of the humorous. Yet Scotchmen do not parade wit as a public show. They cherish a high regard for clergymen; but their stout natures prefer extemporaneous to manuscript preaching. The story is told of Dr. Thomas Blacklock, the poet, that when he was preaching a trial sermon at a certain place an old lady who sat on the pulpit stairs inquired of one near her whether the doctor was a reader. The lady answered, "He canna be a

reader, for he's blin." The answer from the old lady on the steps was quickly returned, "I am glad to hear it; I wish they were all blin."

A good story is told by Paxton Hood of the wit of a staunch supporter of a Scottish preacher, who one day attended the parson from the kirk to the manse. The minister, seeing his attendant smiling, said to him, "What makes you laugh, James? It is unseemly. What amuses you?" "Oh, naething, particular," said James; "I was only thinking o' something that happened this forenoon." "Tell me what that was," said the preacher. "Well, minister, dinna be angry wi' me; but ye ken the congregation here are whiles nae pleased to get auld sermons fra' you; and this morning I got the better o' the kirk session, any way." "How was that, James?" "Deed, sir, when we come out o' the kirk this morning I kenna what they were a thinking; and says I, 'Eh, but ye canna ca' that an auld sermon this day, for its not above sax weeks since ye heard it last.'"

CHAPTER III.

Edinburgh—Monuments—Edinburgh Castle—Room of Mary—Holyrood Palace—Murder of Rizzio—Home of Knox—Grave of Knox—His Character—Martyrs—Abbotsford—Labors of Scott—Vale of the Tweed—Scott's Grave at Dryburgh Abbey—Melrose Abbey—Farewell to Scotland.

NOWHERE on the globe is there a fairer city than Edinburgh, at once the Athens and Jerusalem of Scotland. There are cities mightier for their commerce, and of surpassing numbers; but in culture, antiquity, sacred associations, morality, and religion it stands with scarcely a rival. God planted the foundations "in towering strength and surpassing beauty." Its three hills, like pillars of might to adorn the softer beauty of the valley, give it a majesty which has been crowned with the presence of godliness and the fascination of art. It was once the scene of martyrdom for the cause of Christ; and the guillotine is yet to be seen in the Antiquarian Museum, which fell with its weighted knife on the devoted necks of the martyred Covenanters. It is with a strange pain of heart one looks upon the covenants signed with the blood of the Covenanters, and then upon the thumb-screw, so often used in the torture of the Covenanters, and which King William declared would extort any secret from any man. Now, Edinburgh rejoices in the triumph of religious freedom and in the culture of character, arts, and science, which Protestantism always produces and fosters. Edinburgh is both ancient and modern, having an old and a new part, which are divided by a beautiful valley. This is decorated on either side of the great railway and station with gardens of flowers and delightful grassy plats. St. Prin-

cess Street, on the south of the new part of the city, overlooking the valley and the older portion of the city, is the most beautiful and delightful in its fronting one could wish. Close by the gardens of the street is the monument of Sir Walter Scott, reported to be the finest in the world The design is that of a monumental cross, with the central tower supported by four arches. Its top, which is two hundred feet high, is easily reached by a stairway. It was founded forty years ago. Its architect was a young man, George M. Kemp, whose excessive devotion to the production caused his untimely death at his own hands. The structure was completed, as it now stands, in 1847, and cost seventy-eight thousand, two hundred and fifty dollars. The marble statue of Scott under the central arch, from the hand of Mr. John Steell, presents him in great force and beauty, and cost over ten thousand dollars. The niches of the monument are filled with marble figures of the heroes of Scott. On the same street, a little west, is a bronze statue of the giant Professor Wilson (Christopher North). Farther on is a marble statue of Ramsay, the poet. There are also other splendid statues on the street, among which is a bronze equestrian statue of the duke of Wellington. In George's Square is an equestrian statue of Prince Albert, while on Barton Hill is a statue of Burns.

Edinburgh Castle stands at the west of the city, upon a rock several hundred feet high. In its structure it largely resembles Sterling Castle, and its history embraces many of the illustrious names which are connected with it. The Crown-room contains the Scottish crown, sword, and scepter, with other treasures of royalty. They are several hundred years old, and never were really worth very much, though they were always highly prized even as now. The room of Queen Mary is shown, where James VI., the last king of Scotland, and the first king in whose dominion England and Scotland were united, was born in 1566. The rooms are small and dingy. The highest point in the castle is Margaret's Chapel, the date of which seems to be fixed as early as the eleventh century. It has but one recommendation—it is near to

heaven. Just in front of its entrance is a huge cannon, called "Mons Meg." Its mouth is about twenty-one inches in diameter. It is stated by the inscription on the carriage that it was in the Dumbarton siege in 1489, and at Norham in 1497. Much of this castle dates from the twelfth century. Like that of Sterling, it is used as barracks for soldiers.

A place of much greater royal interest is known as Holyrood Palace, the home of more Scottish royalty than any other place in Scotland. It calls David I. its founder, and its history dates back to 1128. Queen Mary's apartments, which are the most interesting to visitors, were built probably by James V. The portrait-gallery is about one hundred and fifty feet long, and contains oil-portraits of kings, princes, queens, and princesses. Among the most interesting of these are Queen Mary, James III., and his queen, Margaret of Denmark. The apartments of Queen Mary here remain in some respects as when she left them. This is true of the audience-chamber, with its old chairs, and the bed-room with the old bed and bed-clothing, and the little baby-basket sitting by the side. Here one is reminded of the bloody scene which occurred in 1566. Mary was shrewdly suspected of being too intimate with Rizzio, a French music-teacher, of whom Lord Darnley, her husband, became jealous. It will illustrate to the reader the method of adjusting the jealous royal family grievances to note how this case was handled. The fascinating Frenchman who had won the heart of Mary was not long to escape bloody vengeance. A plot for the murder of Rizzio was made in the room below; and Lord Darnley first entered the private room of the queen, just back of the bed-chamber, and sat with his arm fondly around Mary's waist. Soon Lord Ruthven entered the room, clad in armor, followed by others. As the queen asked why they came, Rizzio saw that his end had come, and clasped the garments of the queen for protection; but he was quickly dragged from the room to the bed-chamber, where he received a thrust from a dagger snatched from Darnley's belt by Douglas. The victim was then dragged to the head of the stairs where he was

quickly dispatched, notwithstanding the tears and pleadings of the queen. She, however, soon dried her tears and began to "study revenge;" and the results the reader well knows. Darnley, whose sick-chamber afterward received the ministrations of the queen, no doubt met his fate at her hands, as history has adjudged. Her marriage with Bothwell soon led to the gravest suspicion and to her dethronement. But in Holyrood Palace, at the head of the stairs, the stain of Rizzio's blood is yet to be seen on the bare floor.

Queen Victoria has compartments at Holyrood, which she occupies when at Edinburgh, though her Scotland home is at Balmoral, where she spends much of her time. With a peculiar grace the Scotchman says, "Her Majesty the Queen is very fond of Scotland."

The old Scottish language with which Burns has made Americans familiar does not prevail in Scotland, as I had supposed it did. Probably the Scottish language sprung up beside the English as a sister, receiving its cast from the Danish and Norwegian elements thrown into it by the Scandinavian branch of the old Teutonic language. We learn from the writings of Burns the former fullness of the vowel sounds in the language. But these are passing out of hearing and practice, and the deep pathos of the old Scotch language is almost lost from Scotland. The reader is familiar with it through the reading of the poems of Robert Burns; but still I will venture to insert here the twenty-third psalm:

"The Lord is my herd; nae want sal fa' me.

"He louts me till lie amang green howes; He airts me atowye by the lown waters.

"He waukens my wa'--gaen saul; He weises me rown, for His ain name's sake, intil right roddins.

"Na, tho' I gang thro, the dead-mirk—dail; *e'en thar* sal I dread nae skaithin; for yersel *are* nar-by me; yer stok an' yer stay haud me baith fu' cheerie.

"My buird ye hae hansell'd in face o' my faes; ye hae drookit my head wi' oyle; my bicker is *fu' an'* skailin.

"E'en sae sal gude guidin an' gude gree gang wi' me, ilk day o' my livin; an' evir mair syne, i' the Lord's ain howff, *at lang last*, sal I mak bydan."

Standing at the foot of High Street, in Edinburgh, and looking down the narrow thoroughfare, crowded with tall, dingy houses, past the Tolbooth,—the old royal buildings,—all of which have been there from three hundred years and upward *ad infinitum*, one beholds at the head of this street, called "Canon Gate," in full view, the home of John Knox, the great Scotch reformer, in which he lived from 1560 to the date of his death—twelve years. It contains three rooms—the sitting-room, bed-room, and study. The entrance to the second story is reached by a flight of steps on the outside of the building. Above the door of the lower story, and running across the width of the house, is the following inscription:

"LUVE. GOD. ABUVE. AL. AND YI. NYCHTBOUR. AS. YI. SELF."

Above this inscription, in the stone at the corner of the wall, is an effigy about one foot high, which has been understood to represent Knox preaching. It is evidently intended to represent the form and face of Moses the lawgiver. The right hand points to the following inscription:

"THEOS
DEUS
GOD."

As I remembered the life and struggles and heroism and faith of Knox I almost expected to see him walk down the steps and up to his old church. Knox was the instrument which through God redeemed and delivered Scotland. He was born at Gifford, in East Lothian, in 1505, and entered Glasgow University in 1522. Up to 1545 we hear but little of him, when he suddenly appeared as the sword-bearer of Wishart. He was for ten years a priest of Rome; and it was not until he had reached the age of fifty-four years that the grand struggle of his life began. Four years he preached in England, until he ministered before the king. He then, in the providence of God, became the embodiment of the Scottish reformation. He claimed and held to the supremacy of the word of God. Knox and Queen Mary were the leaders in that awful struggle. The balances swung with doubt for a

time; but the prayer, "Give me Scotland or I die," was not allowed to lie on God's altar unanswered. The old pulpit from which Knox thundered the tremendous missiles of death to popery and poured forth the words of life to the people is yet preserved in the Antiquarian Museum. In the court-yard between St. Giles Cathedral (Knox's old church) and the parliament buildings, and close by an equestrian statue of Charles II., is a brown stone about eighteen inches square in the pavement of the street. In its center is the following, in brass-raised letters:

I. K.
1572.

And beneath this stone rest the ashes of him who never feared the face of man. Knox, strange to say, has no statue or monument in Edinburgh, and yet all Scotland is a monument to his memory. The quiet Sabbath, such as is nowhere else to be found, with the fullness of religious liberty throughout the land, is his monument of an imperishable fame. Knox was not an angel. He had not that mildness and sweetness which might have been expected of one so grand. He drew his illustrations and spirit often, apparently, from the Old Testament rather than from the New. He was the one to combat popery, an adulterous and bloody queen, and all hell. No wonder that he sometimes struck like a thunderbolt. But there were others of his times and later years. I not only could not enough appreciate the soul of these men who signed this covenant to defend the truth and resist error with all their power, but was made to sorrow over my own slothfulness as I read in the museum the names of these men from the original document where they stand subscribed with their own blood. But for that deed they fell under that horrid old guillotine close by. In the church-yard of the Greyfriars "lie the headless martyrs of the covenant;" for not less than one hundred noble men, women, and minister martyrs are buried there. The old treasurer's books still tell how much was paid, and to whom, for their execution. But their lives were followed by the illustrious in learning and

Christian toil. Here labored Dr. Thomas Chalmers, and Dr. Thomas Guthrie, of our own century; but now their ashes rest in the cemetery in the western part of the city, close by those of Dr. Duff, the early Christian missionary.

Before leaving Scotland I devoted one day to visiting the home of Sir Walter Scott, who stands forever as one of the most illustrious literary characters and personages of history. In some respects Charles Dickens has since his day been a rival, but as a whole the world has seen no literary character his equal since he was buried in Dryburgh Abbey. He was born in Edinburgh, August 15, 1771, and resided there for a number of years, where he was, I believe, an elder in Dr. Chalmers' church. Abbotsford, the well-known home of Scott during the greater part of his life, is nearly forty miles southward from Edinburgh, in the "Vale of the Tweed." It is a beautiful spot indeed, on the banks of the river Tweed. Scotland has no home where are found such evidences of culture and learning. It has sometimes been called "a poem in lime, and stone, and mortar." When one looks at the gardens and walls, and walks, and shrubs, and trees which are about Abbotsford, and then at the treasures of books and relics which the home contains, he can not wonder that Sir Walter was often hard pressed for money. The wonder is that his literary labor should have been remunerative enough to have secured all. Had he not been a prodigy as well as a giant, he must have utterly failed. The home has a study, library, drawing-room, and armory into which visitors are shown upon the payment of a shilling. The study contains a writing-table, and the large plain arm-chair, covered with dark leather, in which the poet used to sit. On all sides the walls are set with books. The ceiling is high, and half way up is a light gallery around which Sir Walter used to walk to reach the books at the top, and by which he also passed through a private door to his bed-chamber. The most interesting room is the library, which contains about twenty thousand volumes, many of which are rare and valuable. There are also a number of portraits and busts here. In the

drawing-room there are portraits of Scott's mother, his son who died some years ago in London on his way from India, of his two daughters, his wife, and the head of Mary, Queen of Scots, after her beheading. The armory is a museum of itself. Here are the pistols of Napoleon, given to Scott by the Duke of Wellington, who captured them at Waterloo. In the large entrance-hall are curiosities beyond number, coats of arms and military equipments of former times—curiosities indeed. In a case to the right of the door, in and out of which Scott and his illustrious visitors used to pass, are the clothes he last wore. The suit consists of a broad-brimmed white fur-hat, heavy shoes, striped pants, and black vest and coat. While the home is beautiful and attractive, it is retired and not imposing. It is now owned by a great-granddaughter of Scott's, the wife of Hon. J. Constable Maxwell, who, after the fashion of ladies who marry in America, has taken the name of Scott to his former name.

Six or seven miles down the Tweed from Abbotsford, in Dryburgh Abbey, is the tomb of this great poet of Scotland. The abbey is one of the largest ruins in Scotland. It was founded in 1156, and once had immense and imposing proportions, but has been in ruins for ages. In the most interesting and well preserved part, St. Mary's Aisle, is the tomb of Scott, who died September 21, 1832, at near the age of sixty-one years. His burial here seems to have been on account of its containing the tombs of some of his ancestors. His wife and eldest son lie under the marble case by his side. At the head of his tomb is buried his son-in-law, Mr. Lockhart. Death pays no respect to genius or fame. The Vale of the Tweed is the embodiment of delicate beauty; yet its charms could not entice death away from Abbotsford. The great scholar and author could pen thoughts and produce books over which the world pores with profound delight and bewilderment of admiration, but confessed when dying that there was but one book, and that the book whose teachings, truths, and divine philosophies stretch across all worlds. The soul lives and the body has gone to dust, where

"Naked stand the melancholy walls,
Lashed by the wintry tempests cold and bleak,
That whistle mournful through the empty halls,
And piece-meal crumble down the towers to dust."

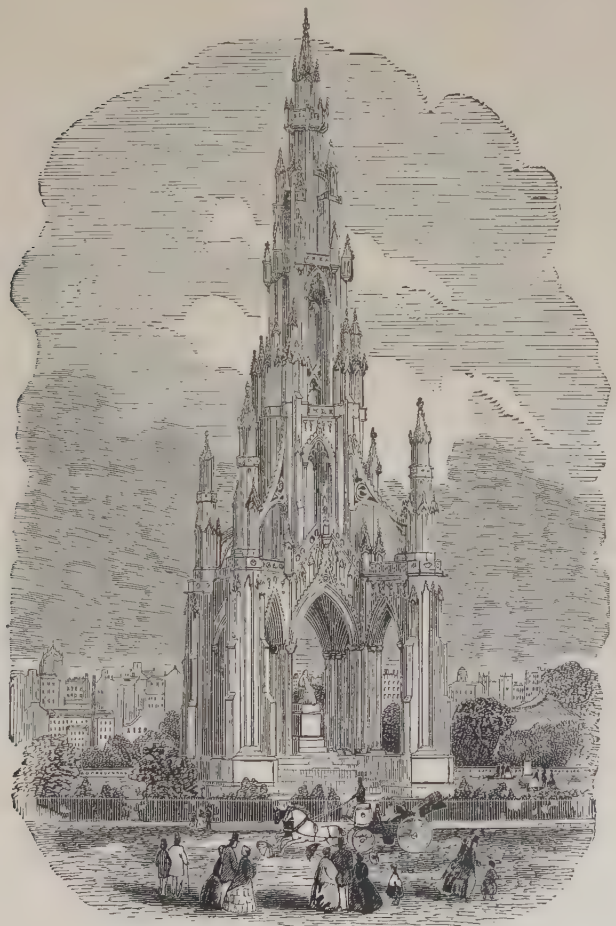
Only a few miles from Abbotsford is Melrose, the railroad point from which the former place is reached by private conveyance. Melrose Abbey is one of the grandest and most imposing ruins in the world. The carvings and images in stone, which are to be seen by scores everywhere, tell the story of the art which flourished under Catholic dominion eight hundred years ago. The church is in the usual form of a cross, two hundred and fifty-eight feet long, and the transept one hundred and thirty-seven feet, with a square tower in the center, eighty-four feet high. What is remarkable is that among the hundreds of stone carvings and scores of effigies, no two of them are alike. Beneath these stones are entombed the bodies of many heroes of war and remarkable prelates. In the choir is marked the spot where was buried the heart of Robert the Bruce, who fought the battle of Bannockburn but who died of leprosy. An effort was made to carry his heart to Palestine, to be buried at Jerusalem. He to whom the precious task was committed fell in battle in Spain, and the heart was brought back and buried in Melrose Abbey. About these cloisters, monks wandered hundreds of years ago in moral delusion and night, then more gloomy than even these old ruined walls and cloisters now seem to us.

There is something indescribably grand and yet melancholy in these ancient ruins. They are monuments of a life that once was, and mementoes of death. Accustomed to a new country where really there is nothing which bears the marks of age, one feels here, in the presence of these ruins of centuries which still stand up as if to defy the work of time, that the shadows of decaying ages are over him. Artists here and there sat sketching the various parts of these towering ruins. I have their image, but they make me hunger for eternal life and the land where all is one temple to the living God — one palace of his saints. There is a fatherland where

temples fall not into ruins, and where the deep, somber, melancholy shades of moldering abbeys never throw over the soul their softening shadows.

Walter Scott wrote,—

"If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright
Go visit it by the pale moonlight."



MONUMENT TO WALTER SCOTT.—See page 75.

Lodging one night in the hotel close by Melrose Abbey, I find this entry in my diary, made at the midnight hour, which shall be the reader's present farewell to Scotland:

"I am lodging to-night in the 'Abbey Hotel,' with my windows looking out upon these venerable ruins only a few yards away. They present in the pale moonlight a scene of awful grandeur. But as these lines run on and on, that old bell up somewhere in the abbey-ruins, swinging over the graves of warriors and monks and priests, every hour strikes its doleful notes, and in sepulchral tones marks the knell of time. It makes one tremble. There, it strikes again — one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve! It is midnight. Good-night. Soon our ears will be dull as those in the sepulchral vaults. We shall be asleep, alas, asleep — asleep, asleep, — but I trust not forever! There is a morning to come. Beyond that morning all things are new."

CHAPTER IV.

Entering London — Population of London — Cost of its Support — Streets — Billingsgate — Charity — Parliament Building — Queen's Robing-Room — Prince's Chamber — Portraits — Henry and his Wives — House of Lords — House of Commons — Westminster Hall — Cromwell, Lord Protector — St. Margaret's Chapel — Sir Walter Raleigh — Canon Farrar.

NO one from America can visit England without a feeling of kindredness. He is going back to the home of his ancestors. He is crowded with interest in everything he sees, and everything he looks upon seems crowded. The whole country of England, Scotland, and Ireland is smaller in territory than some single states in America. Yet here is an empire in a garden. Great cities crowd the islands, and their commerce sails on all seas. It would require volumes to describe the cities and social and business centers of England. I must take the reader directly to London, the metropolis of the world. It may be of interest to some to know that the writer's entrance to it was by "The Flying Dutchman," as the train is called which made sixty miles per hour. The English railroad-cars are a thing to be got used to. They have their disadvantages as well as excellences. Their track is wider than is common in America, and the car-wheels higher and lighter. The car is wider and shorter than ours. It is divided into two and often three compartments, entered from the side of the coach, the seats facing each other running across the car, each compartment seating eight persons. Some have saloon apartments larger and containing one seat running along the side of the car, thus seating fifteen or twenty persons. The compartments have no connection or communication with each

other, and there are no provisions whatever for drinking-water or water-closets, nor have you any conductor to trouble you, or into whose ear little questions may be poured. Your ticket is examined and punched at the gateway admitting to the cars and demanded when you go out at your destination, or on local trains at stations by masters. There are three classes of tickets sold — first, second, and third; and first, second, and third-class compartments are accordingly fitted in the cars and run on every train. These do not differ in their arrangements except as they are made more or less comfortable and ornamental in the cushioning, etc., according to the class. The larger per cent of the people travel in second-class cars, which are quite comfortable, and very many go on the third-class, especially for short distances, it being fully one half less expensive than first-class. Second-class cars are always cushioned, while the third are sometimes so, and the first-class elaborately cushioned and furnished with spring seats. There is no system of checking baggage in Europe as in America. You take all you can into the car with you, and if you are accompanied with a trunk it is marked to the station you indicate and put into a baggage-car. Then you look after it and get it the best way you can. It seems to be so done in order to give the porters an opportunity to get a few pence from you at every town.

The same kind of cars is used on the continent. In all of England, Scotland, and Ireland there is much greater regard for human life than in America, and danger of accidents is avoided. No highways cross the track. They go under, or upon a bridge entirely above the track. No person is allowed to walk across the track, there being foot-bridges everywhere at every station, with steps at either side. This is true in cities, towns, and villages alike; and from this America could well learn a lesson to the profit of many.

London is acknowledged as the greatest city man has built. It is not the most beautiful, or the most tasteful, or the best, perhaps, yet it is the greatest. It would require years to see it and know it; and the writer had but a short month, so that

he can only venture a description of a few of the more interesting places. It is almost out of the range of possibilities to get an adequate conception of the vastness of this city as to population, business, or commerce. Mere figures fail to present it. To be sure, every one knows how many four million five hundred thousand are. Yet who feels the force of these numbers when applied to the population of a single city? It is said there are more Scotchmen here than in Edinburgh, more Irish than in Dublin, and more Jews than in all Palestine. The city is fourteen miles long and eight miles wide, and covers an area of over one hundred and twenty-two square miles. It has nearly eight thousand streets. If they were put end to end they would more than reach across the American continent. It takes more than a million gaslights and electric lights to drive out the nocturnal darkness. There are over eleven hundred churches, and seven thousand public houses of entertainment. Or, put it in this way: put New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, and Buffalo all in one city, and then throw in Kansas City, Lecompton, Columbus, Westerville, Hartsville, Indianapolis, Harrisburg, Annville, Dayton, Westfield, Sacramento, and some more, and yet you have not a city so large as London. Or, following the example of another, let it be put this way: It takes nearly four hundred thousand oxen for beef per year, or about eleven hundred per day; sheep, one million, five hundred thousand per year; one hundred and thirty thousand calves; two hundred and fifty thousand hogs; four hundred million pounds of fish; five million oysters; one million two hundred thousand lobsters; three million salmon; eight million head of game and poultry. More than twenty thousand vessels enter the port every year, and its exports by the River Thames must every year reach the value of five hundred million dollars. It takes over ten thousand cabs to carry the people where they want to go, besides the street-cars and the underground cars; and yet everybody seems to be going on foot.

The streets of London are narrow, and narrow sidewalks

welcome the pedestrian. The streets run everywhere and every way, crossing at every possible angle. Everywhere the street-sweeper with his pan and brush is out sweeping up the dirt, so that the streets are kept clean. The windows of shops and stores on the better streets present magnificent displays. Some out-of-the way streets are horrible beyond description. One look down them will be enough; or if you venture into them, it will not be long till you will get out as fast as possible, with eyes and nose more than half closed. I shall never forget the feelings of wonder, horror, and disgust experienced when wandering along one morning I suddenly found myself in Billingsgate Street—the great fish-market of London. Men and women, and carts and boys, and fish,—slimy fish of all kinds and sizes,—yes, worlds of fish,—and the dirtiest men and women I ever saw; and such hallooing, and talking, and swearing! Now I know what is meant by billingsgate language. There are many benevolent and devout persons who are doing their utmost, by personal effort and through benevolent institutions, for the elevation of the districts so destitute of the gospel and other blessings. There is, perhaps, no city in the world where more devout and determined effort for God is being put forth than here. This is true of charitable, reformative, temperance, and gospel work.

London was once a Roman walled city, the walls of which are believed to have been built by the Emperor Constantine. Old ruins of the Saxons and Normans have often been discovered. From the eighth century the history of the city may be traced more definitely. London has indeed been made what it now is within the last century. Its strength and population have doubled in the last fifty years.

The House of Parliament, with old Westminster Hall, forms an immense structure, covering an area of eight acres. These buildings were erected in 1840, the former ones having been destroyed by fire in 1834. Its cost is about eighteen million dollars. It has three towers over three hundred feet high—the highest being the Victoria Tower, which mounts up to the height of three hundred and forty feet. The clock has

four dials, each twenty-three feet in diameter. The great bell of the clock-tower weighs thirteen tons, being one of the largest ever made. The front of the building toward the river Thames, on the banks of which it really stands, the foundation wall being the river embankment, is nine hundred and forty feet. The structure is splendidly adorned with every possible carving, the most interesting of which are the statues of the

PARLIAMENT BUILDING.

kings and queens from William the Conquerer down to her majesty, Queen Victoria. It is a matter of great regret that the buildings are of stone which already is yielding to the hand of decay.

The first chamber of importance entered is the Queen's Robing-Room, which is a handsome chamber forty-five feet long. The paintings here are best represented in the three virtues,—Courtesy, Generosity, and Religion,—which are over the fire-place. The Royal Victoria Gallery, through which the queen passes as she enters the House of Lords to open or prorogue parliament, is the next. To this floor of fine mosaic work, surrounded with walls on which are the paintings of the death of Nelson at Trafalgar on the left, and the meeting of Blucher and Wellington after Waterloo, royal persons are invited when the queen passes through in solemn procession. In the Prince's Chamber, which comes next, and which is a model of beauty, you stand at once in front of a marble group, the center of which represents Victoria enthroned. All around the room are paintings of the kings and queens and their relatives, from Louis XII. to Queen Elizabeth, twenty-eight in all. Among the most striking in innocent beauty are Lady Jane Gray and her husband, Lord Guilford Dudley. But as the eye turns to the right, what a scene is that? There beside the monster form of Henry VIII. are the portraits of Catharine of Aragon, Anne Boleyn, Jane Seymour, Anne of Cleves, Catharine Howard, and Catharine Parr. Henry, whose face resembles the appearance of the busts of Titus and Nero for brutality, still seems to scowl on Lady Gray and her youthful martyred husband. From this room two doors lead into the "House of Peers." Here the lords sit in session. The room is ninety-five feet long and forty-five feet broad and high. It has emblematic windows, and the walls are splendidly decorated. The benches are covered with red leather, and furnish sittings for four hundred and four members. Two things attract attention here above all. The first is the splendid, gaudy, golden throne of her majesty the queen, on the right of which is the throne of the Prince of Wales, and to the left that of Prince Albert. Alas! he sits in it no more. These are covered with a canopy of the most splendid gilding. The next thing attracting curious notice is the celebrated "wool-sack," on which the lord chan-

cellor sits. It is a great big cushioned ottoman near the center of the house, six or eight feet square; and on it he may sit, or lie down, as it would seem. Here in this grand and august place, business is transacted by the lords of England; and here, too, business is interfered with. But from this, passing several halls, is the entrance to the House of Commons. It is a plainer and smaller room. It has seats for four hundred and seventy-six, while the House really numbers six hundred and fifty-eight. Some are expected to be absent. Leaving these chambers by way of Central Hall, you enter one of the most strikingly historic spots in England — at least it is the most historic of all these buildings It is the Westminster Hall. It has several times been destroyed or greatly injured by fire, yet dates back six hundred years. Here the early English parliament was often held. Here Edward II., who married the corrupt and ambitious daughter of Philip V. of France, Isabella, was declared to have forfeited the crown. Here Charles I. was condemned to death. Here, in 1653, Cromwell was saluted as lord protector of England, as he held the scepter royal in one hand and the Bible in the other. On the pinnacle of this hall, less than eight years later, his head was exposed with those of Bradshaw and Ireton (his body having been torn from its tomb in Westminster Abbey), and here it remained, according to history, for thirty years. Within these old walls William Wallace, the champion of freedom for Scotland, Lord Cobham, the leader of the Lollards, Sir Thomas Moore, and many others were condemned to die. It is now bald, empty, and unattractive.

A little way from Westminster Hall is St. Margaret's Church, built by Edward I. It contains the tomb of Sir Walter Raleigh, the navigator, courtier, commander, and author, who was executed near it in 1618. Thirteen years before his death he had been convicted, upon insufficient evidence, of treasonable complicity with Lord Cobham; but through public sympathy, his own heroism, and bribery, he secured his escape from London Tower. The sentence of death remaining upon him, he at last on returning from foreign shores

fell its victim, in October, 1618. During his imprisonment in the tower he wrote to his wife a touching letter in view of his expected death. Near its conclusion he said, "I can say no more: time and death call me away. The everlasting God, powerful, infinite, and inscrutable, God Almighty, who is goodness itself, the true light and life, keep thee and thine, have mercy on me, and send us to meet in his glorious kingdom." St. Margaret's is the present preaching-place of Canon Farrar, who has the charge. Several of these chapels are connected with Westminster Abbey, and the canons who preach in them also preach in Westminster.

CHAPTER V.

Westminster Abbey — Its Location—History—First Impressions—Monumental Statues: Pitt, Wilberforce, Wesley, Livingstone, and others—Poets' Corner—Tombs of Chaucer, Shakespeare, Campbell, Milton, and others—Through the Tombs of the Kings and Queens—Stanley—Coronation-Chair — Stone of Scone — Superstitious Legend — Religious Services — Jerusalem Chamber.

DIRECTLY west of the House of Parliament, and only a little distance from it, is Westminster Abbey, the most impressive and in many respects the most sacred place in England, where are in solemn and awful grandeur the tombs of England's kings and queens from the first down to Henry VIII. The feelings and thoughts of one who treads these solemn corridors and aisles for the first time can not be written or uttered. Here one stands in England's "Temple of Fame." He who reveres and honors the memory of those whose glory crowns the pages of history, and whose fame fills the world, treads softly and reverently here. Every footfall upon the stone floor seems to echo the greatness and feebleness of those over whose dust you pass.

It is asserted that an Anglo-Saxon king built a church here as early as 616. It was destroyed by the Danes, and rebuilt in 985 by King Edgar. The abbey as it now is recognized was established by Edward the Confessor about 1050. In the thirteenth century it was again rebuilt substantially as it now stands. Like all the cathedrals, it is in the form of a cross. Its length is five hundred and thirteen feet, and the transept two hundred feet. The breadth of the nave is seventy-five feet, and the altar transept eighty feet. Its height is one hundred and two feet, with a tower two hundred and twen-

ty-five feet. It is not the external grandeur of the abbey that impresses one, however splendid that may be considered, for in this respect it is not equal to St. Paul's Cathedral, nor yet to the York Minster, in the old city of York, in Yorkshire.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

But England has a history the most intensely interesting. What Rome is to the Catholics, and almost what Palestine is to the Jews, England is to a great part of the Protestant, and

indeed the entire civilized world. And of Westminster Abbey it may be said,

> "This is where the end of earthly things
> Lay heroes, patriots, lords, and kings."

The history of England is crowded with the deeds of valor, and of shame alike, of those whose stories of heroism are read in all lands with the eagerness of a romance. But here is the place

> "Where, towering thought to human pride,
> The mighty chiefs sleep side by side."

Then, too, these series of memory tablets and monuments to celebrated men add a kind of sacredness to the royal burial-vaults. Entering at the north transept, your eye is appalled with the statues unnumbered upon which it rests. At the first glance it looks like some great workshop of fairy sculptors, where the work of ages had been stored. Looking upon it intently for a few moments, it all falls into solemn order and grandeur. Near you is first and most strikingly noticed the large statue of William Pitt (Lord Chatham), with hosts of others. In the west aisle is represented in marble, half size, Elizabeth Warren, the widow of the bishop of Bangor. It represents a poor mother sitting with a child in her benevolent arms. The visitor can not fail to be struck with the marble statue of William Wilberforce, the great advocate of the emancipation of the slaves. He sits with knee crossed and the law in hand, with sharp eyes turning leftward. He was born in Hull, August 24th, 1759, and died in London, July 29th, 1833. He was a member of the House of Commons for half a century. To eloquence and talent and benevolence he added an illustrious Christian character. He labored for men temporally and spiritually. He bore obloquy, but rose to illustrious fame. Near by, upon a black sarcophagus, is the reclining figure of Sir Isaac Newton, the great philosopher, who was born in Lincolnshire, December 25th, 1642, and who on the 20th of March, 1727, passed out, we trust, to farther reachings into the great and limitless future. Farther on is the renowned statesman, William Pitt, in statue, who stands speaking to History at his right, while to the left

is Anarchy in chains. He was less than fifty years of age when he died, January 23d, 1806. On the south side of the nave is a sarcophagus monument to Major John Andre, who was executed in America, October 2d, 1780. Below are the figures of Washington receiving dispatches. The head of Washington has three times been broken off and carried away, while that of Andre has alike needed to be replaced several times. A little farther on is a bust of Dr. Isaac Watts, the famous writer of hymns. Below the author is in effigy the inspiring muse. Near this is a pretty marble slab with the faces of the two Wesleys, containing also the inscription,

"John Wesley, born June 17, 1703; died March 2, 1791. Charles Wesley, born December 18, 1708; died March 29, 1788." "The best of all, God is with us."

There is below a figure of Wesley preaching to assembled multitudes, and the sentence, "I look upon all the world as my parish."

"God buries his workmen but carries on his work."

In the center of the nave is a slab of gray marble about seven by four feet in size, over which you tread with subdued feelings, for it contains this inscription, which I carefully copied:

"Brought by faithful hands over land and sea,
HERE RESTS
DAVID LIVINGSTONE,
MISSIONARY,
TRAVELER,
PHILANTHROPIST.
Born March 19, 1813,
At Blantyre, Lanarkshire.
Died May, 1873,
At Chitambo's Village, Ulala.
For thirty years his life was spent in an
unwearied effort to evangelize the
native races,
To explore the undiscovered secrets,
To abolish the desolating slave-trade of
Central Africa,
Where with his last words he wrote,
"All I can add in my solitude is, may
Heaven's rich blessings come down on
any one, American, English, or
Turk, who will help to heal
this open sore of
the world."

Not by any means the least interesting is the "Poets' Corner," the southern transept of the abbey. Here the loftiest geniuses lie buried beneath the cold stone, above which art, with its chisel, has done its finest and most eloquent handiwork. Here I found myself mingling with the memories and emotions of the illustrious, as I looked often upon the monuments and tombs of old Chaucer, the poet of England nearly five hundred years ago; of Shakespeare; of Thomas Campbell, Southey, John Gay, Addison, John Milton, Dickens, Dryden, and many others of immortal renown. The statue of Shakespeare presents the figure of the poet standing on an altar. To the right, under his arm, are a number of his books, while a scroll is in his hand. The masks of Elizabeth, Henry V., and Richard III. stand on the pedestal. The scroll suspended contains the following appropriate quotation:

"The cloud-capped towers,
The gorgeous palaces,
The solemn Temples,
The great globe itself, yea,
all which it inherits,
shall dissolve,
And like the baseless
fabric of a vision
Leave not a wreck
behind."

Near the monument of Shakespeare, who was born about April 23d, 1564, and died at Stratford, where he was buried, in 1616, just fifty-two years old, is the dust of Robert Southey, born August 12th, 1774, and died March 21st, 1842, while close by is the tribute to John Gay—a small genius holding the medallion with the irreverent inscription, shocking one's sensibilities in this awful place, from Gay's own writings—

"Life is a jest, and all things show it;
I thought so once, but now I know it."

Here, also, is the tomb and statue of Thomas Campbell, author of "The Pleasures of Hope," who was born at Glasgow, 1777, and died in 1844, at about the age of sixty-seven years. The inscription from Campbell is very beautiful—

"This spirit shall return to Him
Who gave his heavenly spark;
Yet think not, sun, it shall be dim
When thou thyself art dark;
No, it shall live again and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
By Him recalled to breath
Who captive led captivity,
Who robbed the grave of victory
And took the sting from death."

But I dare not tresspass further upon limited space to revel in these memories of the departed poets, for here is the tomb of Dickens, surrounded by those of Handel, the great music-composer, and Sheridan, and Cumberland. To the home where throbs the loftiest poetic passion, "death breaks in at last." What sweeter thoughts were here if the assurance were of all, as of some, that their genius finds scope and sweep of passion where there is no sin, neither sorrow.

In sepulchral tones a guide, with a long, heavy cloak upon him, calls out, "The guide is now going to start on a journey through the sacred tombs." You pay your "sixpence" and join the company which saunters slowly, some reverently and some curiously, through the chapels, one after another, where sleeps the dead dust of kings and queens. These are gloomy and doleful divisions of the abbey embracing the east end or top of the cross. Some of these chapels have as many as eighteen or twenty dead deposited in them, while others have but few. In the Chapel of St. Benedict, near the entrance, to the left, is an old altar-decoration of the fourteenth century, beneath which is the monument of the Saxon king, Sebert, and his wife Athelgoda, who died in 616. Close to this is the tomb of Anne of Cleves, the fourth wife of Henry VIII. If she went to heaven it is not probable that she is troubled with him now. In the Chapel of St. Edmund, among illustrious tombs, are those of the Duchess of Suffolk, granddaughter of Henry VII., and mother of Lady Jane Grey, Lady Jane Seymour, Lord John Russell, and Lady Russell. These tombs are all mounted with splendid figures of one

kind or another, many of them black marble — statues reclining on pedestals of alabaster. Passing through the Chapel of St. Nicholas, one of the most crowded with costly monuments, you reach the Chapel of Henry VII. by a flight of steps of black marble. It is a place of awful grandeur. Nearly one thousand figures and statues adorn this place, erected nearly four hundred years ago. The carvings are elaborate, and the architecture has an air of pomp which astounds one. The first monument which strikes the eye is Lady Margaret Douglas, who has been asleep here over three hundred years, with her seven children kneeling around her sarcophagus. Here, too, is the figure of Mary, Queen of Scots, in a recumbent posture, praying. She was beheaded February 8th, 1587. Her remains are below. I have looked at half a dozen splendid paintings of Elizabeth, and thought of her long imprisonment and sorrow in London Tower; and every time I have so done the thought has come, "How could she sign the death-warrant of Mary?" History has usually accredited her with so doing. In the preface to the English edition of Strickland's History of the Queens of England it is asserted that she did not sign the warrant, but her signature was forged by a private secretary of Walsingham, at the instigation of Burleigh, Walsingham, and Davidson. I hope this is true — not for the shame it casts upon others, but for the relief to the name of Elizabeth and its explanation of her otherwise unaccountable conduct. The editors of the American edition have embodied this statement in the text of the book, but by what authority I do not know. Here, too, with others of royal birth, are buried Charles II., William III., and Queen Mary, his wife, and Queen Anne and her consort, Prince George of Denmark. Here is the vault containing Henry VII. and his wife Elizabeth, and James I. Close by are the resting-places of George II. and Edward VI. Near by my eyes rested upon some fresh, beautiful flowers lying upon a tomb, in a pretty, bright spot. Not least beloved nor narrowly, there is where they had just buried the good Dean Stanley, beside his wife, Lady Augusta. I had hoped to hear him from the pulpit during my

stay in London. But alas! he has a different pulpit. He lies down there as still as Dr. Dill, the first dean under Elizabeth, who has been dead more than three hundred years. He had a broad catholic heart as well as a noble intellect. He gave the world witness that he loved God and the race. God testified that his faith and life were accepted, "and he being dead, yet speaketh." In the northern aisle of this chapel the monument of Queen Elizabeth, in an horizontal position, sleeps on the sarcophagus, near her predecessor and sister Mary. Not far away lies the consort of James I.,—Anne. Here are the buried bones of Edward V. and his brother, the sons of Edward IV., both of whom were murdered in the tower by their uncle, Richard III. Alas! for royalty. In the Chapel of St. Paul lies Thomas Bromley, the lord chancellor under Elizabeth, who presided at the court which condemned Mary, Queen of Scots, and who has been laid away two hundred and ninety-four years; and there James Watt, whose name is fixed in history with the steam-engine, was buried in 1819; and many others lie beside them. The Chapel of Edward the Confessor dates back to 1066, and is possessed of much real interest. Here is a recumbent bronze effigy of Henry III., with an artistic monument of mosaic and porphyry; also a metal effigy of Eleanor, of Castile, wife of Edward I., who died in 1290. Also, here is a recumbent figure of Henry V., who was buried in 1422, except that the solid silver head is lacking, having been stolen off during the reign of Henry VII. Here are the remains of Shakespeare's "beautiful Kate," Katharine of Valois, wife of Henry V.; of Phillipa, wife of Edward III., the relatives of no less than thirty crowned heads; Edward III., and of Richard II., murdered in 1399, on St. Valentine's day.

From this walk among the tombs of illustrious kings and Queens whose history reads to us wild as romance but here appears sad as a death-knell, I must turn aside to describe some curious old chairs which stood in this chapel. The one is the coronation-chair made for Queen Mary, wife of William III. The other rude old chair, with a great stone under its

seat, is the old Scottish coronation-chair, dating back to 1272. The large, oblong-square stone under the seat was brought to London by Edward I. from Scotland, in 1297. Tradition holds it to be the identical stone which Jacob had for a pillow, and set up for a pillar at Bethel. This stone was held among the Scots to be the emblem of power in connection with its traditional history. Of course, to the stone there hangs a tale. Jeremiah went down to Egypt; of course he did. He took the stone with him. Then he left Egypt with the stone and was shipwrecked somewhere off the coast of Ireland. One who accompanied him was soon married to the daughter of a great chief in Ireland, and to him Jeremiah gave the stone, with the promise that as long as he kept it he should be the strongest chief in Ireland. At a time of war the Scots conquered him and took the stone, and so it came to England to Westminster Abbey. And in a kind of patronage to this superstitious legend, when the Prince of Wales is made king of England they will cover this old stone with gold and set him on it for his coronation; for let it be remembered that from 1297, every reigning English monarch has been crowned in this chair with this huge ugly stone of Scone under it. On coronation occasions it is covered with brocade of gold, and taken into the chancel of the abbey.

There are other chapels where are buried dukes, earls, admirals, and lords, and women and men of illustrious fame. Among them is the grave of Mrs. Scott Siddons.

I attended religious services in the abbey several times. After listening to these services, one can appreciate the sweetness of the poet who sings of the place

> "Where through the long-drawn aisles and fretted vaults,
> The pealing anthems sound the notes of praise."

The sweet, tender strains of music from the trained choir and the mellow voice of the reader seem yet to fall on my ear. Outside of these old cathedrals, there is no such music on the globe.

Upon one occasion I heard Canon Duckworth preach upon Christian Unity, a discourse as broad and catholic as any

minister would preach in a non-conformist church in England or in any orthodox pulpit in America. And why not? for the whole congregation sung those precious words of Wesley,

"Jesus, lover of my soul."

There is a tone of deep spiritual devotion and reverent piety here. Although the surroundings are such as to produce peculiar sensations in one worshiping here for the first time, yet even a stranger feels at home. It came like a balm to the anxious hearts of Americans when the director of the services, in repeating prayers for the afflicted, kindly put in the name of our suffering President Garfield, in special prayer. The newly-appointed dean is a low-churchman. The appointment was made by her majesty the queen, quite against the wishes of the premier, Gladstone, who wanted Dean Lidden, of St. Paul, a high-churchman, appointed.

Jerusalem Chamber, in the south-west portion of the grounds and adjoining the abbey, is a quaint old room, with several plain tables in the center, while its walls are frescoed with striking pictures. One represents the death of Henry IV., who died within its walls, and another the coronation of Queen Victoria. Busts of several kings are here. The room was built as early as 1386. The death of Henry IV. and the painting recall the words of Shakespeare in Scene IV., Act iv., Part ii., King Henry IV.:

"HENRY. Doth any name particularly belong unto the lodging where I first did swoon?

"WARWICK. 'Tis call'd Jerusalem, my noble lord.

"HENRY. Laud be to God!—even there my life must end,
It hath been prophesied to me many years,
I should not die but in Jerusalem,
Which vainly I suppos'd the Holy Land—
But, bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie:
In that Jerusalem shall Harry die."

It has its name in all probability from certain pictures of the history of Jerusalem upon tapestries hung in the chamber. It was here that the divines met from week to week in the work of producing the late Revised Version of the New Testament.

I have given a short chapter to these walls, so eloquent with the voices of the dead and with the power of genius, piety, and devotion to the interests of the race, and the faded glory of kings and queens; and to these aisles, so mighty in their testimony to the power of the King of Terrors, who brushes the crown from the brow of every monarch, and plucks the diadem from every prince at last, and remands back to the dust the king and the beggar alike. Paths of glory lead but to the grave.

CHAPTER VI.

Travel in London — Hansoms — Railways — Tramways — The Thames — Lambeth Palace — Prison of Wycliffe — Blackfriars Bridge and Monastery — Divorce of Henry VIII. from Catherine of Aragon by Wolsey and Campeggio — London Tower — Crown-Jewels — Tower Green — Saddest Spot on the Globe — Beheading of Lady Grey and Anne Boleyn — St. Paul's Cathedral — An Incident — Whispering Gallery — Hyde Park — Museums — Spurgeon — Rowland Hill's Chapel — Newman Hall.

LONDON has the best facilities for travel of any city in the world. There are the "hansoms" and the coaches which run everywhere, and can be hailed at any place in the city. The hansom, named after its inventor, is a two-wheeled coach, with a top somewhat similar in appearance to our falling-top buggies. The top, however, is stationary and strong, so that a good-sized trunk and valise may be lodged upon it in travel. The front closes with doors over the knees, and the driver sits up behind, quite above the rider's head. It accommodates two persons besides the driver. Then there are the busses, which run every minute; and some are going to any place you desire to reach. The fare is cheap — only a penny or three-pence for a long ride. They are allowed by law to carry twelve persons inside and fourteen outside. I always rode on top, outside. In this a gentleman has the advantage of a lady, for he can more easily climb up the crooked, narrow steps at the entrance to the top. Then, a new institution in the city is the street-cars, which are in the form of cars, but run without a track. These are very pleasant and comfortable. Then there are the "tram-cars," which are simply our American street-cars, only they have a second story. These run in

the suburban parts of the city. To these add the Metropolitan railroad, which is the fleetest method of travel,—for it is a railway traversing the circumference of the great city entirely under ground, with stations every little way apart, —and cars running every three or five minutes, and you have some idea of the progress one can make traveling here. If one does not prefer any one of these methods, he can walk with this comfortable assurance, that however he may get lost or travel out of the way, there is no danger of getting out of the reach of the city police. Some one has wittily said that he had a sense of insecurity while in England, as the island is so small that he feared lest he should get up some morning, and in taking a walk, might walk off into the water before knowing it. One would not experience such a sensation on foot in London. There is always something of a tremendous city farther on. In going from one end of the city to the other, a pleasant way is to take a boat on the Thames, which courses its way through the entire length of the city. The river banks are built up with great walls and buttresses on both sides, upon which are walks and buildings and monuments. The wonderful parliament building has the foundation of one of its sides in the wall of the river. Some distance below or above (it depends on which way the tide is moving) stands the Egyptian obelisk, brought from Alexandria some years ago, the companion to which stands in Central Park, New York. On the right of the Thames, nearly opposite the parliament building, is Lambeth Palace, to which the eye turns with no little interest. For more than six hundred years it has been the residence of the archbishops of Canterbury. Here is an old chapel, built in 1245, by Archbishop Boniface, which is in the old English style. The dismal-looking tower at the west end of the chapel once was the prison-place, and the scene of the torture of the Lollards, the followers of Wycliffe. In the upper part of the tower is a room twelve by thirteen and a half feet, and eight feet high, in which are yet to be seen the marks and inscriptions of these poor prisoners for Christ's sake; and here are eight large rings fastened

in the wall, to which the heretics were chained. Wycliffe was some time confined here, as were the Earl of Essex, Sir Thomas Armstrong, and the poet Lovelace. If that old frowning tower could speak to us as one sails under its shadow on the Thames, what a story of sorrow it would tell. The St. Thomas and Bethlehem hospitals close by are vast institutions. The grounds of the archbishop are large, and splendidly adorned. There are, I should think, at least from sixteen to twenty bridges over the Thames, besides a tunnel under the river. The trains run under the river through this tunnel.

In sailing up and down the river the boat passes under Blackfriars Bridge, a vast and powerful iron structure, one thousand, two hundred and seventy-two feet long and eighty feet broad, costing one million six hundred thousand dollars. Its name perpetuates the memory of an ancient monastery, which once stood on the river bank near by, in which parliament sometimes met, and which was built over six hundred years ago. In it Wolsey and Campeggio pronounced the sentence divorcing the unfortunate Catherine of Aragon, mother of Queen Mary, from Henry VIII., in 1529. Here Shakespeare once resided and acted in a theater three hundred years ago. But he has long since gone upon another stage.

A little way down the river from London bridge stands the London Tower, around which there gather sadder memories than any other spot on the soil of England. If Westminster collects the glorious memories, this tower inherits the sorrowful. If those esteemed great in their day sleep in the former place, some who are now the more esteemed for their pains lie buried here. It is an irregular cluster of gloomy, antiquated buildings, covering thirteen acres. It is on the bank of the Thames, and presents none of the inspiring appearances possessed by most of the renowned places of the Old World. I passed one day within its awful inclosure, and looked on its treasures, and reflected upon its memories, feeling something of the dark shadows of the past enshrouding its gloomy dwellings. It has been a fortress and a palace, the scene of the most brilliant marriage-feasts and the darkest, murderous

deeds, both of which gave joy to proud and brutal, if not devilish monarchs. There is not space to record the events which have transpired here during the eight hundred years in which its gloomy walls have thrust their frowns upon the Thames. But who that looks on these places can ever forget them? Here to the right is the "Traitor's Gate," opening to the Thames, in which royal prisoners of olden time came from the boats to exchange their royalty and freedom for shame and lone confinement in gloomy chambers, surrounded by cold, dreary, stone walls. Here, as one ascends the narrow, winding steps of the fort of the Chapel of St John, just to the right is the little niche where the bodies of Edward V. and his brother were found after their murder by their uncle, Richard III. Their crime was, being youthful princes. The place caused me to shudder; for I had just passed under the bell-tower in which the youthful Elizabeth was long confined, and where her life hung in the balances. I went up and down through the great armory, where are the coats of arms worn by the kings of England hundreds of years ago—a museum antiquated and curious. But to an American it is an event to look at the crown-jewels, which are kept in the tower. They are all inclosed in several cases of glass, one inside of another. The first and the highest in a kind of pyramid of crowns is the imperial state-crown of her majesty, Queen Victoria. The cap of purple velvet in hoops of silver is surmounted by a ball and a cross, resplendent with two thousand, seven hundred and eighty-two diamonds. Here is also the crown of Prince Albert. How little it is worth to him now, though it is of pure gold, set with costly jewels. Here too are other crowns, such as that of St. Edward, made for the coronation of Charles II., and used in many subsequent coronations. Here, too, are royal scepters of gold, made doubly rich with diamonds. They differ in length from two and one half feet to four and one half feet. The total value of these crowns, scepters, and entire regalia is three million pounds, or fifteen million dollars.

Passing from these several towers, which are awfully elo-

quent with the cry of horrid deeds, you stand in Tower Green. To the north is the Chapel of St. Peter, where in peace rest the ashes of the beloved Lady Jane Grey, with those of many other less exalted, but not less worthy martyrs. "There is of a truth no sadder spot on earth than this little cemetery," says Macaulay. And why not so?—for here are the graves of the martyred Sir Thomas More, the philosopher and statesman, beheaded July 6th, 1535; Queen Anne Boleyn, beheaded May, 1536; Thomas Cromwell, beheaded July, 1540; Queen Catherine Howard, who met the same death, February, 1542; and lords and dukes whose names I can not recall, whose sad end tells the story of the shortness and uncertainty of fame. These tombs of murdered queens tell us of the falseness of human hearts, once charmed by love and beauty. Standing in the Green looking eastward, just in front, is the window out of which Lady Jane Grey in 1554 looked at her husband, the youthful Lord Guilford Dudley, as he was led out to Tower Hill to be murdered, on the same day in which she passed under the scaffold into eternal rest. Near the center of the Green is a brown stone about two and one half feet square, in the pavement, with a brass tablet set in it containing these words: "Site of Ancient Scaffold." On this spot Lady Grey was beheaded, and here Queen Anne Boleyn years before also had her head severed from her body on the 19th of May, 1536. In the armory I laid my hand on the old block on which her neck rested when the heavy ax fell on it from the hands of the executioner. What a change three short years can make! On the 29th of May, 1533, just three years before, she was received as the beautiful Anne Boleyn, queen of Henry VIII., amid the grandest pageantry the palace ever saw. But only three years have passed when she is deserted by the king, imprisoned in the tower, summoned before her uncle, the Duke of Norfolk, charged with infidelity to her vows and pronounced guilty, to appease the spirit of the vilest wretch that ever cursed a throne. The historian tells us that the sentence was received with queenly modesty, and that lifting her eyes and hands toward heaven

she exclaimed, "O Father! O Creator! thou art the way, the truth, and the life. Thou knowest I have not deserved this death." Surely God pities the past, and will forbid that history ever repeat itself.

No one thinks of spending many days in London without a visit to St. Paul's Cathedral, which is, next to Westminster Abbey, the most interesting place of worship in England. Of course the architectural grandeur of St. Paul's greatly excels.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

It is the third largest cathedral in the world—those of Milan and St. Peter's at Rome only excelling it. It has been claimed that a heathen temple once stood on this spot. It is evident that the Christians in the time of Constantine had a church here. The building was restored on these grounds in 610, 961, 1087, 1315, 1445; but in 1561 it fell under the prey of devouring flames. Ruins of these buildings have been discovered at different times. The present structure, according to the design of Christopher Wren, was begun in 1675, and completed in 1710. Its cost is put at three million seven hundred and thirty-nine thousand seven hundred and seventy dollars. It is in the form of a Latin cross. The nave is five hundred feet long and one hundred and eighteen feet wide, and the transept is two hundred and fifty feet long. The distance from

the pavement to the top of the cross, which is mounted above the dome, is four hundred and four feet. The ball and cross on the dome together weigh eight thousand, nine hundred and sixty pounds. The external structure as well as the construction and adornment of the various parts within are quite beyond description. The nave and transept are filled at their sides with many monuments, memory tablets, and splendid statues, — perhaps nearly a hundred in all. Arthur Wellesley (Duke of Wellington), Lord Nelson, and other illustrious heroes repose in the crypt and vaults of this cathedral. In the interior of the cupola, two hundred and sixty steps from the pavement, is what is called the whispering gallery, from a remarkable echo or prolongation of the voice by the circular wall.

A number of persons were seated on one side of the gallery close to the wall, while a whispered utterance on the other side, just straight from us a distance of one hundred and eight feet, or by the concave circumference one hundred and sixty feet, was heard as distinctly as though uttered within a pace of us. From this point the best view is had of the ceiling-paintings of Thornhill. Here the celebrated artist, intently engaged in producing his ideal painting, unconsciously stood on the edge of the scaffolding and was about to be precipitated hundreds of feet below, when an artist standing near struck with a brush the painting on the wall, which instantly caused the master to leap forward and out of danger. A word to him revealing his danger would have thrust him down. A bold stroke rescued him. How often we are influenced most mightily by indirect causes, we can not tell.

I should delight in these pages to go with the reader again to the great museums of London, South Kensington, the British Museum, and others, where I passed whole days amid the most wonderful collections of antiquity and art, gathered from all parts of the world. It would be interesting to visit again Guild Hall, where the diplomatists of foreign nations are received in splendor; and Hyde Park, with the elaborate memorial of good Prince Albert, costing a loving people six

hundred thousand dollars, and glittering and sparkling like gold amid a sheet of fire; and the National Gallery and Hampton Court and Windsor Castle — the royal and splendid residence of the queen. But I must turn from these to another— the living monument of this Christian age, which stands higher than St. Paul's Church.

Every American coming to London wants to hear the greatest preacher in the world; and although Drs. Parker, Hall, Farrar, and many others are here, pre-eminently above all is the world's preacher, Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon, who for a quarter of a century has been looked upon as the most illustrious man of the age. I shared in the anxiety to hear him; for indeed I had long cherished a high regard for his work, and himself as well. His church, called a tabernacle, is a vast, plain, simple structure, built for the accommodation of the people. Its architect was Mr. W. W. Pocock, a Methodist local preacher. It is one hundred and thirty-six feet long. It has four aisles below, three rows of seats, and two galleries running entirely around the house. The pulpit is on a level with the lower gallery, and is reached by an aisle in the gallery directly in the rear coming from the vestry. The building seats about six thousand people. To get in, one must go early. Doing so, he is admitted to seats fastened to the benches in the aisles or in the side aisles, where strangers wait until all those who have rented pews are in. Five minutes before the services commence, you hear the loud claps of a man's hands. Then all seats unoccupied are free — sit wherever you can find a seat and the people invite you into the pews. It is a warm church, and the stranger has a welcome to all the room there is. The seats are plainly paneled, but have no scrolls upon them. There is no choir, no organ; but a precentor, who stands at Mr. Spurgeon's side and leads the singing. Just at the hour, Mr. Spurgeon enters the door at the rear of the gallery and comes slightly limping down to the large rostrum, surrounded by a plain hand-railing, and on which are several desks and tables. He has a round, strong, heavy body,—I should think weighing nearly two hundred and fifty pounds — a rather full, rough face, with a full fore-

head, over which stands his hair on end. You are all curiosity to know what he will do first, and how he will do it. Suddenly he rises from the chair where he has been seated for a moment, and advancing to the railing beside a desk or table, you hear a strange, mellow, and far-reaching voice say, "Let us worship God in prayer." He has presented only one or two petitions before the Lord until you feel that you are standing at the very gate of mercy and love and he is asking a great blessing *just for you!* The short prayer ended, he says, "Let us sing," and reads a full stanza, "O Love divine, how sweet thou art." He reads a full stanza each time, when the congregation all join in singing. He sings himself. Such a sweet volume of song it was never my joy to hear in the house of God. He then reads the scripture and comments on each verse, taking up not less than ten or twelve minutes in the scripture-lesson. What a sermon there is in this comment! And every word seems to weigh a pound, and reaches the ear of all the thousands. This is followed by an extended prayer. It is like a great heart, a dozen hearts all in one, talking with God. His prayer covers the highest and deepest wants of the human soul and reaches the broadest scope of human need in the various conditions of the race. After prayer another hymn is sung. During the singing of one service I attended, Mr. Spurgeon called out after the second stanza had been sung, "Quicken the strain very much;" and they quickened the strain. Among the announcements there made one Sabbath morning was the request that on next Lord's-day evening all the pew-renters would stay away and allow the strangers to come, and the sinners.

I asked the gentleman who had kindly taken me into his pew if the members would all stay at home as requested? "Certainly so, sir; and the six thousand seats will be filled, and hundreds, at least, go away unable to gain admittance."

"Is he eloquent? Is he an orator?" you ask. He is not a finished orator as Mr. Beecher is, or as many others are; yet he is a master in oratory. There is a soul in him, a power of love, a power of God, which fastens him on the heart forever. He thinks by great strides, and makes you walk with him.

He reasons so that you can not resist his words. He tells you what you know is true just as he says it; and you can not deny it. He is after souls, and you feel like going with him in the chase. He does nothing for show. He has a deep humility which makes you bow before the Lord. It was my privilege to hear him twice. The evening service was followed by communion, to which all Christians were invited, and in which precious exercise and ordinance not less than three thousand five hundred persons participated. The preaching is but a small part of the vast work done by this man of God. He is now often ill, having suppressed gout, from which he suffers at times greatly. His wife has been an invalid for twenty years or more. A son, Charles, is pastor of a church a little out of London, and is spoken of as an eloquent preacher, but without his father's heart and soul-power, though he inherits much of his father's fame.

Among the places of much interest to all Christians is old Surry Chapel, where the celebrated Rowland Hill, William Jay, the boy-preacher at Surry, and others of renown, used to preach. The church is no longer used for church-services, and is soon to be torn down. I went into the old home of Rowland Hill just beside the church, and saw his study. The home is now occupied by a Wesleyan Methodist minister. Almost in the center of the church, from beneath the spot where the pulpit formerly stood, was the opening in the floor where some months before they took up the body of Mr. Hill, quite before it was light in the morning so as to avoid the crowd, and removed it to where it now rests beneath the Lincoln Memorial Tower, which forms a part of the splendid church of Newman Hall, the latest preacher at Surry, but who now has a magnificent church recently built. He is a giant in the gospel, and aims at the conversion of the people. His tall form is used to every inch as he pleads with men to accept Christ now. While his church is not nearly so large, though much finer, and his congregation less enthusiastic than Spurgeon's, he nevertheless exerts a powerful influence in this city; and most Americans visiting London are wont to hear him.

CHAPTER VII.

Ecumenical Conference — Churches Represented — United Brethren in the Conference — Opening Service — Entertainments — Lord Mayor of London — Order of Exercises — Results of the Conference.

ONE chapter must be devoted to the Methodist Ecumenical Conference, which assembled in City Road Chapel, London, Wednesday, September 7th, 1881, at 10:00 A.M., and continued thirteen days. Not only have the American bodies represented been interested in this assembly, but, indeed, all Protestant christendom had for several years looked forward to it with deep interest.

To give some idea of this assembly, and how far it may justly claim to be ecumenical, it may be necessary to name the bodies represented, and the number of representatives present. From east of the Atlantic: Wesleyan Methodist, eighty-six; Irish Methodist, ten; Methodist New Connection, twelve; Primitive Methodist, thirty-six; Bible Christian, ten; United Methodist, twenty-two; Wesleyan Reform Union, four; United Free Gospel, two; French Methodist, two; Australian Methodist, sixteen — making a total of two hundred. From west of the Atlantic: Methodist Episcopal Church, eighty; Methodist Episcopal Church South, thirty-eight; Methodist Protestant, six; Evangelical Association, two; United Brethren in Christ, two; American Wesleyan, two; Free Methodist, two; Primitive Methodist Church in the United States, two; Independent Methodist, two; Congregational Methodist, two; African Methodist Episcopal, twelve; African Methodist Episcopal Zion, ten; Colored

Methodist Episcopal Church of America, six; Methodist Church of Canada, twelve; Methodist Episcopal of Canada, four; Primitive Methodist of Canada, two; Canada Bible Christian, one—making a total of one hundred and eighty-five, and a grand total of members of the conference of three hundred and eighty-five picked men of God; every one of them chosen men of valor, who can draw well the gospel bow.

It may serve the interests of future history to state here the circumstances and the conditions upon which the United Brethren in Christ became represented in this great body. The General Conference which met in Westfield, Illinois, May, 1877, declined an invitation to join in the conference. Four years later, at the General Conference held at Lisbon, Iowa, May, 1881, the question was referred to a committee consisting of E. B. Kephart, N. Castle, J. Weaver, L. Davis, and J. W. Hott. That committee reported and recommended the adoption of the following paper, which was indorsed by the conference:

Upon the answer of Bishop Weaver, on behalf of the United Brethren in Christ, to the Executive Committee of the Ecumenical Conference declining to accept an invitation to join in the Ecumenical Conference in London, on the grounds that we are not a Methodist body, said committee reported to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, held last May, that though our church was not nominally Methodistic, yet, being substantially such, it was hoped that we would yet participate in the proposed conference.

The Executive Committee (American section) in January last resolved that six remaining delegates be allowed to the United Brethren in Christ should they conclude to join the council. In considering this question we believe the following to be worthy of adoption:

First. The United Brethren in Christ is not nominally, or in any organic sense, a Methodist body.

Second. In religion, doctrine, experience, and methods of ecclesiastical work, as well as in church-polity, we more nearly resemble the group of churches uniting in this council than any other we could hope to find a classification with in a great ecumenical conference. And inasmuch as this Ecumenical Conference is not legislative, as to doctrine, church-polity, or church-organization, we recommend that there be appointed two delegates, with a like number of alternates, to represent us in that great council.

The bishops appointed Rev. H. A. Thompson, D. D., and Rev. J. W. Hott, to attend this Ecumenical Conference. Of the historic place of the assembling of this conference, another chapter must speak.

City Road Chapel has a seating capacity of about one thousand two hundred. Admission to the exercises was upon tickets issued to the members of the conference; and these tickets were in great demand. This was especially true for the opening session.

To Rev. Dr. G. Osborn, president of the British Wesleyan Methodist Conference, a venerable preacher in England, was given the honor of opening the services of this august gathering. This was done in the use of the Episcopal service, which occupied nearly an hour. Americans wished that some more simple and special order of service had been adopted. They could not participate in the exercises to any considerable extent from two causes. First, they were not familiar with it, and did not know how, where, or when to join in; secondly, they did not believe in this method of worshiping God—at least for Methodists. They felt this especially when, two or three times, prayers were read during the service for "Queen Victoria and the Prince of Wales, and all the royal family," etc., but for the rulers of no other land — not even for the suffering President of our own afflicted nation. John Wesley's mistake, like that of Luther, was in not cutting clear from the dead-weights which he carried out of the church whence he came; and this was a mistake at the opening of the Ecumenical Conference, however well intended or devoutly participated in by those who conducted it. The Wesleyan Methodists of England use the liturgy in their regular service.

Bishop Matthew Simpson, D. D., LL. D., of the Methodist Episcopal Church, preached the opening sermon, from the text, "The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life." (John vi. 63.) He showed that the words of Christ reveal the spiritual and eternal; that they are attended by an unseen spiritual power which gives them spirit and

life. He then proceeded to discuss the elements combined in the great revival under the Wesleys, and the peculiarities of the organized movement in the Methodist churches—showing how and why it was evident that the word of God had been the spirit and life of this great evangelizing force. He closed with an earnest exhortation to the churches to renew their vows of allegiance to Christ. The bishop is not profound; yet he is thoughtful. He does not possess a stirring and flashy eloquence; yet his words have a simplicity, beauty, artlessness, and fervor which have caused him long to stand at the head of Methodist pulpit-orators. He is tall and commanding in person, though stooped by age, and has a clean, smooth, delicate, yet strong face. His voice is clear and musical, though almost as fine as that of a woman. He makes no effort at oratory, but so talks as to interest and touch the hearts of the people. His sermon here was worthy of the occasion, and of his enviable record of usefulness, eloquence, and piety made through the years past. Soon after the close of the sermon, which occupied an hour and a half in delivery, the delegates united in celebrating the sacrament of the Lord's supper.

Revs. G. Bond, J. S. Withington, A. C. George, and Dr. Sutherland were elected secretaries. Dr. Osborn delivered the address of welcome, and Bishop McTyeire and Bishop Warren and Rev. George Douglas responded. The Religious Tract Society of London gave a splendid breakfast the second day, at 8:00 A. M., at Exeter Hall. The society always transacts its business at the rooms on Paternoster (our father) Row, during breakfast. Here the American delegates learned how it is done. Dr. White, the secretary, read the letters and reports for the week, from a pulpit, while the company breakfasted, and managed to complete his part in time. Thus do the English mix breakfast and business. I must also mention the splendid reception at the Mansion House, by the lord mayor of London, on the evening of the same day. The entire conference, with many other ministers and ladies, were invited, making a company in all of seven or eight hundred

guests. The state apartments were brilliantly lighted and decorated for the occasion. The splendid Egyptian Hall, after the reception and formal presentation of each guest, was made the scene of such a business as never before was transacted there. The lord mayor was greeted with great warmth and applause. His address of welcome for warmth and intelligent view of the gospel-work of the churches whose representatives were being entertained could not have been excelled. After responsive addresses, refreshments and supper were served in the Long Parlor. The lord mayor, Hon. William McArthur, M. P., is, I believe, the son of a Methodist preacher, and was a member of the Ecumenical Conference. He is a large-bodied, large-hearted, noble specimen of manhood, whose pleasant face shows that while he had the faculty and opportunity of making these representatives of churches which cover the globe happy, he was himself the happiest of the happy. Hundreds of hearts wish him, when done with London, to be "ruler over ten cities" in the celestial world.

Other entertainments and great meetings in the interest of moral reform were held at various times during the conference, in various churches and in Exeter Hall. On the Sabbaths about two hundred preachers were employed preaching in various parts of the great city.

The sessions of the conference opened at 10:00 A. M. and at 2:30 P. M., with a recess of an hour and a half for lunch, which was furnished gratuitously to the members of the conference at rooms near the church.

The order of exercises was placed in the hands of a committee, who arranged for a presiding officer for each day's sessions. Bishop Peck presided at the first regular business session, and thereafter the selections were made from the eastern and western sections alternately. The speakers also alternated from the eastern and western sections. When a speaker from the eastern section addressed the conference upon any leading topic he was followed by an invited speaker from the western section, and *vice versa*. No person addressing the conference in the leading programme-address was allowed to

proceed longer than twenty minutes, nor any invited speaker following longer than ten minutes. After these two addresses were given on any topic it then passed to the conference, and thirty minutes were allowed for its discussion, in which any member might participate, but not to exceed five minutes in a speech, and not to speak more than once on any topic.

The discussion as arranged by the Executive Committee took in a wide range of subjects, embracing every phase of the progress, development, and agencies of the various branches of the Methodist Church. The addresses were full of profound thought; and thoroughness of investigation was the aim of most of the speakers. Only a few aimed at display. The colored members of the conference were given prominence on the programme, and some of them justly won high esteem.

The rigid rules limiting to so short a time all the speakers, which were at the opening felt by some to be too unyielding, were soon fully vindicated. About one third of the members of the conference did the speaking, another third tried faithfully to get the floor but failed, and another third bore in quiet the speeches they would rather have made themselves. With the limit to twenty minutes upon all the leading speeches, and ten minutes to the invited speakers, and five to the others, if no one should have spoken twice during the conference, only about two thirds of the members could have been heard during the business sessions of twelve days.

Among the most frequent and influential speakers on the floor of the conference were Bishop Simpson of the Methodist Episcopal Church, E. E. Jenkins of the British Wesleyan, J. M. Reed of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Bishop Peck of the same church, W. Arthur, author of the "Tongue of Fire," Bishop McTyeire of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, Dr. J. B. McFerrin of the same church, Mr. S. D. Waddy of England, Dr. Buckley of New York, and Dr. J. P. Newman. Probably more than one half of the members of the conference were not heard at all in that assembly except by their vote. The effort was often faithfully made by those who entirely failed to be heard before the dozen others who also

claimed the ear of the president. Many were contented to let others do the talking.

The last subject discussed during the first week was, "The Training of Children in the Sunday-school and Church, so as to Secure the Largest Evangelical Denominational Results," by Dr. H. A. Thompson of the United Brethren Church. It is only justice to say that it was one of the best productions given to the conference. It had the excellences of real ability, treatment of the subject directly in hand, and of being so delivered as to be heard by all, the latter of which could not be said of all the speeches and addresses. It was received with universal favor, and commanded the respect and honor of all for our church.

The London *Methodist Recorder*, which published the daily proceedings of the conference in full, the day following the address referred to above, under the title "United Brethren," contained the following article:

"The address of Rev. H. A. Thompson, D. D., upon the training of children in the Sunday-school and church so as to secure the largest evangelical denominational results, in last Saturday's session of the conference, calls to notice a denomination whose relation to the great body of Methodism is somewhat interesting and peculiar. Although its name is not Methodist, and its founders and early ministers were not members of the Methodist Church, yet such are the religious experiences, the doctrines, and the government of this body that it is eminently fitting that it should be among the representative sons of Wesley. Its founder, Rev. Philip William Otterbein, was educated for the ministry of the Reformed Church in Germany; but as a missionary in America, having experienced regeneration and saving grace, his preaching, and its results, soon drew around him in Pennsylvania and Maryland such spirits as witnessed for the saving power of the blood of Christ. The first independent church was organized in Baltimore, in 1774. The efforts of Otterbein, Boehm, and of other early laborers were confined to the German language and German people for the first half-century. The growth of the Church during this period was slow. The relations of Bishop Francis Asbury and Bishop Otterbein were for many years the most intimate. These men were often in counsel respecting the formation and organization of evangelizing forces for the New World. At the ordination of Bishop Asbury by Dr. Coke, at the request of Mr. Asbury, Mr. Otterbein assisted in that solemn setting apart of the American Wesley. For many years the rules of the Methodist Episcopal Church were so suspended as to allow the United

Brethren to attend the Methodist class-meetings, while the pulpits and churches of each denomination were open to the ministers of the other. The government of the United Brethren is a modified episcopacy. It has classes, quarterly, annual, and general conferences. The General Conference is held quadrennially, and is constituted of ministers who are elected by the members of the entire Church, each annual conference being entitled to not less than two nor more than four delegates, according to the number of the membership of the conference. The bishops and general officers of the church are elected every four years, but are often re-elected. The presiding elders are elected by the preachers in the annual conference. The preachers are stationed by the bishop, presiding elders, and an equal number of local ministers, chosen by the conference. Among the peculiarities of the United Brethren from the beginning have been strong opposition to intemperance, to slavery, and to secret societies. It is active in missionary and educational work, and furnishes from its publishing house at Dayton, Ohio, a full line of church and Sunday-school literature. The able address of Dr. Thompson, the president of Otterbein University, at Westerville, Ohio, well represents the activity of that church in the Sunday-school work, its Sunday-school membership quite exceeding the membership of the Church, which has rapidly increased in the last few years, now numbering about one hundred and sixty thousand."

Now and then persons appeared with special and peculiar ideas which could not meet with broad indorsement; but it is worthy of statement here, that for the great part the words were practical and such as would be expected from those possessing a holy ambition to carry the gospel to the ends of the earth.

It is not within the province of this short chapter to give a summary of the utterances of this great gathering which marks a new era in the churches of christendom holding the Arminian doctrines as taught by Wesley, and his associates and followers. This gathering will be followed by others of no less interest. Still, the assembling of these delegates from all parts of the world, representing the different branches of a great body which only came into being a little more than a century ago, and now counts its numbers by millions, is a fact in ecclesiastical history which will be treasured in the centuries to come. A growth so marvelous is hardly to be found elsewhere in the history of the world. Nor was the Ecumenical Conference the assembling of representatives of churches

which have reached their zenith of power and usefulness. The conference did not meet to ascertain what to do with the laurels won. Indeed, while there were at times utterances which seemed like boasting, it is safe to say that the same aggressiveness was manifested there that has been characteristic of those various bodies in the past in the work accomplished. The triumphs of the gospel in their hands never were more signal than now, and the desire to increase them a thousand-fold never so intense.

The range of topics for discussion was too wide to admit of thoroughness of investigation on many subjects of vital importance. Sometimes this necessitated only a partial or imperfect discussion of questions raised; sometimes imperfect and one-sided facts only could be brought forward.

If I should criticise the utterances and general scope of the Ecumenical Conference, it would be to say that there was too much disposition to parade the name of John Wesley and the achievements of his life and system, and not enough to honor its spirit and to ascertain how the churches could maintain the religious life and moral and reformatory power which he possessed, and which he breathed into the church he founded. The Methodist churches can not live on through the future years as great evangelizing agencies upon the name of John Wesley or "Methodism," but by the possession of the divine Spirit and power they have possessed in the past.

The results of this conference must be salutary upon all the bodies represented in it. The churches of England must have had gross misunderstandings and erroneous notions respecting the practices and customs and character of the American churches. These will be destroyed or at least greatly modified. On the other hand, the American churches have never understood the peculiar condition of society and church efforts in England and other eastern countries. In the future there will be a better understanding, higher appreciation, and stronger sympathy between the various branches of the Methodist churches on the two continents. There will be ecclesiastical free-trade. Religious sympathies and fraternity will grow.

This Ecumenical Conference will result in a better feeling and stronger relations between the larger and smaller denominations represented in this gathering. This is greatly to be desired both in England and in America. There has not existed that cordial and Christian brotherhood between the larger and smaller bodies of the Methodist persuasion in England that would have most honored God. It will hardly be claimed that the Christian feeling has always been excessive even between the larger Methodist bodies in the United States. Then, sometimes the feeling of some of the larger bodies toward the smaller has been akin to that possessed by the whale toward Jonah. This is passing away.

In the future years the larger churches will possess a more general knowledge of the origin and history of the smaller churches represented in the Ecumenical Conference. The cause of their existence, the peculiarities of their government, and the principles of moral reform held by them will be more highly honored. The reasons for their having toiled and struggled to build up their own institutions will be more apparent. The larger bodies of the Methodists will appreciate the principles and methods of ecclesiastical government possessed by the smaller bodies, though they may not approve them. In this way the smaller bodies will in turn exert no narrow or trivial influence upon the larger.

It is not out of the possibilities of the future that this first Methodist Ecumenical Conference may result in closer and even organic union of some of the smaller bodies which were represented in it. There are such as could doubtless be more effective against the powers of darkness if such relations existed. Between some there seem to be but few barriers to such union. Nor is it to be considered outside of the remote results of the conference that a better understanding should be had respecting the colored Methodist churches of America. The relation of these people will be changed as it respects their several bodies and the churches in the South composed of the white population.

Whatever may be our opinions, the facts are apparent to

all that Protestantism is destined to unite more and more its forces in extending the gospel of Christ to the uttermost habitations of men. The ideas and feelings which controlled the Protestant sects in their formation have become quiescent in a broader biblical interpretation; and may we not hope in a better Christlikeness. From heart to heart through the throng of millions, a tender cord of sympathy vibrates at the common toil to rescue this old sin-cursed world from the powers of hell, and bring its islands and continents to blossom as flowers in one paradise, welcoming the return of our absent Lord.

CHAPTER VIII.

London from the Parliament Tower — Smithfield — City Road Chapel — Grave of Wesley — Benson — Watson — Clarke — Newton — Bunhill Fields — Susannah Wesley — Tomb of Burder — Owen — Watts — De Foe — Bunyan — A Reverie.

THERE are many places and points of interest which I have not had time to write about, and much of sorrowful association and sinful misery which I would not spread before the reader. During my stay in London, protected by those who were competent and kind enough for security every way, I saw the gloomy shades and miserable griefs which haunt the wicked, it may be, and where these dwell in their poverty, shame, dirt, and sin. And the eyes also were thus permitted to look somewhat on the scenes where mirth and music with display of richest attire throw their garb over the foulest social sins of the fallen. But this dark life of the great metropolis of the world can only cause one's heart to throb more earnestly to lead men to the noblest life and make them stand in such a life. It is not to be written.

Through the kindly direction and commendation of a friend, it was my privilege to have a view of London rarely enjoyed by visitors — that off the clock-tower on the Parliament House, by gas-light. At 7:00 P. M., one evening, conducted by a guide, Dr. Thompson led the way and the writer followed, climbing step after step until three hundred and thirty-two steps had been ascended through the tremendous tower, like which there is none in Europe, and we stood at the summit quite above the great city, glowing in the gas and electric lights which gleam like sentinels of fire on either side of the numberless streets and lanes and courts diverging, angling, and crossing at every point of vision. Just as we

reached the lofty eminence the great bell struck seven, in tones which sounded out far over the city. To stand elevated these hundreds of feet in the very mid heavens, with the great parliament buildings just below, and the crooked Thames illuminated by thousands of flashing lights on either side, in full view for miles, eastward and westward, and the busy, hurrying throng far up the streets, which seem too narrow for miniature paths, is an event producing such emotions and leaving such memories as can not be forgotten. What busy life throbs down there. Men and vehicles look like miniature toys. There is Westminster Abbey at our feet, yonder the prison of the Lollards, and at the bending of the river the London Tower. But oh, the teeming throng of people! I had not really known what London is till I looked down upon it from this tremendous tower.

Before leaving London I must ask the reader to go with me to Smithfield, formerly outside of the Roman walls of the city, where Bartholomew Fair with its revels was held for ages, and where during the reign of "Bloody Mary" the holy martyrs gave their lives for the cause of Christ. Here, close by the London meat-market, and where now nestles a little garden of flowers around an artificial fountain, there once curled the crackling flames around the forms of those whose only crime was that of tenderly loving Christ, among whom were John Rogers, Bradford, and many others whose names ought to be written here. Is this fountain in the midst of the garden a type of that fountain of blessings to the world which the burning blood of these martyrs still pours out upon the garden of our God? We revere the memory of the holy, and of those made perfect through suffering, but honor the Master the more. Close by the place of awful burning, before the days of Tyburn and its horrors, on the wall of St. Bartholomew's Hospital there is a large stone slab, as a memorial tablet, with this plain inscription,

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."
"The noble army of martyrs praise thee."

"Within a few feet of this spot John Rogers, John Bradford, John Philpot, and other servants of God suffered death by fire for the faith of Christ in the year 1555, 1556, 1557."

One feels like taking the shoes off his feet and consecrating all anew to Christ as he stands in Smithfield, the scene of the martyrs' sufferings for Christ three centuries ago.

I must pass by many places of charming interest and spend a few moments at City Road Chapel, where the Ecumenical Conference was held. This region used to be the Moorfields, where Wesley, Whitefield, and others of their time used to preach to the people; and here was the first recognized home of the people called Methodists, in the old foundery purchased by John Wesley and his friends. In some of its compartments John Wesley's mother lived for a time; and here she died. The present chapel stands on City Road, and has stood since November 1st, 1778, when it was dedicated by John Wesley. The structure is a neat but plain one, adorned with memory tablets around the walls, on which are the marble faces of the illustrious dead. The memory tablets are to such as Richard Watson, Dr. Clarke, Thomas Coke, Charles Wesley, Joseph Benson, John Wesley, and Robert Newton. Near by the chapel are the rooms where Rev. Joseph Benson lived and died, and in which he wrote his commentary. Here is the first burial-ground the Methodist Church ever owned; and in its soil near the chapel rests the dust of Wesley, Benson, Richard Watson, Adam Clarke, and many other noble men, as well as sainted women not a few. The tomb of John Wesley has a neat though not large monument upon it, with extended inscriptions. The monuments to Watson, Clarke, and Benson are still less conspicuous. In the front of the chapel is a more splendid marble monument to Mrs. Susannah Wesley, the mother of the Wesleys, although her grave is some distance away. Close to City Road, on the southern grounds, stands the old home of Wesley, in which he lived and studied and prayed, and died March 2d, 1791. Many articles of interest to the antiquarian are here, such as Wesley's clock, bureau, chair, and book-case, and his side-table, and last but not least his little old tea-pot from which he used to furnish his preachers tea. It is rather dilapidated now, having lost its lid and part of its spout. It will hold over four quarts, and on one side is the following inscription:

"Be present at our table, Lord,
Be here and everywhere adored;
His creatures bless and grant that we
May feast in paradise with thee."

On the other side is this verse:

"We thank thee, Lord, for this our food,
But more because of Jesus' blood;
Let manna to our souls be given,
The bread of life sent down from heaven."

Just across the road is Bunhill Fields, which Southey called the *Campo Santo* of *Dissenters*. Most of the graves are filled with the dust of Dissenters. Under this sod, so crowded with old stone slabs, sleep not less than one hundred and twenty-four thousand dead. What a company for the last day. Near the center of this grave-yard is the grave of Mrs. Susannah Wesley. On a plain stone, erected in 1828, at the head of her tomb, is this inscription,—

HERE
LIES THE BODY OF
MRS. SUSANNAH WESLEY,
WIDOW OF THE REV. SAMUEL WESLEY, M. A.,
LATE RECTOR OF EPWORTH, IN LINCOLNSHIRE,
WHO DIED JULY 23RD, 1742,
AGED 73 YEARS.

She was the youngest daughter of the
Rev. Samuel Annesley, D. D.,
ejected by the Act of Uniformity from the
Rectory of St. Giles',
Cripplegate, August 24th, 1662.

She was the mother of nineteen children,
of whom the most eminent were the
Rev. John and Charles Wesley,
the former of whom was under God the
founder of the Societies of the People
called Methodists.

In sure and steadfast hope to rise,
And claim her mansion in the skies,
A Christian here her flesh laid down,
The cross exchanging for a crown.

Here are the tombs of Rev. George Burder, author of the "Village Sermons," Thomas Goodwin, the voluminous writer,

and the eminent divine John Owen. One pauses long at the grave of Dr. Isaac Watts, the world's poet, whose sweet songs are yet the medium through which millions render devout praise to God. For thirty-six years he lived with Mr. Thomas Abney, at Abney Park, in the north of London, and there wrote most of his hymns; but at last the sweet spirit and jewel fled away, and the casket was placed here. On the monumental tomb is this modest inscription on the uppermost slab:

ISAAC WATTS, D. D.,

Pastor of a church of Christ, in London, successor of the Rev. Mr. Joseph Caryll, Dr. John Owen, Mr. David Clarkson, and Dr. Isaac Chauncey; after fifty years of feeble labors in the gospel, interrupted by four years of tiresome sickness, was at last dismissed to rest November XXV., A. D. MDCCXLVIII., æt. LXXV. II. cor. C. 5. v. 8. Absent from the body, present with the Lord. Col. C. 3. v. 4. When Christ who is our life shall appear, I shall also appear with him in glory.

In Uno Jesu Omnia.

Within this tomb are also deposited the remains of Sarah Brackstone, sister to Rev. Dr. Isaac Watts, who died April 13th, 1756.

On either side of the monument are engraved the simple words, "Isaac Watts, D. D." The tomb is about four feet in height.

A little distance from this tomb is buried the author of "Robinson Crusoe," which has been read in all the world, by all people, in all languages.

The monument to De Foe is about fifteen feet high and four feet at the base. It contains the following inscription:

DANIEL DE FOE.
Born 1661,
Died 1731.
Author of
Robinson Crusoe.

This monument is the result of an appeal in the Christian World newspaper to the boys and girls of England for funds to place a suitable memorial upon the grave of
Daniel De Foe.
It represents the united contributions of seventeen hundred persons.
September, 1870.

I saw many tombs where sleep the ashes of kings and queens and conquerors. But there is one grave by whose side I had longed more to stand than by that of any other in the world. Here it is in Bunhill Fields—that of Bunyan, the immortal dreamer, whose writings, next to the Bible, have been read by more people than any production ever given to man. His home and church and prison, to be sure, were all at Bedford, fifty miles away; but by a strange providence Bunyan was taken ill when on a visit to London and died suddenly, and sleeps here with the illustrious in Bunhill Fields. I passed by Snow Hill, where death overtook the pilgrim, and where he crossed the river into the celestial city.

BUNYAN'S TOMB.

The monument is a sarcophagus resting upon a heavy base, and is surrounded by an iron railing. On the top of the tomb lies the stone representing the form of Bunyan, the pil-

grim dreamer. In the panel at the foot of the tomb are these simple but sufficient words which tell the story all:

JOHN BUNYAN,
author of the
Pilgrim's Progress.
Obt. 31st August, 1688,
Æ. 60.

On one side of the tomb, in effigy, is the pilgrim with his staff in hand and the heavy load on his back as he ascends a steep hill. On the right side of the tomb, in effigy, is the pilgrim well represented with the cross just in reach. The burden lies at his feet, having fallen from his back. In the panel at the head of the tomb there is an inscription:

"Restored by subscription under the presidency of the Right Honorable the Earl of Shaftesbury, May, 1862. John Hirst, Hon. Sect."

The monumental tomb, with the figures, are specimens of sandstone which suffers much from exposure to that climate; and it is a great misfortune that they now show signs of decay. I could not but think of the hard life and long imprisonment of this great author. He was a poor unlettered tinker, earning his bread in early life by traveling through the country mending tinware and the like. Called of God, he strove against mighty foes within and without. He came up from the lower walks of humanity, suffered the keenest pangs of pain and sorrow, but so wrote that every human heart responds to the picture of the Christian career he so graphically portrayed. He so wrote as to command the esteem of the most learned of the world, though himself esteemed unlearned. He struck the universal heart as no uninspired mind has ever done. No story has ever so thrilled to holy passions the human soul as the allegory of Bunyan. He was made to bear a heavy burden, but it has long ago rolled off; and his writings have made the burdens light on millions of hearts. That he wrote "Pilgrim's Progress" is enough. He has illuminated the darkest shadow of earth. From the darkness of Bedford jail, God speaks and shows us how light can come out of darkness.

Standing there above the dreamless dust of the writer of "Pilgrim's Progress," I fell into a reverie from which I was loath to part. I saw the pilgrim's sad state standing with his face from his home, clad in rags and a great burden on his back. Then I saw him struggling hard in the Slough of Despond. Then quite beyond there rose the form of the cross, at the sight of which the burden rolled off the back of the pilgrim. I saw the pilgrim reading now and again from the roll which he drew out of his bosom; the Palace Beautiful;

BEDFORD JAIL.

the passage through the Valley of Humiliation. I heard Christian and Faithful and one Talkative in conversation. I thought I saw the pilgrims brought to trial; and while Faithful suffered martyrdom Christian went on, having escaped, though with a sad heart. Then I beheld him wrestle with one Giant Despair. Beyond there rose to my enchanted vision the Delectable Mountains; and on those golden hills were

groups of white-robed pilgrims,—Christian, Hopeful, Christiana and her children, and vast and unnumbered throngs,—who talked of the land of Beulah, through which they were soon to pass. Then I saw them go over the river; and they went up to the gate of the city, and a company of the heavenly host came out to meet them. And I heard the hosts shout, "Blessed are they which are called unto the marriage-supper of the Lamb." And there were trumpets; and ten thousand compassed the pilgrims about and welcomed them into the celestial city, the streets of which are paved with pure gold,—"Which when I had seen, I wished myself among them."

PART THIRD.

FRANCE, ITALY, GREECE, AND TURKEY.

CHAPTER I.

The English Channel — Paris — Statuary — Men and Women — Church of the Madeleine — Agriculture — The Alps — Mont Cenis Tunnel — Italian Skies and Landscapes — Mountains Terraced — St. Michele della Chiusa — Turin — Two Incidents — The Waldenses — Pisa — The Cathedral — Campo Santo — Leaning Tower — Journey to Florence.

THE English channel, crossing which one reaches the Continent, is the terror of all travelers. The distance from London to Paris is only a little over a hundred miles by rail. The short, quick route is by Dover, of which Campbell wrote "The dear White Cliffs of Dover," and Calais on the French side. At this point the channel is only twenty-three miles wide. The water is shallow, which accounts for its world-renowned ability to produce sea-sickness such as nowhere else seizes the vitals of man. I had cherished a mortal horror of it; but what was my surprise when on the evening of September 17th the sea was calm, and I enjoyed a delightful passage to Continental soil. At this point Captain Matthew Webb, in 1875, by the aid of sails and attendants who fed him beef-tea, swam across it in twenty-two hours. A plan is now in contemplation to construct a tunnel entirely under the channel, through which trains may pass, uninterrupted. The rock is said to be sufficiently solid to make the enterprise,—which has already been tested,—a success.

I had only time to spare to spend two or three days in Paris. One of these was a Sabbath. Paris is renowned for its beauty and fashion. Indeed, France is a garden-spot in creation, and Paris a garden city. Its great, wide streets, with shades and walks on either side, and often in the middle of the streets; its beautifully-arranged squares, to which all the adjacent streets converge; its houses of ornamental beauty, six and seven stories high, everywhere built of white marble, with the corridors beneath them for sidewalks, furnishing homes for almost two millions of people, make a city of beauty such as there is no other so fair in all this wide world. Paris is not a business city, such as is London. It is the home of fashion, pride, and pleasure such as pass away. To speak of a Sabbath in Paris is, however, almost a misnomer. I should think that quite more than half of the places of public business

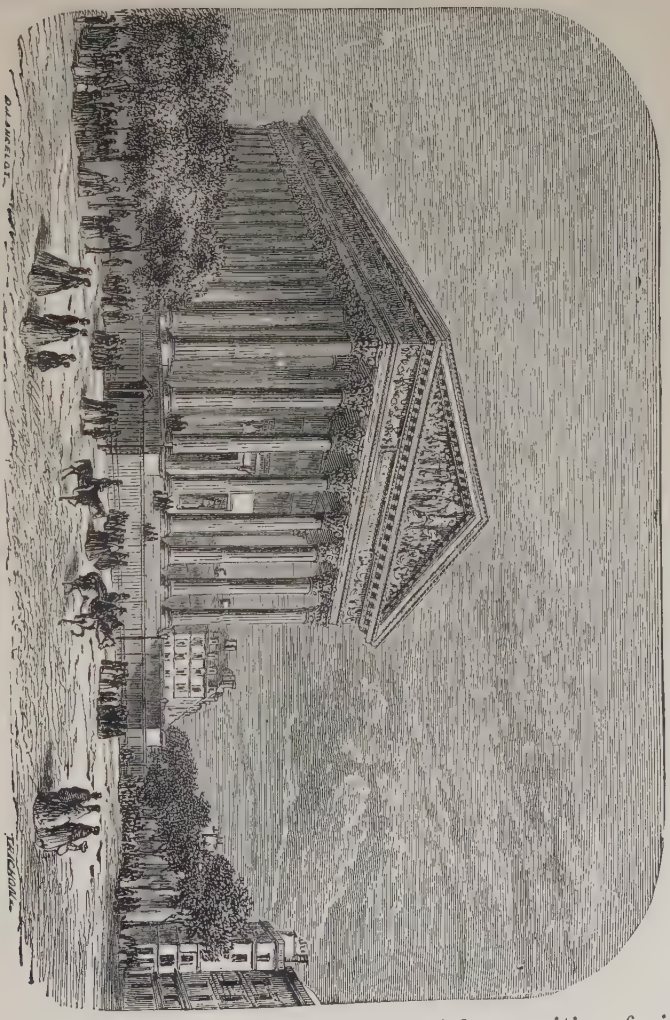
PLACE DE LA CONCORDE.

remain open. It is a gala day. In the *Place de la Concorde*, the most extensively ornamented place in Paris, or perhaps in the world, in the center of which once stood the guillotine during the "reign of terror," under which Louis XVI. and

his unfortunate Marie Antoinette, besides many illustrious persons and members of the nobility, perished, and where the people then congregated to look coolly on tragedies, now there are gathered thousands of people, with carriages unnumbered, only to witness balloon ascensions, fire-works, and the wild display of flags and heraldry amid statues of marble, shadowed by the obelisk of Luxor from ancient Thebes. There are faithful, earnest laborers here for the salvation of the people; but they are quite too few. The women are fair indeed, and the men are proud. The people are intent upon having a good time. The public as well as many private buildings are adorned with statuary and carvings, bestrewed as when Autumn casts her leaves to the earth. You can stand in one spot and count hundreds of life-size marble figures adorning the great Louvre. The banks of the Seine, the public squares, parks, bridges, and dwellings are studded with costly statuary and monuments. There are enough rude, nude, and lewd pictures of women displayed in the shop-windows and at other places in Paris, and enough nude statuary here to send in a few years any city of Europe into the damnation of the foulest social hell. Art and fashion are not things to be worshiped when they lead to lust and ruin. There is no secretive covering for sin here as in America. The very customs of society present it boldly to the world. The *cafes* for drinking, instead of being behind shaded windows and screened doors, are opened wide, while most of the drinking is done at small tables under awnings on the side-walks. You may often count from fifty to one hundred men and women, seated promiscuously in front of one great drinking-house, at these tables drinking, laughing, smoking, and talking. The creature America calls a prostitute and casts out of society is here a courtesan flattered and adored. The statistics of Paris show that one fourth or more of the children born are illegitimate. This statistical fact can only suggest the enormity of the vice and shame covered by the show and splendor of this proud city of Napoleon that was.

The melancholy marks of the triumphant tread of the Prus-

sians who visited Paris a few years ago are yet to be seen in several ruins which stand out with blackened walls, telling the story of the siege of the city and its conquest after long resistance endured almost to starvation. But with all the



CHURCH OF THE MADELEINE.

pretended culture of Paris, with the social enormities of vice, which mingle in society until it is thereby permeated, I can not see how Christian Americans can send their daughters

here to be educated, unless they first lose regard for common decency and purity of morals.

In Paris there are many places of interest to the tourist; but the most interesting to a Christian and student of Christian architecture, is the Church of the Madeleine, which has been standing for many centuries. It is a perfect model of the ancient Greek art, and seems to be fashioned after the old temple of Theseus, at Athens, though many times larger. It has a majestic grandeur which I saw nowhere else. It has no tower nor dome, but its great row of Corinthian columns, which with artful majesty and solemn grandeur entirely surround it, occasions an impression upon the heart which few other sights produce. It is only when one stands under the moonlight shadows of the awful columns of the temple of Jupiter at Baalbec, in Syria, that he is thrilled with such emotions as come throbbing to his brain under the corridors of the Church of the Madeleine.

The journey through southern France is a delightful one. The country is like a vast garden. Here I saw the first stalk of corn after leaving America. Fruits are abundant. There were people plowing with four oxen — some with two. "What plows," our people would exclaim. They are two sticks, or one crooked one. The country is level for over three hundred miles south of Paris, where you come to Amberieux, at the base of the Jura Mountains. Through this vast country the houses are neat but humble, and the fences are of wire. There are no such wooden fences as belong to the wooded districts of America. From this you enter the Valley of the Albarine, passing between wild mountain heights and lofty peaks and rocky towers, on the summit of which, far away, you can once in awhile see the chiseled form of statuary or the cross put on these peaks, as though to add to what Nature had done in her wildest mood. The passage up the valley into the Alps, the great mountains forming the boundary between France and Italy, is the most delightful, bold, and impressive on the globe. The Alps differ from the mountains of Ireland and Scotland and America, in that they are much

higher and sharper in their spires and cones; and the cuts and crags are sharper and deeper. Many of these heights are covered with green, while far up the slopes handsome little farms are cultivated, and upon terrace above terrace large patches, almost fields, of grapes grow luxuriantly. Oftentimes the vast rocks are stratified. Sometimes these *strata* are twisted as though some Omnipotent force had given them an awful wrench and half upset and half turned them around. Sometimes the rocks are gray, then again dark, and at places almost as white as marble. What seemed strangest of all was to see many places in those Alpine heights crested with snow. Those lofty peaks, dressed in their hoary garb of snow, far away in the skies, looked like distant clouds. The valleys below were dressed in their richest summer green, and the farmers were making hay in the fields skirted with great rows of poplar and evergreen, while to the right and left and everywhere the Alps lift their immortal heads of rock, covered with snow, in awful and indescribable grandeur. You can not tell where the mountains end and where the clouds begin. Toward the summit of the Alps the train stopped at Modane and I carried my baggage into the custom-house for examination, because Italy was to be entered presently. We had crossed the almost classic river Rhone, and climbed up amid these Alpine crags to a height of over five thousand feet, and still with two huge engines in front, the car went up amid the clouds.

Thus surrounded with solitary and impressive Alpine majesty we came to the celebrated Mont Cenis Tunnel, which takes one under as much of the Alps as he can not climb over. At this place the mountains reach the sublime height of eight thousand three hundred feet. The tunnel is twenty-six feet wide, nineteen feet high, and eight miles long. Its northern entrance is three thousand, eight hundred and two feet above sea-level, and its southern entrance four thousand, two hundred and forty-five feet. When in the center of the tunnel, you have above you the mountain four thousand and ninety-three feet. It was completed in 1870, after nine years of labor, in which from one thousand five hundred to two thou-

sand men were employed constantly on each side of the mountain. The train was just half an hour passing through it. Who can describe the feelings of excitement which prevailed here more than ten years ago when, after nine long years of work, the laborers paused to hear the sound of the strokes of the picks and sledges and chisels of those who were laboring on the other side. It is said that they shouted with the wildest joy. But if it was so here, what must it be to the faithful soul who has toiled hard to press his way through difficulty and rocks and storms up to the higher presence of God, when exhausted by the grappling of death he shall hear the angels from the other side ready to break through the gloom and show him the open path to the throne of God!

Tourists and poets have written and sung the fairness of Italian skies and landscapes, but their delicate and soft hues have never been painted save by Him whose hand divine measures them day by day.

As the train, which was lighted with gas, came to the southern end merging from the tunnel, flash after flash of light burst now and again on the sight. It seemed electric. But all at once the darkness was gone, the sun was up in splendor, the air light and fresh and balmy, and the very valleys and gorges and mountains seemed tropical. Here and there the people were plowing; and to do this it seems to require one man, from two to four oxen, and the same number of women. The man guides the plow, and the women guide and lead the oxen and dig along the furrow to finish what an excuse of a plow has left unfinished. The women all seem to be in the field. Some were carrying hay in bundles and sacks on their backs down from the terraces of the mountains. Some were carrying grapes in great funnel-shaped baskets strapped on their backs. (I would recommend this for weak backs.) Some were thrashing off the seed from the hemp, and binding the hemp or cutting it down. These southern slopes of the Alps are covered with hundreds, yea, thousands of terraces, one above the other; and these have grapes, figs, and fruits of all kinds. Going down the mountain, crossing the Ford

and by *Borgone*, the railway lies in sight of a lofty eminence on the very summit of which is the abbey of *St. Michele della Chiusa*, which is peculiar from the reported fact that, from some atmospheric or other causes, the dead buried in its tombs are converted into mummies.

We had only a short time to stop at Turin, — four hundred and ninety-six miles from Paris, — the capital of Italy from 1859 to 1865. It was once destroyed by Hannibal, more than two hundred years before Christ, but was soon rebuilt, and since it has sustained a history illustrious for its industry and national struggles.

Stopping at an Italian town is a little amusing. First, you don't know anybody; then the miserable folks can not understand your Italian, no matter how loud you halloo it at them. I shall not soon forget a little device to which my traveling companion, Dr. Thompson, and myself were driven to at Turin. We must of course get something to eat. The time of the departure of the train must be ascertained. We found our way to a large *cafe* in the depot, and seating ourselves at a table, looked wise and said to the waiter, "Coffee." He said something which sounded like "bread, butter." We nodded assent. We wanted to go to Pisa; so we kept saying *Pisa* to one, now and then pointing to the cars and to the clock. Dr. Thompson did it this way: Beginning to count, he went counting on his fingers, one, two, three, four, and so on, pausing and giving prominence to the fingers all the time, until he counted seven. Here the man stopped him, and motioned to cut his great finger in two just in the middle, taking half off. He had it — seven and a half o'clock.

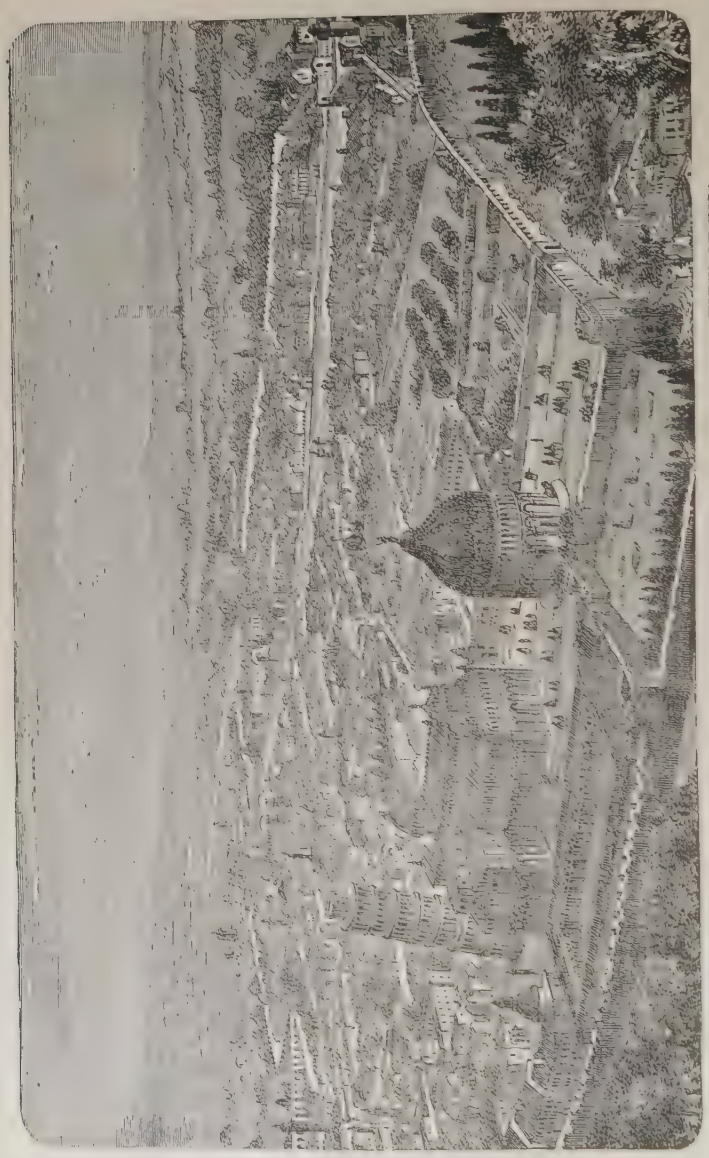
Here I must relate a little incident connected with the trip over the Alps, on the return journey. In company with two other Americans I was traveling in an English car from Milan, in northern Italy, across the Alps to France. In the same compartment of the car were a gentleman and his wife and their little daughter. They, too, were going to Paris, and were French people. They could not speak or understand our language; we could not speak or understand theirs. They

were intelligent and refined, and possessed the highest cultured feelings and manners. Traveling together that day and night, how much talking we did—and without saying a dozen words each other could understand. The gentleman said, "*Monsieur*, English?" I answered, "American." Taking us all into account, he answered, "Messieurs America;" and the good lady's musical voice exclaimed, "Messieurs Americie." Then they talked much; but never a word did we understand. They wanted to know where we were going and where we had come from. One of our company told them Italy, Constantinople, Greece, Palestine, Egypt, Pisa, Florence, Venice, Milan, Paris, London, and then, with a great gesture, said, "America." With what expressions of delight they all joined and repeated the names of the cities and countries which had been mentioned, and then with expressions of distance and joyous laughter they exclaimed "*Americie.*" Thus our conversation had run over the wide world, and we were kin. As we crossed the dizzy heights of the Alps the rocking and turning of the train made the lady very sick. Her husband evidently was a physician. He had a medical pocket-case filled with medicines. He took out a small vial; but the glass stopper was fast and he could not get it out, though he pulled and twisted at it, and looked heartily at it, and then pulled and twisted and pulled with many a gesture and ugly expression of the face. The good lady was very sick in her head. What was to be done? The writer drew a match from his vest pocket and struck it, and taking hold of the gentleman motioned to hold the neck of the vial in the little flame till it should heat and expand, and thus loosen the stopper. The Frenchman saw it at a glance. How that called forth his grateful French. But not a word did we understand. But he and the lady forgot it not till we had all reached "*Paric*" and had shaken hands and said "*au revoir.*"

Thirty miles away from Turin, south and west, on the frontier of France, in a sequestered place, are the valleys of the Waldenses, where live those people whose piety and heroism honor the world. These Protestant, prosperous, frugal heroes

of suffering and persecution have steadily maintained their faith, occupying these valleys, speaking the French language, for six hundred years, and deserve our highest sympathies and honor. The Waldenses now number twenty-five thousand. The thought of their trials and faithfulness awakens a feeling of kinship — not that we have suffered, only we love the Jesus for whom they bled.

One hundred miles from Turin is Genoa, the birthplace and home of Christopher Columbus, of whom the children of America are taught two things; yes, three things — that he was born in Genoa, Italy; that he had a hard time getting off on his expedition going west, and that he almost discovered America. His statue is held in high regard, and stands only a little way from the depot. The city has one hundred and thirty thousand people, and is the commercial center of Italy. But plunging into and out of tunnel after tunnel down the rocky coast of the Gulf of Genoa, passing over one hundred miles southward, you are at far-famed Pisa, about nine hundred miles southward from London. This antique city is one of the most frequented places in all Europe by persons in search of health. It has a population of about twenty-six thousand. It contains four things of interest. The great cathedral is one of the wonders of Italy, built in Tuscan style in 1063. It is one of the oldest specimens of the Basilica style of art, with nave and double aisles, over three hundred feet long and one hundred wide. The statuary and paintings in the choir and nave are very fine, while those in the transepts are especially interesting. Directly south of the cathedral is the baptistery, begun in 1152 by Diotisalvi, and completed nine years later. It is entirely of marble, in circular form, one hundred feet in diameter. The famous pulpit resting on seven columns, which rest alike on carved creatures, is richly relieved by carvings. This structure is covered with a dome rising like a cone nearly two hundred feet high. The echo of the baptistery is one of the finest to be experienced in any possible vibrations of sounds. Westward a few paces is the old *Campo Santo*, sacred ground, or burial ground of the



VIEW OF PISA.

olden city. Its use as such began in 1188. The reigning archbishop, after the loss of the Holy Land, had fifty-three shiploads of dirt brought from Jerusalem and placed here so that

the dead might rest in holy ground. It is four hundred and fourteen feet long, one hundred and sixty-one feet wide, and about one hundred and thirty feet high. The paintings upon the walls, executed more than five hundred years ago, show the skillful design and thought of that day, and present many beautiful scripture-thoughts. The "Triumph of Death," "The Last Judgment," and other paintings on the south wall by Buffalmacco are worthy of admiration. The monument to Count Mastiani, the statue of the Inconsolable Widow, seen from one position has a look of deepest sadness; from a different position it has the expression of humor and delight—a fitting caricature of many of the inconsolables.

Just to the north of the cathedral is the Campanile, or leaning tower, one of the wonders of the world. It seems to have been built alone as a bell or clock tower. It was commenced as early as 1174, by Bonannus, but was not completed till 1350, by one Pisano. Its height is one hundred and ninety-nine feet and its circumference about eighty feet. It has eight different stories, with six colonnades surrounding it. Its peculiar interest is from the fact that it is thirteen feet out of perpendicular. Whether built in this oblique position or made so by the settling or sinking away of the earth no one can tell. I found myself inclining, like the tower, to the latter view. It looks as if some giant had well-nigh pushed it over. The tower contains seven bells, the heaviest of which weighs six tons. The view commanded from this height well repaid the climbing of over three hundred steps to reach the giddy height of this quaint old relic of the ages past. The illustration on the opposite page gives a splendid view of Pisa, including the Baptistery, the Cathedral, and the Campanile, and the *Campo Santo* directly in front of the Cathedral.

From Pisa a ride of four and a half hours on the cars, sixty-one miles, through a fertile plain or valley near the Arno, brings you to Florence, the city of art. It spreads out its fair streets and tile-covered buildings over a beautiful and far-reaching valley, one of the sweetest in sunny Italy.

CHAPTER II.

Florence — View of the City — Home of Vespucci — Dante — Savonarola — Uffizi Gallery — Portrait of Raphael — Baptistery — Incidents — Piazza — St. Croce — Tomb of Angelo — Galileo — De Medici — Field of Art — Cathedral.

IF London is the commercial city of the world, and Paris its city of fashion, Florence is the world's art-city. Its long having been the home of the masters, and its galleries which garner so largely their productions of genius and culture, make it to possess the richest treasures that the lover of the beautiful in art could expect to find on the globe. Florence was the capital of the Grand Duchy of Tuscany, and of Italy after its removal from Turin, from 1865 to 1870. Since the middle ages, Florence has been held to outrank Rome as a focus of intellectual life. It lies on either side of the Arno, a small river with ocean tide. Its origin dates somewhat beyond the birth of Christ, and it now has a population of about one hundred and twenty-three thousand. Its buildings are not grand and its streets are narrow, yet the pavements are very fine and the city is clean and tidy. I had only two short days there, where weeks would be desirable. Florence is not seen by beholding its buildings, its walls, its fine quays along the Arno, or by viewing its gardens, or surrounding mountains of inexhaustible richness of beauty. It is within the shrines of art that are to be seen the choicest gems, the treasures of which have enriched the world's beauty. Yet it is quite worth while to take a drive to the eminence in the south-east of the city called "Michael Angelo's Square," which is reached by a splendid street around the city, gradually rising amid artistic dwellings surrounded

by gardens of flowers choice with perfume, and adorned with sculpture which foreshadows to the eye what is to come to notice. On the square is a bronze copy of Angelo's David. Directly westward comes the river Arno. To the left, climbing obliquely up a steep hill covered with vines, grapes, and olives, is the stout old Roman wall of the sixteenth century. Directly southward, a mile away on a hill, is Michael Angelo's observatory, a large building with tall tower, from which he used to look down with pleasure upon the Florentine city which did him honor, and farther to the left the mighty tower or fortress constructed by Angelo. Turning to look northward or westward, the whole Florentine city spreads over the valley like a golden veil of beauty cast over an ivory face, stretching far up the distant hills. For miles these white-walled palaces sparkle in the light, shaded by the colored tile-roofing. In front and in the center of the city is the *Piazza St. Croce*, the pantheon of Florence, close by it the *Palazzo Vecchio*, associated with Savonarola, the "reformer before the reformation," and in front of which his holy soul went up to God from the flames. To the right and beyond is the English burial-ground where Theodore Parker sleeps, and Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning, born in England, the philanthropical poet who could sing so sweetly, and with such love for Italy, "Beyond the Alps my Italy is there." Far away to the right nestles the more humble home where Angelo first saw the light. Far over the city in the thin air the lofty Apennines rear their heads.

The scene enraptures one as he looks down upon lofty buildings which garner so largely the treasures of Florentine art from the days of the masters, and upon the places where their dust, by the art of death refined, awaits the day of triumph over death.

Only a little way from the banks of the Arno still stands the old home of Amerigo Vespucci, after whom America received its name. In that he has an honor such as has come to the name of no man that has ever lived on the earth. But he sleeps close by the vaults of All Saints Church. Vespucci's

home has the appearance of wealth and comfort, and wears the marks of great age, as does the old home of Dante, the Tuscan poet, which stands a few squares away. It is a narrow, high, oddly-constructed dwelling, the front of which has been faced with new stone.

One of the most interesting places in Florence is the *Palazzo Vecchio*, the seat of government of the republic, afterward the residence of Cosimo, but now a town hall, built five hundred years ago. In the time of Savonarola it was greatly changed and amended, by his instructions, under the hand of Michael Angelo. Just to the left of the entrance is the spot where Savonarola was offered up to death in fire of martyrdom, May 23d, 1498. As I stood close by the spot of his martyrdom I seemed to hear the words of the hero answering the bishop who purposely added to his pretended separation of Savonarola from the church militant, "the church triumphant," saying in heaven-aspiring tones, "Militant, not triumphant, for that is not given to thee." I could see him walking out last of a train, and hear him say, as some friend tried to comfort him, "In the hour of death God only can give comfort." Here before him on the same spot, the same hour, were the youths Salvestro and Domenico, who passed to heaven through the same fiery chariot. What things employed the thoughts of the martyr? Did he hear the cry of the mob clamoring for his death, or did he hear the song of the angels welcoming him up on high? Did he see the scaffold before him and the executioners there, or did he see only Jesus, "Who," he exclaimed, "suffered as much for me"? Such questions can not well be suppressed as one stands on the soil enriched by the burning blood of those who had the heroism to die for the truth rather than to recant and live. The ashes of Savonarola went into the tide of the Arno, but men and women, strong and noble, in disguise sought relics of one they loved, and for two hundred and fifty years scattered flowers annually on the spot from which the heroic soul went up to God. Now a great fountain has been placed on the spot where the stake stood, pouring forth its crystal stream, with statues of Neptune and Triton.

The *Galleria degli Uffizi* is perhaps in some of its departments the finest portrait-gallery in Florence. Here are many of the best works of Raphael and other masters. One wants to go there day after day. There would be always a new beauty to behold and a new joy to experience. As you gaze upon these portraits of strength and deep sympathy, they seem to come to life and look on you in love. One portrait which the visitor delights to look upon more and more is that of Raphael, painted by himself. Death cut him off at less than forty years of age. He was born at Urbino, April 6th, 1483, and died at Rome, April 6th, 1520, just thirty-seven years of age. His portrait presents the delicacy of form and features we should expect in one so mighty in the delicate art.

The striking features of the Baptistery, its octagonal form, splendid dome, and indescribable carvings, have made it the resort of thousands for seven hundred years. It has been used as a baptistery for the city since 1128. Before that time it was the principal church of the Florentines. The bronze doors so widely celebrated are the product of the fifteenth century. Here the children are still brought to be consecrated to God. One day as I visited it this imposing ceremony was being performed, and respecting it I have the following lines written at the moment:

"There now is a young mother, with her babe only a few weeks old, and by her the youthful father. They seem scarcely twenty years of age, and wear a look of real grace. He is a little timid, and she seems a little proud. An attendant of the priest takes the rich coverings from the little babe and places them aside. The priest comes down from the altar, and by his side is an assistant who carries a long lighted candle. The little babe is in snow-white garments. The young father holds it, both parents standing. The priest holds his hands over the child's face and reads. Then he puts something in its mouth and reads on. Now they ascend to the fountain. The priest dips his fingers in water and touches them to the forehead and now to the back of the neck of the little babe. Then the holy water is poured into a

golden bowl or dipper, and the little babe, suspended over the large bowl-fountain, has it poured over its head. With a cloth he dries off its head. It is turned over to the mother, and she, with other ladies, wraps it up in those richest bands and garments. The father steps aside and pays the priest, and now they are off; and there others are coming. The child did not look to be nearly a month old. But baptizing must be done soon; for if dying unattended to, the child goes to purgatory, as they teach, and furthermore could not be buried in holy ground."

Near to the baptistery is the great *Sante-Croce*, the Westminster of Italy. Though containing comparatively few tombs, they are marvelously adorned. It is six hundred years old. To the right of the aisle is the tomb of Michael Angelo, whose remains are below, and who died an illustrious old bachelor, artist, and poet, at Rome, in February, 1563. He lies here, in accordance with his own instruction, so that at the resurrection as soon as he comes up, as he said, he might see out of the door the dome of the great cathedral which stands a few squares away. Here too is the grave of the great astronomer Galileo, with an appropriate and imposing monumental tomb. He held, "Nevertheless the world does move." Here is a splendid monument to Dante, though he is buried at Ravenna. In the New Sacristy of the *Palazzo Riccardi* is the grandest display of art that wealth could purchase. The monuments to the Medici family are held to be Michael Angelo's best productions in marble. The one is the Mausoleum of *Giuliano de Medici* represented as the general of the church. Below in the sarcophagus are the remains of the dead; at each end of the tomb are statues of day and night. Across the room is the statue of *Lorenzo de Medici*, who in contrast with Giuliano is in profound meditation. Below is the tomb, and at one end Evening and at the other Dawn, represented in wonderful marble. The statue of Lorenzo has in the face evident signs of mischief; and yet as you look upon it the hand, the face, the arm, and the very forefinger seem to come to life.

The picture-gallery of the *Palazzo Pitti* is one of the finest

in the world; and here where the works of the masters of Florence in its palmiest days look down on you with the warmest welcome, which entrances you, it were delightful to dwell. But there is too much of it. There are dozens of splendid portraits produced by Raphael; and withal, these are easily discovered, at least in many of their parts. One is astonished, even amazed, at the immense amount of work done by these masters of art in a few short years. The impressions made upon the mind and heart by traversing the splendid art-galleries of the Florentine people are never to be effaced. And yet how narrow and how deep are the channels of greatness and the sympathy of the human heart. Two distinct sources furnish the masters their subjects. From them they have carved an imperishable fame. The first source is the Christian idea, with Christ as the center figure; and next to this, the home with the mother and her babe the center figures. From these two points the artist strikes the highest and finest sense of man. There are landscape and portrait pictures, but none that compare with the "human face divine" in the Madonna and the Immanuel. These works outrank all others both as to character and number. These, too, are the paintings which are copied by scores of artists at work in the galleries. Thus the most illustrious fields of art taught me anew the lesson of the divinity of Christ and the honor and love of womanhood; for the great artists have only photographed the profoundest feelings, sympathies, sentiments, and emotions of the human heart in its purest and loftiest estate.

The cathedrals of Italy, as indeed of all Europe, are always open to devout worshipers. They are also open to visitors. But let it be remembered that every person entering them is expected to pay a half-franc or more for that privilege — nor does the visitor usually regret the little sum. In many of the cathedrals of Italy poor women are passing about begging, while monks at different hours keep up what seemed to the writer a mongrel service. Here and there were poor old women bowing and rising and kneeling and muttering prayers to the images before the altars, and to the pictures which

hang behind the shrines. Now and then a well-dressed lady may be seen looking upon the portraits painted by the masters, and then kneeling before them. These seem to be the images through which they look up to God. I often wondered what conception of Christ they gave them. Can they read him there as we read him in the New Testament? How far their souls have been cultivated and capacitated to read Christ and hallowed truths in these images I know not. To the ancients and to the ignorant of our times it is idolatry. Possibly it is not so in Florence, the home of beauty and art. In the city in the skies there are precious stones which never tarnish, and pictures of fair beauty which fade not, neither dim with years; and there are living presentations of thought and beauty and sympathy and unselfish love which shine as stars forever and ever.

CHAPTER III.

Milan — Cathedral of Milan — View from the Tower — Venice — People — Incident of Fashion — Gondolas — Skill in Rowing — History — Church of St. Mark — Ashes of St. Mark — Horses of Venice — The Piazza of St. Mark — Pigeons — Palace of the Doges — Bridge of Sighs — Churches — Venetian Art — Paintings — Titian's Last Work — Works of the Masters — The Campanile — Sunset from the Campanile — A Beautiful Lesson of Glory and Hope.

THE most important and interesting cities of northern Italy are Milan and Venice. Milan is a beautiful city of two hundred thousand people. The extensive manufactories of silk and woolen goods make it possess large commercial influence. It is the capital of Lombardy, and has a history stretching far back into the past. The Emperor Frederick, in 1162, totally destroyed the city; but it was soon rebuilt. Its long and severe struggle is well known to the historian. Sometimes possessed by the Spaniards, and then by the Austrians, it passed through many sore trials. For the last thirty years and more it has been united with the kingdom of Italy, and has made more progress than any other city of that kingdom.

I had seen cities enough in Europe to satisfy curiosity, but it was well worth the travel of a few hundred miles to look upon the Cathedral of Milan. It is, perhaps, as a whole, the most beautiful building on the globe. After St. Peters, at Rome, and the cathedral at Seville, it is the largest cathedral in Europe. Its length inside is four hundred and seventy-seven feet, and it is one hundred and eighty-three feet wide. The wonderful dome, two hundred and twenty feet high, and the tower three hundred and sixty feet above the streets

around the cathedral afford a grand view of Italy. The roof has almost one hundred Gothic turrets, while over two thousand marble statues adorn the turrets and arches in the wall and various parts of the exterior. It was founded about five hundred years ago, and is yet receiving additions almost every year. Of its surpassing beauty the reader can form some conception from our fine illustration. Some one has truthfully said that it is beautiful enough for an ornament upon a bride-cake. The building is in the usual cruciform shape, with double aisles and transept, with splendid columns. There are no less than fifty-two massive pillars which support the interior arch, each one of which is twelve feet in diameter, the tops of which, instead of capitals, are mounted with marble statues set in niches. The most entrancing outlook in all Italy is from the tower of the cathedral. Nearly two hundred steps inside, reaching the roof, and three hundred more on the outside, bring one's weary feet to stand in the tower overlooking the city and regions beyond. The city was covered and filled with fog on the morning selected to make the ascent; but upon reaching the tower, imagine the surprise when the air was found clear as crystal. What scenery spread out before the eye! The fog and clouds below only seemed to make the distant mountains more picturesque. Far to the east were the dim outlines of the Apennines; westward stretched out the bold form of the Alps. All of the peaks could readily be discerned. Mont Blanc and Monte Rosa were full in sight, covered with snow, while the Matterhorn, towering slender-like far into the heavens, with its ice-ribbed peaks sparkling in the rising sun, presented a cone of splendor such as I had never seen. Then far to the right, a hundred miles distant, stretching away to Switzerland, the snowy peaks of the Alps glistened and sparkled in the sun like diamonds in some great fire. Oh, the beauty of these Italian skies! Whether upon the mighty orbs or the fair landscapes, or upon the snow-crested Alps, they spread out a sheen of clear and crystal-like beauty which fills the eye and heart with images of a fairer clime and sweeter skies in the land above!

CATHEDRAL OF MILAN.

Venice, situated on the north-west corner of the Adriatic Sea, is the most unique city on the globe. There is nothing to be seen bearing a comparison with it. It is literally a city built in the sea. While it now has a population of over one hundred and twenty-five thousand, the sea washes the door of almost every cottage and mansion. Many of its people are possessed of vast wealth, and yet perhaps thirty thousand are the veriest paupers. The people differ from those of southern Italy, and appear in manner more like the French people. Among the wealthy there is a great love of dress, and an exquisite taste. The features of many of the women resemble those of the Greek women. During my absence from America the style of ladies' hats had changed, and the beaver hat had been adopted. Visiting Venice after months' absence in the far East, I was surprised — it was then late in December — to see all the ladies wearing those beautiful, large black hats. I supposed in my ignorance that this dress was peculiar to the beautiful Venetian women, whose dark eyes looked bewitchingly out from beneath these appropriate coverings of the head. In Paris and London I met the same hat,—and, behold, it met me in America also! This much I must say for the Venetian women, they followed the style more universally than Americans do; for they all wore those hats.

Venice is situated in the lagoon, or shallow part of the Adriatic Sea; and its fifteen thousand buildings, palaces, churches, and dwellings are built on three large and one hundred and fourteen small islands. The front yards in Venice are water, the streets are canals of water, the horses and carriages are gondolas and boats, the side-walk is the salty sea-water. The foundations of the splendid palaces and churches stand up out of the water. Going to the door of the house, if you wish to take a journey "up town" or "down town," you call, "*Poppe*," or beckon to a gondolier to come for you with his little, long, black, slim boat, with its hearse-like cabin in the middle, called a gondola, and soon you sit quietly on a soft, black-leathern seat. The gondolier, standing in the rear of the

gondola holding one long, slender oar in hand with which to row the boat, is ready to drive you where you wish to go. Probably another will wish to row, which will double the cost. If you think a *franc* (twenty cents) per hour and a gratuity of a few *centimes* is enough to pay, you need only to say to the helper, "*basta uno*," and he gets out. Show the gondolier the watch and tell him "*all' ora*," and you have it by the hour, and he drives you where you direct. When you halt at a church or at some place you wish to visit, some poor, beggarly old man will be there to persist in helping you out. You had as well allow him to do so, for he never expects to see you again; and he will do it in spite of your protests, and then claim a few *centimes* of you for service. The precision with which a gondola is rowed is wonderful. The character of the stroke and the feathering of the oar through the water on its return for the stroke is the only way of steering. The gondolier never removes his oar out of the water, but plies it back and forth with a grace and precision which turns a sharp corner and passes the slender boat within an inch of the stone corner or a passing gondola, but never touches them. On turning a corner the gondolier sings out, "*gid e*," which means, boat ahead. If answered, he continues, "*preme*" (pass to the right); or, "*stali*" (pass to the left). The grand canal is wide and deep enough for large boats, while most of the watery streets are narrow and the water only a few feet deep. There is a slight tide of about two feet in rise and fall.

The marvelous history of Venice and the Venetian republic and the conquests of this empire in the sea adds a peculiar luster and charm to everything one looks upon. While its early history is clouded in obscurity, for the last twelve hundred years it has been a great factor in eastern Europe. In the seventh century—A. D. 697—it is claimed the first doge, Paolo Luca Anafesto, presided over a republic, though for many centuries before a republic flourished here. Tradition asserts that in A. D. 829 the body of St. Mark was brought here and buried under the Church of St. Mark. It is not a

little impressive to stand where so generally accepted tradition asserts the ashes of that servant of God were laid to rest. The commerce and military prowess of this Queen of the Adriatic made it for centuries the military power of a large portion of the eastern world.

The Church of St. Mark is the grandest, gaudiest, gloomiest building the writer ever entered. It is in its present appearance an oriental or Byzantine structure, here and there touched with European finishing. The building is in the form of a Greek cross. It has five domes,—one in the center and one at the end of each arm. It was built early in the tenth century. Its greatest length is five hundred and seventy-six feet, and its greatest width two hundred and sixty-nine feet. It is literally covered within by mosaic work wrought into various pictures. These mosaics, it is said, cover nearly fifty thousand square feet, and are striking in their oriental features and colors, while the gilding and oriental marble produce an effect not found in any other architecture. There is a strange mingling of the fantastic, the grand, and the gloomy. At every view there is a richness of carving, with scores of columns, oriental marble, relief pictures of the apostles, in brass, representations of Christ and various persons in rich mosaic work. The entrance to the church is under a majesty of antique columns mounted here and there in order upon the capitals of each other, and under the only horses in Venice. These four horses of gilded bronze, five feet high, are of fine workmanship. They are believed to be the work of some Roman of the time of Nero. It is thought that they once adorned the triumphal arch of Nero, at Rome. They were taken to Constantinople by order of Constantine, where they remained until A. D. 1205, when they were brought to Venice by Marino Zeno. Napoleon I. carried them to Paris in 1797, where they adorned a triumphal arch. In 1815 they were brought again and set up in their place before the great window in the front of St. Mark's Church in Venice.

The Piazza of St. Mark, a public square nearly six hundred

feet long and ninety steps wide, is the great gathering-place of the Venetians. It is splendidly paved with marble, and surrounded with palatial buildings, under which on three sides are splendid shops, where the finest of Venetian goods are sold. To the east end is the Church of St. Mark, and the Palace of the Doges. In the evening this square is the fashionable promenade for the people who crowd it till late at night.

No one who has ever visited Venice will forget the vast flocks of pigeons which collect in this square every day between one and two o'clock. The story is told that six hundred years ago an admiral named Dandolo received and communicated messages by carrier pigeons which enabled him to gain signal victories, and since then the people of Venice have venerated and carefully fed the descendants of those pigeons. Every day at two o'clock they are fed in the cornices of the surrounding buildings. A clock of marvelous design, situated in a tower on the north side of the square, strikes the fractions of the hour; but to these strokes the pigeons pay no heed. One day the writer saw a dozen persons feeding these pigeons on the pavement of the court; but the instant the clock struck two all the birds with a bound and a flutter flew to their crannies in the surrounding buildings, where they were fed. Thus they do every day, and no liberal hand can entice them below when once the clock strikes two.

The Palace of the Doges contains enough of splendid architecture, art, and comparative antiquity to entrance one for weeks. It was first erected more than a thousand years ago; and though five times consumed by fire, it always rose from the ashes in greater splendor, and for more than five hundred years has stood in its magnificence the delight of the Venetians. The Gothic facade in the west is a wonder of art in architecture and sculpture. Vast colonnades, supported by almost a hundred columns, below and above, reached by splendid marble steps adorned at every side by magnificent statues and reliefs, present to one as he approaches a conception of magnificence such as he seldom experiences. It would require pages to describe the spacious chambers, halls, and

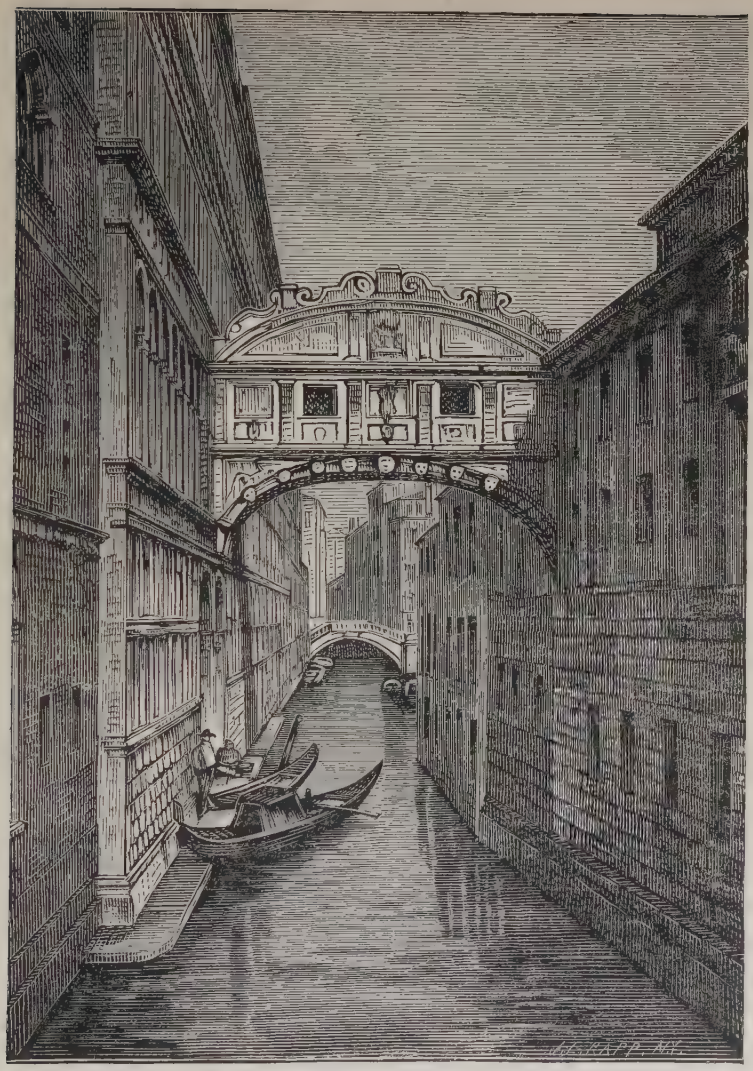
corridors, eloquent with illustrious art, and museums filled with all manner of things curious and antique. Titian, Tintoretto, Giovanni, and other illustrious artists of the Venetian school of art, made the Palace of the Doges one vast museum.

The "Bridge of Sighs," across the canal on the east side of the palace, connects the royal residence and capitol with the gloomiest prison one could well imagine. The bridge has a double passage within, so that prisoners might be removed to the prison without meeting or seeing any one passing the other way. Its exterior is adorned with very beautiful carvings, and seen from below as one passes beneath on a gondola it is indeed a handsome arch structure. The many manacled forms and sore feet and sad hearts which in other ages have passed its gloomy portals under sentence of torture and death, or life-imprisonment in the little stone-walled dungeons of the prison, fittingly enough dedicated it the "Bridge of Sighs." Lord Byron, who it is said had himself for hours inclosed in one of these dungeons to acquire some knowledge of the feeling of a prisoner, wrote,—

> "I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs;
> A palace and a prison on each hand:
> I saw from out the wave her structures rise
> As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand:
> A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
> Around me, and a dying glory smiles
> O'er the far times, when many a subject land
> Looked at the winged Lion's marble piles,
> Where Venice sate in state, throned on her hundred isles!"

The dark dungeons, half fallen into ruins, where criminals and political conspirators were confined and executed, present as somber and melancholy a view of Venetian events in other years as one could well bear. With chastened thoughts I returned through the narrow bridge over which criminals and prisoners having once passed never again saw the clear Italian skies.

Venice has many interesting churches, which with their splendid architecture and costly altars, and treasures of Venetian art from the hands of the masters, well deserve careful study.



BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

Venice had a palmy art-school of its own, which made the Venetian masters. Venetian art differs from all other in its power to combine the richest and strongest colors in the most delicate and truthful expressions. Its rich colors at the first

dazzle one, and seem wild. Closer study, however, reveals a charm and beauty which win the heart. I can only mention a few of the paintings which I found most interest in studying. Tintoretto's "Paradise," in the Ducal Palace, in the large room where the Nobili, the highest authority in the republic, formerly held its meetings, is perhaps the largest oil-painting in the world, and contains hundreds of faces in what seems utter confusion. Its labyrinths of human faces bewilder one. The "Last Judgment," by Palma Giovanni, on the wall of the voting-hall of the same palace, is a striking picture, both for its size and peculiarity. It contains three parts — paradise, hades, and hell. In each of these are a vast number of faces, changing in expression to suit the design. A careful study of the upper, middle, and lower pictures shows you that the master has put one face in all three. It proves, indeed, to be the face of his wife; and so it is that he put his wife in hades, paradise, and hell, — not by any means the only husband who, speaking figuratively, has done the same ungrateful thing. Giovanni, however, owed his success largely to his wife; for it was her picture that he could produce with the greatest felicity, and she became his ideal of the Madonna. Tintoretto's "Descent from the Cross" and the "Resurrection" are also among the most touching and powerful paintings in Venice. These are in the Church of *St. Giorgio Maggiore.* The delicate-faced bust of Titian, in the Church of *Giovanni e Paolo,* is looked upon with much interest. Indeed, in every church and museum there are great numbers of these choicest works of art, which by their hundreds in number and marvelous beauty have made all Venice a museum of semi-sacred things. It is marvelous to see the immense amount of work done by these old Venetian artists. Some of them literally covered miles and miles of canvas with their poetic, historic, and ideal conceptions. The Academy of Art is filled with the work of the masters. The "Assumption," painted by Titian over three hundred and fifty years ago, is the master-piece of the collection. It really presents the Virgin Mary in the act of ascension above

the clouds, attended with the angels, while below, intently gazing, are the wondering apostles. The various shades and appearances of the angels about and above the Virgin show a skill of the master only excelled when he produced the joyful, intent attitude of the Virgin as she looks heavenward, whither she ascends to meet the shining face of the Father. On the side wall of the same chamber hang two pictures of Titian which arrest one with deep veneration. The first, "Visitation," presents the mother of Christ and the infant Messiah. There is nothing so striking in this small picture as the assertion that it is Titian's first work now known to be in existence. Close beside it is his last picture, "The Entombment," on which he was engaged, in 1576, when he died, at the great age of ninety-nine years. The dead body of Christ is the center figure. Joseph suspends the body upon his own knees, while to the right, sad and tender, Mary in her right hand holds the pierced hand of her Lord, while her left supports his head. Behind her the other Mary with her right hand extended fearlessly pushes back the grim, gray, terrible monster Death, who in the form of an old man with sword in hand is determined on destruction. To the left Joanna sustains the cross, while close above an angel holds the lamp—sweet emblem of eternal life. Placing these two pictures side by side, the one representing the first and the other the last employment of Titian's lofty soul and skilled hand, we have a portrait within itself full of the most beautiful suggestions. Would that our lives were so fully from the first to the last interwoven with our Master's life and sacrifice.

I closed my observations in Venice by ascending the Campanile, a square isolated tower three hundred and twenty-two feet in height, which stands in the piazza of St. Mark. This tower has stood in its present form over three hundred years, and with amendments for almost ten centuries. The ascent is by a winding inclined plane, which is much easier than steps. The view from its summit just before the sunset hour is beyond all description. Below you see the unique city coursed through and through by almost a hundred and

fifty watery streets, which spread out a picture of delight. Far away through the air are the towering heights of the Alps, and westward and southward the Adriatic Sea, in which apparently the sun goes down like a world of fire in a bosom of blood. The sea of blood seemed to soften to a pale red as it skirted the clouds. The heavens shone like burnished gold cut here and there in threads by the rays of the sun and shafts of thicker clouds. Half of the great orb appeared below and half above the sea. First in the sea it resembled a great globe, then a hogshead, then a tall goblet, then an inverted cup as the sea grew darker and the heavens were shaded by a reddish hue. The image of the sun in the sea became smaller and smaller, but red as fire; now a crescent, then more slender, like the ring on a lady's finger; at last only a scarlet thread which hung in a dark-blue cloud, while the clouds and the sea mingled together leaving no traces or lines of meeting. Far above the crimson and golden-lighted lines shooting in the clouds rose more than a dozen conical peaks of the Alps in dusky clouds as mantles stretching from the Adriatic northward far into Austria. As the sun thus sunk to rest in its bed of golden glory, the great bells in the Campanile rang out over the islands and red-roofed dwellings, and along the canals on the ears of the nobility and beggar, and cold, lifeless statues alike, telling all that the close of day had come. In such a sea of transfiguring glory, often unseen by mortal eye, sinks at last to rest the sun of the good man when he dies. Alas! we so often hear only the mournful tolling knell which tells us he is gone! We are too near the earth to behold the sea of glory and the Alpine peaks of eternal life behind the transparent clouds. Mourner — bereaved brother or sister! ascend the divine Campanile of faith and hope and behold the glory already shared by the loved ones departed, and the splendor of your own setting sun!

CHAPTER IV.

From Florence to Rome — Rural Scenery — Valley of the Tiber — Seven Hills of Rome — History of Rome — Population — People — Sabbath in Rome — Ruins of Rome — Baths of Titus — Palace of Nero — Trial of Paul — Roman Forum — An Incident — Mamertine Prison — Arch of Titus — Arch of Constantine — Forum of Trajan — Tomb of Trajan — Palace of Caligula — Baths of Diocletian and Caracalla — Royal Palace — Colosseum.

A JOURNEY from Florence to Rome is a delightful one. For many miles romantic hills are covered with vintage and fruits like a garden. There are no fences, yet all is divided into small lots of land by the rows of olive and fig trees, and other fruits. The trees are not tall, but in many respects remind one of a thickly-set peach-orchard, with plum-trees interspersed. Everywhere the hills rise in beautiful array of green and gold. At our entrance to Italy the hills and mountains were terraced. In this part of Italy the orchards and farms run far up and over the tallest heights, without terraces. Here and there is a small grass-field, and a woman watching one or two pigs as they feed in it, while she is busy plaiting straw. Now there are some cattle feeding. The cattle in the field and the oxen which are at work are all white, and much more delicate and fleet than any seen in America. The Italian oxen look as if they could travel briskly. They are fierce, sprightly-looking fellows. There is delightful scenery all the way down the valley of the Anio. On the summit of these hills are towns and towers and fortresses which have been strongholds for centuries; for we are passing over the battle-field of Hannibal, more than two hundred years before Christ. Here amid

the vintage and city-crowned hills and olive-dressed slopes the old Romans were defeated by Hannibal in May, B. C. 217.

Seventy miles from Rome you enter the wooded valley of the Tiber. Many tunnels are passed, and old towns are seen nestling among wild hills; for indeed the hills are wild, and many of their heights bald. The ravines and cuts are deep. For miles the train runs along the gravelly bed of the Tiber, which here is but a small creek. Sometimes I saw the people hauling in grapes on donkeys' backs. Great baskets hung on either side of the poor donkey, and a man sat astride behind. It is a marvel that the poor things do not break down or break up. There are but few vehicles. Once in a great while I got a glimpse of an ox-cart. Thirty miles from Rome the valley of the Tiber widens to a great plain. There it looks familiar, for there are fields large and wide. You could scarcely tell it from the valley south of Mt. Jackson, Virginia, looking to the right as you should come into the village on the train from the south, only the mountains are smaller and more broken. There were piles of yellow corn in the field. There were ricks of hay and straw, and cattle and sheep and horses, reminding one of America. But there are few houses in this valley. As the valley widens houses become more numerous. To the right from the right window of the car as it rolled along the banks of the Tiber I looked down over the glassy stream and caught the first sight of the eternal city, renowned for thousands of years, and then of the dome of St. Peter's towering up like the surrounding seven hills on which Rome sat and ruled the world. The train hurried along for the five or six remaining miles, darted under the arches of the wall and rolled past old ruins and splendid buildings; and I was one thousand and one hundred miles south of London, alighting from the train in the immortal city — Rome.

The famous "Seven Hills," the Aventine, Cælian, Esquiline, Viminal, Quirinal, Capitoline, and Palatine are not as easily traced now as when the story of Romulus and Remus was planned, dating the origin of the city to 753 B. C. I had to

search for their identity. Ancient Rome is largely uninhabited, and is a waste of ruins. The Aventine, Palatine, and Cælian are in desolation. Where there were once busy streets, now there are vast vineyards. The river Tiber runs through the city, and is, as Horace styled it, a "turbid" stream about sixty feet wide and twenty deep. Fourteen miles below, it empties its dirty water into the Mediterranean. The present population of Rome is not so easily determined. It is estimated at two hundred and eighty-five thousand. Seven years ago the census showed it to be two hundred and thirty-seven thousand, three hundred and twenty-one, of whom five thousand were Jews, three thousand five hundred other sects, and four thousand Protestants. The people are slow, and take the world easy. One half the people can neither read nor write. The streets, with the exception of a few prominent ones, are exceedingly narrow and broken. The shops are small, and poorly ventilated. The pavements are excellent, yet few of the streets have sidewalks. Women are to be seen everywhere sitting out on the streets about the doors of their shops and dwellings, knitting, sewing, and nursing children—of whom there are thousands. The men are poorly clad, and the donkey-teams are odd-looking things. The women are dark-complexioned and homely, and the men less strong in appearance than I had expected to see them. There are fine horses and carriages in great numbers, which are chiefly sustained by foreign travelers, of whom the city is constantly largely filled, many going there to pass the winters and to survey the scenes of interest, the end of which is never reached. There are many cathedrals of great splendor and adornment. These can hardly be said to be for the people. A cathedral in America is a place for the assembling of Catholics to worship after their fashion. Here it seems to be a place for gaudy display, superstitious tablets about popes and St. Peter, who probably was never in Rome, and for the priests and monks who may be seen strolling about in their long black or gray gowns in all the streets, to celebrate mass in. Few of the people attend these cathedrals. I attended a Sab-

bath-morning service in St. Peters, and to my surprise there were not probably over a hundred persons present to attend the mass. Many of these seemed to be visitors. At other cathedrals I found even less. Protestant churches are doing something in missionary labors, and good is being done through the Free Christian Church of Italy; but the great throngs seem to be as sheep having really no shepherd.

There is no Sabbath in Rome. So far as I could tell there was not one store or shop in ten closed in respect to the Sabbath. There may be a few more persons on the streets with clean clothes on, but the shops and streets are as full of people as on other days. Thousands in open sin, ignorance and dirt, of the poor dupes the Catholic Church calls its own, wander about on God's day or attend to their business, while a few monks are chanting mass in the cathedrals in the hearing of a few old women, deformed or bent down by age, and a few younger ones bent down by superstition. Up in the Vatican the pope, pretended vicegerent of Christ on earth, is pent up in his chambers, too holy even to exhibit himself at the window of St. Peters to the poor dupes of superstition. They call him "infallible." Along these streets I longed to preach the gospel of Christ in the language of the people. But this the law would forbid. There is now room for a dozen Pauls.

The ruins of ancient Rome are only in part discovered, and many of them must lie buried forever. Those which have been excavated are from fifteen to forty feet below the level of the present streets of the city. Churches have been built upon the tops of former temples, and palaces and baths of emperors erected just above the ruins of former palaces.

The baths of Titus, a vast ruin, are constructed upon the lower ruins of the palace of old Nero. Down under the baths of Titus the Triumphant, are still the chambers of Nero's golden palace and the corridors along which he used to pass to and fro, sheltered from the summer sun by cool arches and splendidly adorned roofs. Some of the paintings and figures are well preserved upon the ceilings of these corridors, though placed there eighteen hundred years ago. And here you walk

over the same mosaic pavements on which Nero and his court trod, and upon which the feet of Paul doubtless stood when tried before Nero. We have something of Paul's wonderful addresses at Jerusalem, at Cæsarea, and at Athens. It is remarkable that we have nothing in the Bible of his "answer" before Nero. Only from Paul's own pen we learn that he stood alone before that heartless Cæsar. Was it in these ruins that he finished the "good fight" before being led out for execution? Was it here he reached the "beginning of the end" of the finished course? Was it here he at the last rose up in splendid triumph, having "kept the faith?" There is much of historic interest at Rome; and yet to the Christian the trials, toils, writings, and martyrdom of the great Apostle Paul give Rome more real sacredness than all besides. The results of his life here are not in decayed colosseums or ruined forums, but in a gospel and Bible which have blessed the whole race, and will live through eternity.

The old Roman Forum is twenty to thirty feet below the present streets, but well excavated. Close by the forum are the ruins of the temples of *Saturn*, and *Castor and Pollux*, which date beyond the birth of Christ 484 and 491 years. I often gazed with wonder upon the old columns and walls, clambering over the ruins of ages, which still stand as doleful mementos of the past.

One day while closely inspecting the various parts of the Roman Forum I was able to determine, as I thought, the precise spot where the dead body of Cæsar lay when Mark Antony pronounced his funeral oration. I also selected what seemed to be the spot where Antony stood while delivering his ingenious and marvelous discourse. After having tried to take in that tragic scene and gathering a few mosaic-like pebbles from the spot, I got too near the bank where the excavations had been made and tumbled down about six feet, but fortunately without injury to myself. Then I remembered, even from the place where the corpse of Cæsar once laid, that there was but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous—and I had taken it.

A few paces north from the Roman Forum is the Mamertine prison, in which tradition asserts Paul and Peter were imprisoned, and where the zealous Peter by a miracle called forth water from below to baptize the prison converts. There is shown in the wall the face-print of Peter in the rocks made by his head, which by a blow of a soldier was thrust against the wall. I drank water from the well, and saw the print of the face in the wall, but as for the traditions and their origin I leave the reader to settle them according to his own judgment. No doubt Paul was for awhile confined here, and in this dungeon Jugurtha, the captive king of Numidia, perished more than a hundred years before Christ, having been without food for six days. The lower cell, nineteen feet long, ten feet wide, and six and a half feet high, was formerly reached only by a round hole in the ceiling, two and a half feet in diameter. Now there is a narrow step-way provided, down which I crept slowly to stand in that solemn prison. Even now the thought of those dreary low walls around that deep dungeon makes me shudder.

Close beside the Roman Forum, at the foot of the Palatine Hill, yet stands well preserved the Triumphal Arch of Titus, which was erected A. D. 70, to celebrate his victory in the conquest of the Holy Land and the capture of Jerusalem. It is constructed of marble and travertine, or a kind of white limestone. Under the arch on the one side are reliefs representing the coronation of Titus, and on the opposite side representations of the captive Hebrews, with the table of shew-bread, golden candlesticks, and other sacred utensils of the house of God. There are in Rome a number of these triumphal arches, the more noted of which I can only mention. That of Septimius Severus is seventy-five feet high and eighty-two wide, erected in A. D. 203 in honor of Septimius Severus and his son Caracalla, commemorating the victories over the Parthians and other nations. The brazen chariot and six horses which mounted it, with a statue of Severus, have long since disappeared. The Triumphal Arch of Constantine is the best preserved of all these commemorative structures. It was

erected early in the fourth century, when Constantine professed Christianity. It is beautifully adorned with sculpture, which is said to have formerly adorned the Arch of Trajan, which stood at the entrance to the Forum of Trajan.

ARCH OF TITUS.

The Forum of Trajan, adjoining once the Forum of Augustus, built in the early part of the second century, and now extensively excavated, gives some idea of the grandeur of those days. It was no doubt the most magnificent in Rome, being not less than seven hundred feet in length. The excavations now made expose a breadth of about one hundred feet and a length of nearly four hundred feet. The old foundations of columns with great numbers of fragments of statues and columns yet remain. Near by, the Trajan Column a

marble shaft, with a statue, one hundred and forty-seven feet in height, with a diameter of eleven feet, surrounded with a spiral band three feet wide, covered with carvings containing illustrations of Trajan's war, and containing no less than two thousand five hundred human figures, stands in solemn grandeur over the tomb of the Emperor Trajan. On the summit of the column once stood the statue of Trajan — the statue above, the bones below. But it has been supplanted by that of St. Peter, which now adorns it.

On the Palatine Hill the buildings of Caligula are widely excavated, and exhibit vast chambers where wealth and splendor adorned the dwellings of the brutal emperor. The buildings of Tiberius, west of those of Caligula, embrace what is believed to have been the private house of Tiberius Claudius Nero, the father of Tiberius, in which once lived and died Livia Drusilla, his mother, after the death of Augustus, for whose sake she divorced her first husband. This building is very interesting, and its paintings and frescoing upon the walls are well preserved. Higher up on the Palatine is the excavated Palace of the Emperors, built by Vespasian, the most extensive ruin seen on the hill. The vast royal room, the dining-room, the great reception-room, the throne-room, one hundred and seventeen feet by one hundred and fifty-seven feet, with the aquarium and other rooms, the uses of which are not known, speak of a grandeur amazing. Broken statuary and the rooms of the gods tell a tale of heathen culture which well justifies the claims of history in asserting the splendor of the Eternal City. What splendor and what beastliness were once combined in those palaces of gorgeous structure adorned with the figures of beastly gods.

The ruins of the baths of Diocletian and those of Caracalla show a splendor and vastness beyond parallel. They date back to the early part of the fourth century. Tremendous walls, acres of mosaic floor, immense chambers, the uses of which at this day remain unknown, almost bewilder one. The circumference of the baths of Diocletian is given at six thousand feet; and while those of Caracalla could accommo-

date one thousand and six hundred bathers at one time, those of Diocletian had daily bathers of not less than three thousand.

The *Palazzo Regio*, royal palace, seldom shown to the public, is well worthy a visit. It was built about three hundred years ago, and was for a long time occupied by the popes. Here their conclaves were held, and the elections of popes occurred in the large chamber. Since 1870 it has been possessed by the Italian government, and is the residence of the king of Italy. The drawing and reception rooms have recently been fitted up at great cost, and their adornment with pictures and tapestry is rich and gaudy. Visiting this royal palace one day with a company, we were allowed to saunter through the royal apartments at great leisure. I do not at all envy the young King Humbert and his queen these royal chambers; but if I had to live in Italy these rooms appear about as comfortable and tasty as any I know of, and would answer quite well.

The most impressive structure of Rome — or of the world — is the Colosseum, or amphitheater, completed by Titus in the year A. D. 80, the opening of which was celebrated by gladiatorial combats, lasting one hundred days, in which no less than five thousand wild beasts were slain. The Colosseum is built of square blocks of stone on the outside and brick on the inner parts. Its structure is that of an ellipse, its greatest diameter being six hundred and fifteen feet and the shorter five hundred and ten feet, and the outer wall one hundred and fifty-six feet high. These are the measurements as given by Baedeker. It covers about five acres of ground, and it is almost one third of a mile around it. The arena in the center is two hundred and seventy-nine by one hundred and seventy-four feet. In this the conflicts of beasts and afterward the eating of the martyrs by wild beasts occurred. Here were the groans of the dying gladiators. From the arena the tiers of seats, four in number, rise to the top of the outside wall. These have aisles in front, and passages of ingress and egress. It furnished seats for no less than eighty-seven thousand spectators, who might look down upon the bull-fights,

and upon wild beasts devouring their condemned victims, while fifteen thousand more might stand and gaze upon the scene. About one third of the outer wall is standing, and well preserved. Beneath the arena are cells and passages and caverns for the wild beasts, and close to the subterranean passage, out to the place where the beasts were kept in hunger awaiting the morrow, are the prisons in which condemned Christians were confined, and where all the night long they could hear the roaring of the hungry lions who should devour them when the morrow came. How angels must have stood tremblingly on their starry thrones in the arena above, waiting

REMAINS OF THE COLOSSEUM.

to leap and fly to the rescue. Who that stands upon the height of this Colosseum and looks down upon the arena on which once were enacted such scenes as makes the heart sick with their history but must tremble with emotion. Still, through these centuries succeeding centuries those great mountain-like walls have stood with such imposing power that a thousand years ago visitors exclaimed:

> "While stands the Colosseum, Rome shall stand;
> When falls the Colosseum, Rome shall fall;
> And when Rome falls, with it shall fall the world."

CHAPTER V.

Walls of Rome — Priests — Monks — Orders — St. Pietro in Vincoli — Statue of Moses, by Michael Angelo — An Incident — Pantheon — Tomb of Raphael — Roman Art — Sistine Chapel — Frescoes of Michael Angelo — Vatican — Transfiguration — Church of St. Peter — Pilate's Stairs — Chapel of St. Paul — Tomb of Paul — Catacombs — Persecuted Christians — Pagan Tomb — Lessons from the Catacombs.

THE walls which surround modern Rome are fourteen miles long, built of brick, and on the outside over fifty feet in hight. They date back to the early part of the third century. Twelve gates open to the Eternal City, lying on both sides of the Tiber. Almost one fourth of the population subsist from public alms. There are not less than seven thousand religious orders, and almost half a hundred cardinals, and more bishops, and perhaps three thousand monks who are seen sauntering everywhere. There are about three hundred churches and cathedrals. I can take the reader to only a few of these.

In the *St. Pietro in Vincoli*, the first building of which was founded in the fifth century, is the famous work of Michael Angelo, the statue of Moses. It is in some respects the most illustrious piece of statuary in existence. By a mistranslation, as we are told, of Exodus xxxiv. 35, Moses is represented with two horns upon the top of the forehead. The sitting statue is a colossal figure indeed, and its symmetry of form and masterly execution of art present expressions of power and decision such as no other work of art exhibits. As you look into the great face with its piercing eyes, and beard down to the waist, with cheeks and brow showing the very veins of life, and on the body and arms showing muscles

ready to move, and mouth ready to open, one feels like saying with the master as he completed it, "Speak, Moses, speak." The story is told that Michael Angelo was so delighted with the figure of Moses when he had completed it that he asked, "Is there anything wanting with Moses?" To which he again replied, "There is nothing wanting," and smiting the statue on the right knee he exclaimed, "Speak, Moses, speak!" whereupon there is a crack shown in the knee. Whether the story produced the crack or the crack produced the story, I can not relate.

The Pantheon, in which were once enshrined images of the gods, Mars, Venus, and doubtless many others, being dedicated to all gods, is the only perfect remaining specimen of real ancient architecture in Rome. Its huge and massive walls, and columns, and dome, produce a profound impression on the beholder. The walls, built to defy time, are twenty feet thick, and its portico, over one hundred feet wide and forty-two feet deep, is sustained by sixteen Corinthian columns of granite four feet four inches in diameter, and thirty-nine feet high. These, with the great dome one hundred and forty feet high and the same in circumference at its base, present a massiveness which associated with its antiquity awes one to reverence before it. Though known as the Pantheon almost from the time of Christ, and built by Agrippa twenty-seven years before the birth of Christ, for the last twelve hundred years it has been a Christian church, having been so consecrated by Pope Boniface IV., who removed the heathen

THE PANTHEON.

images and consecrated it to the Virgin. Of course it has often been repaired and changed, but in the old walls are the niches where once stood the gods of Rome in the days of its utter idolatry. It contains the tomb of King Victor Emmanuel, the first king of Italy; and the ashes of Raphael, who died April 6th, 1520.

In the churches and museums of Rome are garnered the art-treasures of the world. The paintings, less numerous than at Florence, are not less elaborate or imposing, while the statuary at Rome is the product of century following century. In the Vatican Museum alone there is enough to cause one to wonder the remainder of his life after seeing it. The old Sistine Chapel, where all the popes have been consecrated, is wondrously adorned by the marvelous designs of Michael Angelo. Its ceiling paintings executed by him between 1508 and 1512 may be taken as the culminating and crowning effort of that master. Whoever looks once upon that wonderful design long enough to acquire some fair conception of its scope will ever afterward have above him the Almighty God dividing the light from the darkness, and again his outstretched hands creating the two great lights. Indeed it is hardly possible to ever lose the impression of these living pictures. The higher part of the ceiling is filled with representations of the creation of the world, the creation of Adam and Eve, the temptation and fall of man, the sacrifice of Cain and Abel, the destruction of the world by the flood, and drunken Noah mocked by Ham and pitied by Shem and Japheth. In the lower part of the vaulting are the bewildering portraits of the prophets and sybils—Jeremiah, Ezekiel with a scroll partly opened, Joel reading a scroll, Daniel, and Isaiah. Some are reading from a roll and some are in profound meditation, while Jonah sits under the gourd-vine. In the Vatican, chamber after chamber and gallery after gallery contain the choicest productions of the painter's art, and corridors and halls treasure thousands of marble sculptures and busts of popes and emperors. The busts of Nero and Titus show a brutality equaled only by the pictures of the face of Henry VIII. of

England, as seen in London. Before the "Transfiguration" by Raphael, his last great work, one wishes to spend days. Every returning visit would add some new delight, and furnish a new beauty to be admired and a new virtue to be loved. Nor would this be less true of "The dead Christ and Mary Magdalene."

Take all the colossal beauty and strength and masterly proportions of the cathedrals of Europe and combine them into one, and you have a conception of St. Peters Church, in the center of which Romish tradition asserts St. Peter is buried, and around which the Romish Church has collected its sublimest construction of architecture and entombed its venerated popes for ages. Its history dates back to the time of Constantine. Here Leo III. put the imperial crown upon the head of Charlemagne amid Christmas-festivities ten hundred and eighty-three years ago; and here emperors and popes have often come in splendor to their coronation. In the sixteenth century Michael Angelo gave to the church its vast proportions of design, to which, since his death, several additions have been made. Its cost of building was about *fifty million dollars*, and its present annual expense is nearly forty thousand dollars. Its external is not inviting, and the interior would be far less impressive than other cathedrals were it not for the immensity of its design. Its length is six hundred and thirty-nine feet besides the portico, which, if included, makes it six hundred and ninety-six feet. The transept measures over four hundred and fifty feet. The diameter of the dome is one hundred and thirty-eight feet, and its height from the basement to the summit of the cross is four hundred and thirty-six feet. Besides the high altar the church contains twenty-nine altars, some of which are entirely unused since the death of the popes to whom they belonged. Over one hundred popes are buried here,— one hundred and thirty-two in all; and three hundred and ninety-six statues adorn its vast facade, as shown in the cut on page one hundred and seventy-nine. The elaborate altars, splendid columns, and overawing statuary make up an impos-

ing magnificence which is only equaled by the hollow pretense of infallibility of the deluded pope who is imprisoned in his departments up there in the Vatican. A little to the right and fronting the great altar as you approach it from the main entrance is a bronze statue of Peter, whose big toe is worn

ST. PETER'S CHURCH, ROME.

smooth and bright by the kissing of silly women whose delusion fancies some profit can come of kissing that iron toe, as Luther once thought he might be justified by climbing up the *Scala Santa* — twenty-eight marble steps, — in another

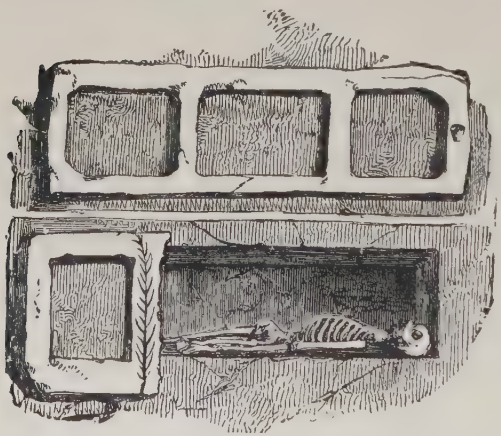
place in Rome. Those stairs are now covered with wood, and may only be ascended on the knees, they being considered thus sacred, having been brought from the palace of Pilate, in Jerusalem, in the fourth century, by Helena. It is believed that Christ once ascended them, and hence their sacredness. But the world is learning as did Luther, that "the just shall live by faith." These vast structures, including the Vatican with its pope and all its departments, are sustained by the money of the poor in all lands. While a few priests in isolation are chanting mass in the cathedrals, the crowds and throngs of Italy are unwashed and unsaved. Yet the Roman world pours in its offerings of "pence" to support these priests and monks, who are everywhere to be seen walking or riding through the streets of Rome. But the power of superstition is waning, and must decay with the better knowledge of Christ Jesus. At Rome one meets many who have read more widely and who have come in contact with the wider world who laugh at the formal pretensions, superstitions, and legends which permeate the Romish Church.

On the way to the Catacombs you pass by the *St. Paolo Fuori le Mura*, or chapel of St. Paul, founded A. D. 388—a vast structure, and wondrously adorned with portraits and statues of Paul and St. Peter. Under the great altar in the confessional is the sarcophagus of St. Paul, who is said to have been buried here by a wealthy and pious woman named Lucina, who was the owner of the property. One grows a little incredulous here, although no doubt Paul was executed a little farther out of the city, on the Appian Way, over which he entered the city from Puteoli. That his body went to rest somewhere near here we can well conjecture; and it is a relief to think that possibly some pious one may have thus cared for the hero's dead body by decently burying it.

The early Christians called their burial places *Cœmeteria*—a place to sleep; and in the Catacombs of Rome, outside the Aurelian walls, we find the same under-ground walks and tombs where saints of early Christian times found rest from the toils of life. These subterranean passages, with vaults or

niches in the soft tufu-rock, were the receptacles of the dead of the early Christians down to the beginning of the fourth century. They are vast streets or passages far beneath the ground, with here and there a chapel, and an altar, where thousands were wrapped in cloths and laid away to sleep, with the lamp beside them or at their head, in hope of the final resurrection. The passages are only two or three feet wide, and the niches or shelves on either side, one above the other, were closed and sealed, being marked by marble slabs bearing inscriptions, sometimes in Greek, but often in Latin. The paintings and reliefs, a few of which yet remain, usually present an illustration of some Christian idea respecting hope for the dead. These passages lie one above another, and are reached by steps descending. There are from three to five stories excavated in places, the lower being forty feet below the surface of the earth. If these vaults and dark aisles of the dead, crossing at various angles, and making a distance of many miles in all, could talk to us, what a story of agony and sorrow and fear and hope and tears they would tell. The persecuted followers of Christ often sought shelter and protection here, while fleeing the fiendish rage of hellish persecutors. In these caverns they found rest when overtaken by cruel martyrdom. As I wandered through one vast passage after another, discovering here and there a chamber once used as a place of shelter and worship, as the early Christians, surrounded by their dead, called on God for deliverance, there came rushing to my thoughts the utterances of the sacred writer which though spoken respecting unknown worthies may have been a strength and stay to the early Christians in these places of refuge,—"And others had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea, moreover of bonds and imprisonment: they were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword: they wandered about in sheep-skins and goat-skins; being destitute, afflicted, tormented; of whom the world was not worthy: they wandered in deserts, and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth. And these all, having obtained a good report

through faith." (Heb. xi. 37–39.) What awful memories are in these old Catacombs! Only a few of the bones are left to be seen so far as excavations have discovered. Long centuries ago conquerers and invaders of Rome broke open these places once visited with sacred honors to the dead, and bore away the treasures of bones. The tablets largely adorn the walls of Catholic buildings in the city. By a taper-light I passed through these regions of the dead for an hour or more, and was glad to get out into the fresh, pure air. Returning to the city I passed a few moments descending a pagan tomb, discovered about fifteen years ago. It is a great square chamber entirely under the earth. On each side of the square are nine or ten rows of niches in the wall, with urns covered with lids and filled with the ashes of the departed. Near by was a heathen temple, with an altar, etc., for the burning of the dead. This tomb, which presents a good opportunity to study the contrast with the people who constructed the Catacombs, dates from the second or third century before the birth of Christ.



GRAVES IN THE CATACOMBS.

Cremation of the dead is heathenish; burial in the earth is Christian. This is one of the lessons of the Catacombs and pagan tombs. The one anticipates a resurrection; the other accepts annihilation. Into the Catacombs, Christian art early found its way; and many are the Christian symbols which show us what ideas in those early Christian times were cherished by the dying, and what precious gospel hope presented its lamp of light by the tombs of departed saints.

CHAPTER VI.

Paul in Rome — A Roman Citizen — Epistle to the Romans — At Puteoli — Paul's Hired House — Dwellings of Jews — The Appian Way — Footprints of Christ — Paul's First View of Rome — His Epistles — Success of His Ministry — Two Incidents — Paul's Associates at Rome — Reference to His Imprisonment — Lessons from our Sorrows.

AMID all the historic interest, architectural wonder and beauty, antiquity and eloquence of art in Rome, I found myself more impressed with the incidents in the life of the great Apostle Paul, than with all beside. Paul was at Rome in the days of its splendor and power. For ages its history was well-nigh the history of the world. Thus its historic connections cause a Christian to enter within its walls with peculiar feelings. Eighteen hundred years ago the power concentrated in this city was such that the great Apostle Paul felt the influence of a freedom it gained him as a Roman citizen, even in Palestine. Aside from his divine commission and his love for humanity, nothing gave him more boldness to preach the gospel everywhere than the protection he could justly claim under the freedom of that citizenship, though the center of his missionary operations might be across the sea from Rome. When Paul was mobbed in Jerusalem, and was allowed by the captain of the band to plead his own cause from the stairs, the chief captain, being about to scourge Paul, was made to hesitate and tremble as the prisoner, bound in thongs, appealed to his rights as a Roman citizen, saying, "Is it lawful for you to scourge a man that is a Roman and uncondemned?" "And the chief captain also was afraid after he knew that he was a Roman, and because he had bound him." If Paul at any previous time had

found freedom and shelter for the great work he had accomplished in the gospel under the power of the Roman government, he was soon to come in such contact with it as should assure him that his only sure refuge was in God. Yet, two nights after his speech on the stairs, the angel of the Lord stood by him and said, "Be of good cheer, Paul: for as thou hast testified of me in Jerusalem, so must thou bear witness also at Rome." Paul had long desired to visit this center of power, for in his epistle sent to Rome by Phœbe he shows his love for the brethren, and tells them plainly of his longings when he writes, "For God is my witness, whom I serve with my spirit in the gospel of his Son, that without ceasing I make mention of you always in my prayers; making request, if by any means now at length I might have a prosperous journey by the will of God to come unto you. For I long to see you, that I may impart unto you some spiritual gift, to the end ye may be established; that is, that I may be comforted together with you by the mutual faith both of you and me. Now I would not have you ignorant, brethren, that oftentimes I purposed to come unto you, (but was let hitherto,) that I might have some fruit among you also, even as among other gentiles." (Romans i. 9–13.)

The testimony of the angel standing by him in the night prepared him for the issue which brought him to Rome, after two years of imprisonment at Cæsarea, in which he often preached to Felix. Festus coming to the throne of Felix, and sitting in judgment upon the cause of Paul, proposed to send him to Jerusalem for a trial before the Jews. There is no grander specimen of true manliness and heroism, or profounder statement of right, than this long-imprisoned embassador of Christ exhibited when he declared to Festus, "I stand at Cæsar's judgment-seat, where I ought to be judged: to the Jews have I done no wrong, as thou very well knowest. For if I be an offender, or have committed anything worthy of death, I refuse not to die: but if there be none of these things whereof these accuse me, no man may deliver me unto them. I appeal unto Cæsar." And from this event and those follow-

ing, Rome as the prison-home of Paul became a city of surpassing interest to the Christian church.

The epistle of Paul written to the church here is the most important of all his writings, though penned before he had himself preached the gospel at Rome. When in the providence of God he came to Rome he found a welcome. I went out on the road a long distance toward Puteoli, and read with joy the record of Acts xxviii. 13–15, "And we came the next day to Puteoli: where we found brethren, and were desired to tarry with them seven days: and so went toward Rome. And from thence, when the brethren heard of us, they came to meet us as far as Appii Forum, and the Three Taverns: whom when Paul saw, he thanked God and took courage."

For two years or more Rome was the scene of the busiest toils of the great apostle. Here he was permitted to "dwell by himself with a soldier that kept him." On the *Via Lata* a small church called Saint Maria marks the site tradition points out as the place where "Paul dwelt two whole years in his own hired house, and received all that came in unto him, preaching the kingdom of God, and teaching those things which concern the Lord Jesus Christ, with all confidence, no man forbidding him." One day I went through that ancient place. The church on this spot dates back to the seventeenth century. From the vestibule of the church you descend about fifteen steps into the reputed hired house of Paul. Its location in the city is favorable to the truth of the tradition; and its distance below the surface of the present streets again is favorable. Here we were shown four rooms; and the appearance of the wall makes it reasonable that it was standing at the time of the apostle. The tradition is not proof positive. That Paul was here in this place or some other, we know. We have no other place pointed out. There are no reasons why this may not be the place. Tradition asserts it to be such place, therefore it is probably the identical hired house. And since other buildings of times anterior to those of Paul exist, we may accept this as his until it shall be shown otherwise. The rooms are not large, and are

ancient in every appearance. As I stood surrounded by those old walls in the small chambers, I could but ask these questions: "Is it possible that here within these walls the great apostle with a soldier chained to him kept his throbbing heart, which longed to visit the churches that he might impart to them some spiritual gift, somewhat at peace by writing those inimitable epistles which have come down to us? Can it be that from these doors and chambers he sent away Timothy and Onesimus, and others whose comforting ministrations he so much needed here? Did these old walls glow like ruby and blaze like pillars of fire as the Spirit of God filled the dwelling? Was it out from these doors the great apostle—the one hero since the days of Christ—was led to his 'first answer' when no man stood by him, but all men forsook him and left him to go unattended to the palace of Nero, there to stand all alone?" Over the door leading to these chambers is the superscription, "*Cum autem venissemus Romam, permissum est Paulo manere sibimet cum custodiente se milite.* A. A., *cap.* xxviii."* Of course this is only modern in its date. Paul went about the streets of Rome chained to a Roman soldier, glad that one hand was free, and that he could liberate men from the bonds of sin by the power of the gospel. In these chambers he wrote his first epistle from Rome to the Ephesians. His reference to his state is very delicate indeed: "But that ye also may know of my affairs and how I do, Tychicus, a beloved brother and faithful minister in the Lord, shall make known to you all things."

I went down through the *Ghetto* close to the Tiber, where in a few narrow, crowded streets and lanes with lofty buildings, there live nearly five thousand Jews. There are swarms of dirty children, women and men, all busy, and all dirty. Shops are partly in the streets—indeed largely in the streets. Their sitting-rooms are on the streets—anywhere. But the Hebrews once saw a better day in Rome than now, as Rome has seen better days. The city in Paul's time was occupied by many

* But when we came to Rome, Paul was permitted to dwell by himself with the soldier that guarded him. Acts of the Apostles, chapter xxviii. 16.

Hebrews. As I looked into the faces of these children of Jacob the gathering of their elders together by the apostle came before me. The elders of the Jews were the first to receive the illustrious prisoner's attention in Rome. To them he addressed the memorable words, "Men and brethren, though I have committed nothing against the people or the customs of our fathers, yet was I delivered prisoner from Jerusalem into the hands of the Romans: who, when they had examined me, would have let me go, because there was no cause of death in me. But when the Jews spake against it, I was constrained to appeal unto Cæsar; not that I had aught to accuse my nation of. For this cause therefore have I called for you, to see you, and to speak with you: because that for the hope of Israel I am bound with this chain."

They desired to hear from him what he thought, for they had heard the Christian cause "spoken against," but "some believed the things which were spoken, and some believed not," so that "they agreed not among themselves;" but here Paul continued to receive "all that came to him."

I made a journey far out the Appian Way toward Appii Forum and the Three Taverns. It is a narrow, splendidly paved road which was constructed over three hundred years before the birth of Christ, and here and there is closely hedged in by close dingy walls. Still on every side are the relics of the centuries agone. A church stands upon a spot where it is asserted by tradition that Christ met the Apostle Peter who inquired of him where he was going: "*Domine quo vadis?*" to which Jesus answered: "*Venio iterum crucifigi,*" I am going to be crucified; at which it is asserted, Peter, ashamed of his cowardice, returned to Rome and met death heroically. The marble stone containing the prints of the feet of Christ is shown with great sacredness. On every hand as one proceeds are the monumental tombs and catacombs of past ages. Upon this old Roman road Paul came to Rome from Puteoli, where he had left the ship. Some of the company preceded him to the city while he "found brethren" who desired him "to tarry with them seven days" at Puteoli, and thus tidings of

his coming preceded his entering Rome. And from here the brethren of the church went out this road to meet him as far as Appii Forum and the Three Taverns; whom when Paul saw he thanked God and took courage.

There can be no doubt but that over this Roman road Paul was led to Rome by the soldiers from Cæsarea. This was his first visit to Rome. Perhaps only Luke the "beloved physician" was with him, besides the soldiers. This highway had then been the great thoroughfare for four hundred years, and throngs of people would be going to and from the city when he came near it. From the eminence quite outside the walls he could see around him everywhere the marks of culture and power. On the right was the beautiful valley down which the aqueduct carried the water for the proud city. Far beyond rose the Sabean mountains,—ranges of the Apennines,—close by him in the rear the villa and home of Seneca, the philosopher and tutor of Nero. In front was the valley of the Tiber, in which lay the Eternal City. The palace of Claudius, Caligula, and Tiberius on the Palatine Hill showed their black ruins to his wondering eye as examples of the ambition of Nero, whose golden palace now stood just before him in its grandeur, stretching from the Palatine Hill across the valley of the Colosseum and far up the Esquiline Hill. It was a pageant such as he had perhaps never seen when his eye rested on the terrestrial. But he was a prisoner in chains. How could he hope to receive justice of Nero? Did not the spirit testify that bonds and afflictions awaited him in every city? What an hour of trial it must have been to Paul as he went down this narrow, smooth way to the city. How he yearned for the churches and brethren he had left behind, and longed to "impart some spiritual gift" to those whom he might find in Rome.

As I went down that Appian Way I could almost see the imprisoned apostle walking among the brethren who had met him, though bound, the boldest and most courageous of all the company.

While spending these days at Rome I got an entirely new

view of the amount and grandeur of the work done by Paul during the two years while a prisoner there, and under the most discouraging circumstances. Besides the letter to the Ephesians he wrote about the same time that to the Colossians, asking the church at Colosse to "continue in prayer." "Withal praying also for us, that God would open unto us a door of utterance to speak the mystery of Christ, for which I am also in bonds." Among the early converts of Paul's ministry here was Onesimus, the escaped servant of Philemon of Colosse. This also caused Paul to write about the same time of the other epistles mentioned, that unique private epistle to Philemon, the "dearly beloved and fellow-laborer," in which he beseeches Philemon for love's sake "being such an one as Paul the aged and now also a prisoner of Jesus Christ." At other times he alludes to his bonds and afflictions, but here alone to his burden of years. How deep and tender and self-sacrificing the great soul of the apostle we can not tell, as he sent Onesimus away with the hope that he also might have favor of God and be relieved shortly. Could it be that the prison-life of Paul had something to do in cultivating in him that heart of Christ-like tenderness and love? Let us read a few verses he wrote to Philemon:

"I beseech thee for my son Onesimus, whom I have begotten in my bonds: which in time past was to thee unprofitable, but now profitable to thee and to me: whom I have sent again: thou therefore receive him, that is, mine own bowels: whom I would have retained with me, that in thy stead he might have ministered unto me in the bonds of the gospel: but without thy mind would I do nothing; that thy benefit should not be as it were of necessity, but willingly. For perhaps he therefore departed for a season, that thou shouldest receive him forever; not now as a servant, but above a servant, a brother beloved, especially to me, but how much more unto thee, both in the flesh, and in the Lord? If thou count me therefore a partner, receive him as myself. If he hath wronged thee, or oweth thee ought, put that on mine account; I Paul have written it with mine own hand, I will repay it: albeit I do not say to thee how thou owest unto me even thine own self besides. Yea, brother, let me have joy of thee in the Lord: refresh my bowels in the Lord. Having confidence in thy obedience I wrote unto thee, knowing that thou wilt also do more than I say. But withal prepare me also a lodging: for I trust that through your prayers I shall be given unto you."

What a heart of love pleading for "love's sake!"

But Paul, the prisoner in Rome, whose preaching, though chained, awakened many until not only Onesimus but great numbers are saved, embracing even those of "Cæsar's household," and causing that many others should preach the word "with great boldness," can not forget the first church he had founded in Macedonia. His heart bounds beyond the sea. He writes his epistle to the Philippians also. It is one of the most tender of all his writings, and in it he makes more frequent reference to his "bonds" than in any other. It was written latest. These afflictions were heavy and hard, and brought wonderful experience to him. His trial was soon to occur. He should answer not before the Jews nor Felix nor Festus, but perchance before the proud and mighty Nero. He will soon "see how it will go" with him. Yet he is not without hope; for he promises not only to send Epaphroditus, his "brother and companion in labor," as well as Timothy, to them, but says, "I trust in the Lord that I also myself shall come shortly." This hope was not without realization, at least in part. After a short season of release, in which he again visited a few of the places of his former ministry, and anticipates meeting many of his fellow-laborers, he is seized and brought again to Rome. Here then in the severity of the last imprisonment and trial he is almost alone. Demas had forsaken him, "having loved this present world" and gone to Thessalonica. Crescens had departed for Galatia and Titus for Dalmatia, and Tychicus had been sent to Ephesus, and only Luke was with him in this great trial. What a privilege he had! He was with him at the first in Rome, and with him at the last. In this time of imprisonment Paul wrote his last Epistle to Timothy, a second letter addressed to his "son in the gospel." The depths, and scope, and love, and sadness, and joy, and triumph of Paul never appeared to me until one day I went down into the dark chamber of the Mamertine prison in which he was probably then confined. He asks Timothy to come to him, and bring Mark also, saying, "At my first answer no man stood with me, but all men forsook me." "Notwithstanding the Lord stood with me, and strength-

ened me; that by me the preaching might be fully known, and that all the Gentiles might hear: and I was delivered out of the mouth of the lion."

In this great and historic city, amid the memory of these scenes, we can not forget two incidents which gave the apostle great joy. The one was the diligent searching out of his place by Onesiphorus of Ephesus when he was in Rome, and who was not ashamed of Paul's chain; the other, that mindful contribution sent by Epaphroditus from the church at Philippi, who had twice before relieved his wants when he was at Thessalonica. Though Paul had learned how to abound and how to be abased, and "to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and to suffer need," by the thoughtfulness of that church he was "full, having received the things which were sent," by which they had communicated with his affliction, in that which was indeed "an odor of a sweet smell," the perfume of which is precious until now. Such deeds are immortal.

During the imprisonment of Paul here there were with him up to his sending away his first three epistles, Timothy, Tychicus, Onesimus, Aristarchus, Markus, Justus, Epaphras, Luke, and Demas. When he wrote to Philippi his epistle he mentions only Timothy and Epaphroditus; but during his imprisonment Crescens and Titus are with him for a season. In the last epistle, sent to Timothy, he mentions Eubulus, Pudens, Linus, and Claudia as bearing some part with him.

Whatever may have been the influence of Paul's prison-life upon his spirit and character and the character of his writing I can not venture to speak of them here. It was a matter of intense interest. While at Rome, one day after visiting the "hired house" and Mamertine prison, I collected the references made by Paul to his imprisonment in the epistles written during his confinement here. It may be of interest to read them now.

In the Ephesians we have these: "I Paul, the prisoner of Jesus Christ, for you gentiles," (chapter iii. 1). And it was for his labors for the gentiles that he was in bonds here. "I desire that ye faint not at my tribulations for you" (chapter iii. 13); "I therefore, the prisoner of the Lord, beseech you that ye walk worthy of the vocation wherewith ye are called,"

(chapter iv. 1). "And for me that utterance may be given unto me, that I may open my mouth boldly, to make known the mystery of the gospel, for which I am an embassador in bonds, that therein I may speak boldly as I ought," (chapter vi. 19, 20, and two succeeding verses.) In Colossians he alludes to his prison-state four times: "Who now rejoice in my sufferings for you, and fill up that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ in my flesh for his body's sake, which is the church," (chapter i. 24). "Withal praying also for us, that God would open unto us a door of utterance, to speak the mystery of Christ, for which I am also in bonds," (chapter iv. iii). "All my state shall Tychicus declare unto you," (chapter iv. 7). "Remember my bonds," (chapter iv. 18). In the short epistle to Philemon he speaks four times in reference to his state. "Paul, a prisoner of Jesus Christ," (verse 1). "Paul the aged, and now also a prisoner of Jesus Christ," (verse 9). "He might have ministered unto me in the bonds of the gospel," (verse 13). "There salute thee Epaphras my fellow-prisoner in Christ Jesus," (verse 23). In Philippians the references to his imprisonment are very touching indeed. "The things which happened unto me have fallen out rather unto the furtherance of the gospel: so that my bonds in Christ are manifest in all the palace, and in all other places; and many of the brethren in the Lord, waxing confident by my bonds, are much more bold to speak the word without fear. Some indeed preach Christ even of envy and strife: and some also of good will: the one preach Christ of contention, not sincerely, supposing to add affliction to my bonds." (Chapter i. 12-16.) "As both in my bonds and in the defense and confirmation of the gospel ye all are partakers of my grace," (chapter i. 7). "The same conflict which ye saw in me and now hear to be in me," (chapter i. 30). "If I be offered upon the sacrifice and service of your faith," (chapter ii. 17). "So soon as I shall see how it will go with me," (chapter ii. 23). "Lest I should have sorrow upon sorrow," (chapter ii. 27). In his Second Epistle to Timothy we have these passages which refer to his perilous state: "Be not thou therefore ashamed of the testimony of the Lord, nor of me his prisoner," (chapter i. 8). "For the which cause I also suffer these things," (chapter i. 12). "All they which are in Asia be turned away from me," (chapter i. 15). "Wherein I suffer trouble as an evil-doer, even unto bonds," (chapter ii. 9). "At my first answer," etc., (chapter iv. 16, 17.) Then, as though to light a candle to burn on and on above the head of every suffering, toiling, persecuted, and afflicted follower of Christ, as he saw the end just ahead, his prison-life at a close at last, and the storms subsiding with him in an eternal calm, he says, "For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand: I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing." (II. Timothy iv. 6-8.)

Thus we have lingered around the "hired house" and this dungeon prison of the grandest character known on earth since Christ graced the humble paths of mortals. God's ways are mysterious. From the Wartburg prison, in the forests of Germany, God gave his Bible to the world. From the Bedford Jail he gave the world "Pilgrim's Progress." From the prison-home of Paul he gave the churches and the world these treasures. Shall not the afflicted, the burdened, the sorrowful, however humble, learn a lesson of faith and patience and labor from these meditations? There are times when we walk in darkness, and when there is no light. There are days of sore temptation and trial; there are seasons of loss and misfortune. There are times when our dearest beloved lie cold in the grave and our hearts are torn and bleeding and can not be comforted. All our joys have turned into bitterness, and we mourn in a sorrow of heart which we can pour out on no human bosom. In such an hour we may bear a testimony to Christ richer than ever before if we only listen to his words which say, "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me."

CHAPTER VII.

Naples — Scenes in Naples — Men — Women — Donkeys — Going to Market — Making Macaroni — Pompeii — History — Destruction — Long Sleep — Excursion — Streets — Character of the People — Lessons — Vesuvius — Various Eruptions — Railway — Ascending Vesuvius — Terror of the Mountain.

NAPLES is the largest city in Italy, containing a population of four hundred and fifty thousand. Its situation around the head of the Bay of Naples is one of the most picturesque and beautiful in the world. But while nature planted here a foundation for splendor, the people have built poorly indeed. A description of its crowded streets, high, old dwellings, braying donkeys laden with the products brought to the markets, of its Arab-like population which makes its numbers, and the shouting street-hawkers, would not be profitable, as the memory of much annoyance from some of them is not now pleasurable.

One day of my sojourn in southern Italy was given to a visit to the buried city of Pompeii. It lies about fourteen miles from Naples, and between Vesuvius and the Bay of Naples. A carriage drive of two and a half hours through one continuous street such as you have to these famous ruins can not be forgotten. The way lies around the head of the bay for several miles directly upon its banks, while lofty buildings look down upon you from the other side. In the bay hundreds of boats, large and small, lie at rest or are employed by fishermen. The streets all the way for miles seem to be one continuous market. Such a scene my eyes never looked upon. Men, women, and children, all dirty and half of them barefooted, and most of the women and children bareheaded,

crowd the street. Some were going to market one way and some the other; and others with a few figs or peaches or grapes were sitting down by the street or at the door of their house waiting for purchasers. Men were driving great carts with one, two, or three donkeys attached to them,—if three, always abreast,—while there were trains of donkeys, each having a great straw-basket, almost as large as an old-fashioned ash-hopper, on each side, filled with red-peppers, grapes, figs, or other fruits, and kept apart by a stick under the beast, often not much larger than a yearling calf, then a man or woman perched on top of the poor thing. Sometimes a great basket was set on the back of the donkey above the huge sacks, and the man was driving the creature along with a stout, short hold of its tail. Men were carrying great loads on their backs, and women were plodding along with from one to three children, and great bundles of something on their heads. Every little distance was an old man or a woman, or both, then a child, then a young woman with a child in her arms, running after the carriage begging until delighted with a ten-centime from us, or getting none they turned away cursing. All this made up a scene such as can only be equaled in Naples. Cruel men were beating their poor donkeys to get them along, and women were knitting and cooking and setting out their wares by the street. Here and there by the road-side women were sitting down examining the heads of the children or picking over the head of some neighbor. It was all a motley scene indeed.

I asked the driver what those great quantities of yellow strings were which had been hung up on poles to dry. They looked like strings of pie-dough. He told me it was macaroni. So it was. In those dirty places were hosts of men almost without clothing, working it out somehow with a machine, and hanging it on poles in the clouds of dust by the street to dry. It is a fine, delicious, and fashionable dish in America and elsewhere. Those who are fond of it, or intend to be, would do well not to make a trip from Naples to Pompeii.

To gain admittance to the ruins of Pompeii, one is required to pay forty cents. So large is the number of curious

visitors there that over eight thousand dollars are realized every year as gate-fees. But I cared not for two francs, and soon I was walking the stony streets of Pompeii, under the shadow of the ruined temples and walls of the doomed city. It was one vast tomb, in which Vesuvius had once buried a proud and populous city with relentless fury and terror. It was once a large city of perhaps not less than thirty thousand people. Of its history in early times there is much obscurity. Long before the Christian era it was a Grecian city, but became a resort for the old Romans. Early in the first century it became a Roman city, though its architecture as now seen is strongly Grecian. The sculpture and paintings now discovered in the ruins also show more largely the influence of Grecian thought. The first disaster to the city was by earthquake and volcanic ruins, February 5th, A. D. 63. Having been largely rebuilt, it was totally buried by Vesuvius, August 24th, A. D. 79. It is a mile, or perhaps nearly two miles, from the base of Vesuvius. In the destruction first came a shower of ashes three feet deep. During this, most of the people escaped. But many had returned to seek their valuables, when red-hot fragments of pumice-stone, melted stone, rained down like molten leaden drops to a depth of eight feet on the city and surrounding country, and buried it in one awful tomb. It is believed that not less than ten thousand persons perished in its destruction. The earthquake so changed the course of the river Sarnus, and the disaster to the city was so complete, that its location was finally lost to the world, and for over sixteen hundred years Pompeii lay almost wholly unknown and undisturbed in its tomb of ashes and lava. In these centuries some excavations were made and some of its treasures carried away, but soon it sunk into oblivion. About the close of the seventeenth century some ruins were discovered, and toward the middle of the eighteenth century, excavations under the direction of Charles III. were made, and the real site of Pompeii became again known to the world. Since A. D. 1860 the work has gone on as it is doing to-day. Yet over one half the city is entirely cov-

ered, no traces of the streets or even of the buildings being visible. The streets are narrow, the widest being only thirty feet, crossing at right angles, and are paved with square stones from one to two feet in size. These stones are cut in ruts of wagons half a foot deep, while the horses which walked here thousands of years ago have left their tracks in the worn holes almost a foot deep in many streets. The houses are yet standing, that is, their walls, with mosaic floors and walls often of marble-like plaster, on which are many and well-defined paintings. Quantities of statuary adorn ruined halls, fountains, baths, and altars, and thrones of gods. Splendidly designed theaters, palaces, and shops are everywhere to be seen. How many temples to the different gods I can not tell — there are many; and there are yet on the walls of the recently excavated buildings, paintings more than eighteen hundred years old, so obscene that they are closed against promiscuous companies of visitors.

Pompeii is now entirely uninhabited except here and there where those employed in carrying on the excavations are quartered. The old walls are in places patched up or repaired, with a view to preserve the staggering ruins. A number of men were lazily digging away and slowly removing the dirt. What treasures lie yet undiscovered none can tell, and ages will pass before the entire city will be uncovered. Of course the tops of the houses are entirely gone, and in the excavations only the lower walls and floors are disclosed. It is with sensations of indescribable wonder and subdued inquiry that one treads along those stone streets and under the shade of those old walls. Our company sat down amid the columns of an old temple to rest for a few moments, while an artist photographed the scene. A visit to Pompeii gives one a correct view of what a city of commingling Grecian and Roman ideas was in the time of our Lord upon earth. Its architecture and paintings and statuary show us the condition of society. Many chambers examined show clearly the obscenity and moral degradation of those of higher life. In the more recent excavations there have been found the places where numbers

of bodies of men and women had lain, and where their bones were in part or in whole preserved. By running plaster of Paris into those cavities around the bones the perfect forms of many thus lost have been secured. A number of these I was permitted to carefully examine. Some were lying upon the face, and others in various positions — sad mementos of an awful fate. As I looked at the evidences of the wickedness of ancient Pompeii, I could not forget how that over every unrepented and unforgiven wrong God has placed a moral Vesuvius whose lava of burning wrath must by and by fall. When old Pompeii was thus overtaken with horrid doom, men and women stopped in the midst of busy care and toil, and sin and pleasure, and crime and shame, and stood up before the Judge of all the earth. So shall our whole world be overtaken when the Son of man shall come!

"Oh! on that day, that wrathful day!
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away!"

The first view of old blazing, smoking, thundering Vesuvius from a car-window, journeying from Rome to Naples, about ten o'clock in the night, was a sight of peculiar majesty. Though at a distance of from ten to twenty miles, for an hour I watched its great cones of fire shooting now and then above the towering mount, and piercing the midnight darkness which hovered about it. Some days later I had the time and nerve and muscle to ascend old Vesuvius, the restless, thundering, smoking, burning mountain of destruction, which it is. Its eruptions are known to history as far as profane history can trace the events of this country, beyond the Christian era. Down to the sixteenth century nine eruptions are on record; since then half a hundred. Sometimes it has been quiescent for ages, and then burst forth in its awful ruin upon the cities and country about. It has sometimes thrown its contents to great distances. In 1872 our readers will remember an eruption to have occurred, among the most wonderful in its history. On the twenty-sixth of

April the height of the monster scene was witnessed, when twenty persons were overtaken and destroyed by the lava. The stream of lava then issued was one thousand yards wide and twenty feet deep, running three miles in twelve hours. This scene must have been apalling indeed, for the lava was thrown to a height of four thousand feet. The lava of this eruption is said to cover two square miles, at a depth of thirteen feet. At present its action is moderate, and the cone of the mountain is being heightened by the lava and stone thrown out.

A drive of an hour brought our company to the base of the black mountain. Then three hours' constant climbing the winding way, amid great flats of lava, then peaks of the black lava rock, then a sloping meadow covered with green, then an orchard or wood with chestnut-trees or vineyard, with here and there a pomegranate, passing by and beyond the spot where any vegetation is, brought our carriage to the lower end of the inclined railway. This ascent is more rugged and wild with every increasing turn in the way. The lava is rolled up and puffed up and piled up and twisted up, sometimes like hugh sea-monsters, then like bundles of rope, then like scrolls; sometimes dark, then black, then grayish.

At the railway station you take lunch, and then make the ascent. The cars are operated by powerful steam-works; and while one ascends another descends, meeting half way. This ascent is on an average at an angle of fifty-three feet perpendicular to one hundred of the slope. At the steepest it is sixty-three degrees. This continues for the distance of about one thousand yards. All is black slag and ashes on the mountain around us. The air is thin. By the car, in twelve minutes, you have reached the awful height of seven hundred and twenty feet perpendicular above the observatory, which is two thousand two hundred and eighty-six feet above sea-level at the mountain's base. The lava here is covered with the ashes and slag thrown from the crater. At the height reached by the cars you employ a guide and clamber up nearly one thousand feet higher, over ashes and slag and over the old crater to the base of the new one.

The climbing of the mountain among these Italian Arabs is a feat well performed if they do not get all of one's money. For example, after our nerves were put to the severest test from the trip up the inclined railway, we were met by not less than a dozen guides. Our company employed one of them; but they all wanted to do something. The guide, like an old road-horse, put up the mountain through the slag and ashes at a break-neck speed. This, of course, was to tire us out. Then these fellows want to "pull" us up. Every one had a rope of which we were asked again and again to take hold.

CRATER OF VESUVIUS.

To pull one to the first crater they charge three francs — sixty cents — and to the second, the highest, five more francs, or one dollar and sixty cents in all. Then another one will go behind and push for the same price. It is rather amusing to see a man tired out and scared by what is above and by the awful steeps below holding on to a rope and working his feet up as best he can, while at his back an Italian Arab is pushing away as if he were running a volcanic mountain.

Many persons are so terrified by the scene that they only get to the top of the railway and take the first car down again,

thanking their prudence, if not their God, that they are safely down from that awful place. There are few places on the globe where such sensations fill the soul and body of a man as when standing on Vesuvius. The roar and thunder-like tones which salute one from beneath clothe the mountain with stupendous terror. The lava under foot is hot, and I had to travel briskly to keep from burning my shoes. Soft, heated lava in rolls and puffs and twists, yellow with sulphur, spreads out and piles up about you on every hand. All about are crevices and openings from which roll up clouds of smoke and brimstone, which almost stifle one. The scenery here possesses an awfulness and sublimity combined. It is terrific! After the roar and hissing which makes the ears ring for an hour and the feet to tremble, great volumes, tons and tons, of heated stone and lava at a time are thrown hundreds of feet into the air and scattered in pieces amidst the brimstone and smoke! The pieces seem to threaten your safety, and the smoke and sulphur are quite disagreeable, and your feet are hot; but a sensation of bravery makes one firm. The sensations and experiences here on this angry mountain of fire were such as I had never felt before. This awful force of nature no philosopher has ever yet fathomed. Where these fires pick up the elements which are poured out without measure, none can tell! Cities have been deluged with awful death by its volumes of fire and lava! What it has yet in store for the villages about and for the stranger, who can forecast? It has gone on in its fiery fury for years and then nursed itself to sleep for centuries, only to burst forth with unexampled fury. What dangers lurk here one is curious to know? O Vesuvius, Vesuvius! How terrible, how awful its mission on our planet! The great Apostle Paul must have looked upon its flaming volumes as he passed around to Puteoli on his way to Rome. And still its old ugly brow frowns on every passer-by.

CHAPTER VIII.

Leaving Italy — Differences of Customs — Southern Italy — Its Appearance — Products — Canosa — The Battle-field of Hannibal — Storm on the Adriatic — Bible Descriptions — Corfu — Greek Clergy — The People — Our Palestine Company — Scene on Shipboard — Mohammedans at Prayer — Barren Hills of Greece — Dr. Schliemann — His Life — Mrs. Schliemann — Piræus — City of Plato.

WITH the closing days of September my sojourn in Italy came to an end. From Brindisi on the south-eastern coast of Italy our company was destined to sail across the Adriatic Sea. The English cars prevail all over the continent; but how widely different the people — their customs and manners as well as habits! For example, in England the people eat all the time; on the continent they do not more than half eat. In England there is breakfast at 7 : 00 to 8 : 00 A. M., lunch at 1 : 00 P. M., tea at 6 : 00 P. M., and dinner at 9 : 00 P. M. In France, breakfast at 8 : 00 A. M., and dinner at 6 : 00 P. M. In Italy, breakfast at 9 : 00 A. M., and dinner at 7 : 00 P. M. East of Italy the American custom modified prevails — coffee in the morning as desired, lunch at 11 : 00 A. M., and dinner at 6 : 00 P. M. Dinner is the "square meal."

A day's travel from Naples, through the country of the brigands, takes you beyond the termination of the Apennines. The country is somewhat rugged for a distance, but luxuriant in production. Figs, grapes, and pomegranates, and olive-orchards, are everywhere. There are grapes enough in Italy to supply and glut the markets of the world. From Foggia, a town of fifty thousand people,—where I had an all-night battle with bed-bugs, gnats, and mosquitoes, taking no pris-

NEW TESTAMENT WORLD.
Paul's tour with Barnabus Acts XIII,XIV,
" th " Silas Acts XV,XVIII,
" third miss'y tour Acts XVIII,XIV,
Voyage to Rome
Direction of travel indicated by arrow heads"
Modern Names Thus (Malta)
Scale of Miles
0 50 150 250
ROME
Three Taverns
Appii Forum
Tarentum
Brundusium
Puteoli
Naples
Narona
Dyrrhachium
Thessalonica
Pella
Berea
Philippi
Philippopolis
Adrianople
Byzantium
Constantinopolis
Nicomedia
Troas
Assos
Lesbos
Mitylene
Smyrna
Thyatira
Sardis
Philadelphia
Antioch (Pisidia)
Hierapolis
Ephesus
Colosse
Laodicea
Iconium
Lystria
Derbe
Dorylaeum
Amyra
Caesarea
Sebaste (Sivas)
Amasia
Halys
Corcyra
Cephallenia
Zakynthus
Athens
Corinth
Sparta
Cythera
Cyclades
Rhodes
Attalia
Perga
Pamphylia
Tarsus
Issus
Seleucia
Antioch
Beroea (Aleppo)
Hamath
Emesa
Damascus
Heliopolis
Tripolis
Berytus
Sidon
Tyre
Cyprus
Salamis
Paphos
Cnidus
Syracuse
Mt Etna
Melita (Malta)
Crete
Phenice
Clauda
Fair Havens
Cyrene
Ptolemais
Berenice
Cyrenaica
Praetorium
Alexandria
Mouths of the Nile
Zoan
Pelusium
Sin
Delta
Rameses
Caesarea
Joppa
Jerusalem
Dead Sea
Kadesh Barnea
Petra
Gaza
Galilee
Mts:
(Marash)
Adana
Taurus
Cilicia
Lycaonia
Phrygia
Galatia
Bithynia
Pontus
Paphlagonia
Cappadocia
Lydia
Mysia
Troas
Thessaly
Epirus
Macedonia
Thrace
Moesia
Pannonia
Illyricum
Dalmatia
Italy
Sicily
Malta
Black Sea
Great Sea
Mediterranean
Africa
Arabia
Syria
Palestine
Cyrenaica
Marmarica

oners,—the way to Brindisi, one hundred and fifty miles, lies largely along the shore of the Adriatic Sea. To the right, far away, were the outlines of picturesque mountains, while the country is level as a prairie, and quite reminds one of the great prairies of Illinois. It is very productive, and easily cultivated; yet there is no machinery. The fruits of the farther north are cultivated, and cotton-fields are of vast size.

At Canosa we were within three miles of the battle-field on which Hannibal conquered the Romans in the year 216 B. C. On the famous battle-field of *Cannæ* the Roman consuls with an army of eighty thousand footmen and six thousand horsemen were met by Hannibal with forty thousand footmen and ten thousand horsemen. History tells us that of the Romans scarcely a soldier was left to tell the tale, seventy thousand being left on the field and ten thousand being taken prisoners.

From Brindisi our vessel had scarcely put off to sea when it was struck with a gale, followed by a fearful storm. This proved to be the hardest night of all my journeyings. The vessel reared and pitched like a wild beast, mounting high upon the waves and then plunging down to great depths, then rolling as though to turn upon the side. For many hours the vessel could scarcely make six knots an hour. We were almost twenty-four hours making the passage of about one hundred and fifty miles. It seemed often as though the ship must surely be broken into pieces. And, oh! the sea-sick. Men, women, and children all sick; and oh, so sick! women crying, moaning, hallooing, vomiting, and begging for help. Dr. Schliemann, who was on board with his family, was badly cut in the head and face by a fall on the vessel during the storm. He said that though having crossed the Adriatic thirty times and traveled the world over he never was in such a gale. It seemed as if the end had come. I could not but remember the trip of the Apostle Paul over this same sea, of which Luke says, "And when neither sun nor stars in many days appeared, and no small tempest lay on us, all hope that we should be saved was then taken away." (Acts xxvii. 20.) "But when the fourteenth night was come, as we were

driven up and down in Adria, about midnight the shipman deemed that they drew near to some country." "Then fearing lest we should have fallen upon rocks, they cast four anchors out of the stern, and wished for the day." (Acts xxvii. 29.) No one can appreciate the last sentence of this quotation until tossed up and down in a Euroclydon. But our vessel rode the sea wildly. During the day the storm subsided, and toward evening we had a calm sea along the Turkish coast.

Whoever wrote the one hundred and seventh psalm had been at sea. Here it is — that which relates the experience of the seaman, beginning with the twenty-third verse and closing with the thirtieth:

"They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep. For he commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof. They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths: their soul is melted because of trouble. They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end. Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then are they glad because they be quiet; so he bringeth them unto their desired haven."

Before midnight our company were taken ashore on the Island of Corfu, in a small row-boat, and I set vigorously about the repairing of the wastes of a disordered stomach.

Corfu is one of the most delightful as well as largest of the Ionian Islands. It has about seventy-five thousand inhabitants, the city containing one third of that number. The occupancy of this island dates to the eighth century before Christ. From 1815 to a little over twenty years ago this with the other Ionian islands was under the protection of the English government. Since 1864 it has belonged to the kingdom of Greece. It is a beautiful place, and its surrounding water, and lofty rocks beyond, give it a picturesque frame-work such as is seldom seen in any spot on the globe. During the winter season many Englishmen resort to this mild and delicious climate to pass the winter months. King George of Greece has a residence here, and frequently spends a few months on

the island. There are several free schools for boys and also for girls, besides two other private schools. In these the different languages are taught.

At Corfu I first saw the Greek clergy. The priests were everywhere to be seen, going about the streets in long, heavy, black cloaks, similar to those worn by the Catholics in Italy. Instead of the broad-brimmed black hat they wear queer cylinder-like shaped caps. The dress of the women is hardly to be distinguished from that of American ladies, but many of the men wear the oriental costume of the Turks and the Greeks. Why they wear these baggy, petticoat-like breeches I do not know. Surely they are not handsome at all. Many of these have also on their heads the fez, or red scull-cap with black tassel. The women are handsome of feature and well attired. On evenings the walks and parks were thronged with people, who pass the time in walking about, engaged in conversation, while groups of children played in perfect freedom.

How I dreaded to get out to sea again. The first experiences on the Adriatic had been so terrible that I almost felt like a preacher on the Atlantic going to Europe, who inquired of an associate if there was not some way to return to America by land. He was very sea-sick. Often we are disappointed with unexpected pleasure. From Corfu through the Ionian Sea and the Archipelago the voyage was delightful; and though afterward I spent weeks on the Mediterranean I never missed a meal and never was troubled with sea-sickness. At Corfu five Americans met us, coming on the steamer from Triest. And this comprised our company for the entire trip through the Holy Land and Egypt. Here I give the names of the entire company:

Rev. W. H. Steck of Ardmore, Pennsylvania, a Lutheran minister; Rev. B. St. James Fry, D. D., editor of the *Christian Advocate*, St. Louis; Rev. W. DeLoss Love, jr., Lancaster, Massachusetts, a Congregational minister; Rev. W. S. Miller of Pittsburgh, a Presbyterian minister; J. F. Miller, Esq., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, Messrs. F. H. Shaw and Charles Shaw, Manchester, England, Hon. W. W. Sedgwick of Sandwich, Illinois, Hon. J. C. McGrew, Kingwood, West Virginia, W. E. Hagans, Esq., Chicago, Illinois, Dr. H. A. Thompson of Westerville, Ohio, and the writer. Mr. William Sharman of London attended the company as conductor.

Two nights and a day brought our steamer to Piræus, the port of Athens. On this voyage I first met oriental life. Besides the few Americans and Englishmen, there were German, Frenchmen, Italians, Greeks, Armenians, and Turks. The Turks, Albanians, and Greeks were a curiosity. Their queer red fez, and moccasin-like shoes with sharp toes turned up two or three inches high, with a bunch of hair on the end, and their baggy, petticoat-like breeches tucked up at the knees, as the Greeks wear, or their short, heavily-plaited skirts dangling around them, coming down half way to the knees, with their legs buckled up tight in pants or stockings protruding at great length, their great heavy coats or cloaks, covered with wool or hair six inches long, with their richly-colored undercoats, shown now and then as the great-coats were removed, made up a scene which amused one quite well indeed. They had some women with them; but most of them were oddly dressed and much of the time covered up from sight by blankets and umbrellas. Their faces were closely veiled, and at most nothing but the dark eyes could be seen. How they talked. The people,— Italians, Greeks, Albanians, Armenians, and Turks,— all talk fourteen times more than seems to be necessary; and especially did it seem so to one who could not understand one of their words in a fortnight. They are a wonderful people to gesture. Their whole bodies are called into motion. One thinks they will fight each other sure, and almost wishes they would and then be done with it. But I saw only one fight, and that was a rough boatman beating a lad so cruelly that I wanted to give him an American pounding. Among the cultured and refined of society this same amount of gesture is to be seen, even in private conversation, both from men and women. Among this class I notice the gesture is most graceful and expressive, and seems to be the prompting of a warm, earnest nature. I shall never forget the stately strut and keen suspicious look of one stout old Greek who had two wives with him. He had great fears that some person would see them, and at several times was well-nigh having a fight about his women. Knives, dirks, and clubs were the arms which they bore in abundance.

During all my journeyings in the orient I was often impressed with the devotion of the Mohammedans. When on ship they always scrupulously observe the hours of prayer. They would go out on deck and select a suitable place regardless of company, spread down a rug or mat, and turning their face toward Mecca, they would bow down, placing their hands on their knees and their foreheads upon the floor. Thus bowing and rising they would pray for a long time, but usually uttering no words. After praying awhile they would take a compass from the pocket, lay it down before them, and if the vessel had turned its course they would face about and continue their prayers. Nothing seemed to prevent their devotions when the hour for prayer came. Sometimes when they were employed unloading or loading the vessel when stopping to receive or discharge her cargo, they would suddenly quit work, go to one end of the boat, spread down a rug or a handkerchief, and perform their prayers and then return to their work. When in Damascus, Syria, taking a Turkish bath one day I saw a Mohammedan, whose bath was yet unfinished, turn aside to a divan and go through with his prayers, and then go back and complete his bath.

Passing through the Archipelago our vessel was constantly in sight of islands. Some of these are beautiful in their outline, but most of them bleak and barren. The entire coast of Greece seems to be a barren and rocky ruin of ages. Its history of thousands of years spreading over those battle-crowned hills and plains, snatched from oblivion by Homer, and then later by historians, lends a charm without which they would be desolate indeed. I have not space to allow even a little revel over the memory of these scenes of battle and conflict of the long, long ago, which would read like fairy tales. They are on the page of history, poetry, and mythology, and their bare fame covers the bald hills, while ruined cities lie buried out of sight, and treasures vast of sunken ships of war have lain for thousands of years in the deep Ionian sea.

This journey was made doubly interesting by the associa-

tion of the world-renowned researcher of antiquities, the learned antiquarian, Dr. Henry Schliemann, whom I found not only an agreeable traveling companion, but always ready to impart information upon subjects and places which our journey contemplated, and upon matters of antiquity in which he has caused a new era to dawn. He is a short, heavy man, with round German face, ruddy complexion, mustache, hair cut short to the head, wears gray pants, black vest and coat, and a little soft black hat with rim rolled up all round. I can not pass without giving the reader a little sketch of this wonderful man as he related it. His father was a poor German, and unlearned, but fond of history, and especially the writings of Homer. The young Schliemann having read the story of the burning of Troy, and seeing its illustrations, believed it to be a city the remains of which could be found. Looking at the pictures he said, "Why, there are the walls." He and his father then agreed that some time he should hunt up old Troy and uncover its ruins. This thought followed him through years of poverty as an errand-boy and as a sailor-boy; through a wreck of vessel in which he well-nigh was lost; through years of toil, clerkship, and study in St. Petersburg, where he learned the Greek language, as well as other languages; through the study of the French language, which he mastered in six weeks, and the English, which he learned by listening to an English preacher and saying his sermon over after him till he memorized it; through Syria, Egypt, and the East; through America, where he became a citizen of the United States by the admission of California as a state to the Union during his residence there; through fortunes of trade and commerce, which brought him wealth, until at last the time came for the redemption of his promise made in childhood to uncover ancient Troy. The history of his research is well known. The Turks ordered him stopped, and sued him for damages. When his errands to the treasures of long-gone ages brought up the relics of ancient Troy, the Greeks were jealous, and to use his own language, "could have crucified" him. I was afterward greatly

interested in examining the fruits of his research at Mycenæ. They have been presented by him to the Greek government, and are placed in a very splendid and commodious museum in Athens. It is a rich gift to Greece and to the world as well. The home of Dr. Schliemann is in Athens, where he owns the most handsome residence in the city. He speaks with great appreciation of the sympathy America, as well as England, has shown his work. During the excavations he employs from one hundred and twenty-five to one hundred and fifty workmen constantly. His wife is a tall, commanding woman, apparently much younger than he, and possessed of great intelligence.

Wednesday morning, October 5th, our vessel drove into the Bay of Salamis, and at nine o'clock A. M. we were under the harbor of Piræus, the port of Athens. What a scene presented itself to view! I counted over seventy-five small row-boats, fantastically painted, all crowding around the vessel to convey the passengers ashore. Such rowing, and paddling, and talking, and gesturing, and climbing to get on the vessel as were then to be witnessed beggar description. But I was at last on the classic shore of Greece.

Piræus is a city of about twenty-five thousand people, with narrow, crowded streets. The shops are small and the markets thronged. Here again are the donkeys loaded with great, luscious grapes. The walks of the streets are crowded with the cafenets, or eating, drinking, and smoking places. Hosts of men, some well dressed, many barefooted and dirty, sat sipping wine by the hour, and smoking cigarettes or the pipe. Many of them were seated on the ground, tugging away at the nargile, which is a great pipe with three or four stems to it, and bottles of rose-water below the bowl. The smoke thus has to pass through the rose-water, which of course cools it and gives it a peculiar flavor. Italy, France, and Greece are wonderful for drinking. But the people do not get drunk. Water is used for purposes of navigation, and by some for ablution; but as for drink, they use wine. Still, they do not become intoxicated. They have too much sense and leisure.

They take drinks at a slow pace. An hour will be put in at a stand smoking and sipping at a dram. In America the hot poison stuff is poured down the throat like a flame of fire in a straw-stack; and before an Italian, Frenchman, or Greek will have finished one dram, the American will have gone from one saloon to another and swallowed a dozen drams and become fearfully drunk!

There is a railroad from Piræus to Athens, only a distance of five miles. It is short, but all that Greece has; and it brought me to the renowned and ancient city where Plato, Socrates, and Aristotle taught more than two thousand years ago, and in sight of the academic groves west of the city; and towering Mars' Hill, in the midst of which the great Apostle Paul stood more than eighteen hundred years ago and proclaimed Jesus Christ the risen and ascended Lord to the "men of Athens" while his "spirit was stirred in him," as he waited for the coming of Timothy and Silas, seeing the "whole city given to idolatry!"

CHAPTER IX.

Athens — Early History — Location — Surrounding Mountains — Hymettus — Pentelicus — Aigaleos — Lycabettus — Pass of Daphne — Sacred Way — Temple of Ceres — Eleusis — Worship of Ceres — Modern Athens — Athenians — Greek Churches — Ancient Athens — The Acropolis — The Parthenon — Erectheum — Statue of Minerva — Propylæa — Temple of Wingless Victory — Temple of Jupiter — Temple of Theseus — Pnix — Story of Demosthenes — Odeum of Herodes — Theater of Bacchus — Stadium — Agora — Mars' Hill — Temple of Mars — Paul with the New Philosophy — On Mars' Hill — Surroundings — The Discourse — Leaving Athens.

THE pages of history will always record Athens as the representative of ancient philosophy and idolatry. Its history comes dimly to us from almost a thousand years before the Christian era. Xerxes put it in ashes more than five hundred years before Christ, only to be rebuilt and adorned by Themistocles and Pericles, when its highest splendor was attained, more than four hundred years before the Christian era. Under the Macedonian empire it was a city of power; and though sometimes ruinously destroyed, in Roman times under Hadrian, Herodes, Antonius, and Marcus Aurelius, it was a city of splendor. For unbroken ages it was the center and seat of paganism and of the various schools of philosophy. This was true of it for more than a thousand years, even to the sixth century, when under Justinian its pagan temples were either torn down or converted into Christian churches, and its altars destroyed. It is claimed that three centuries before Christ it contained no less than half a million people, four hundred thousand of whom were slaves. For ages it has been looked upon as the wonder of the world. Its location is surely one of the strong-

est and most picturesque and balmy of any city on the globe. It is surrounded on every side by a plain slightly varying from five miles in width, broader or narrower. Southward beyond the plain is the beautiful Bay of Salamis; south-east the Hymettus Mountains; north-east the Pentelicus; and westward, beyond the plains and groves, the Aigaleos Mountains. North-east of the city is the Lycabettus, towering conically nearly eight hundred feet in height, from which a splendid view of the city and its surrounding plains may be secured. Nearly fourteen miles westward, through the Pass of Daphne, is Eleusis, where long ago Ceres was worshiped in the Eleusinian mysteries by the people of Athens. The temple of Ceres was one of the largest of all the Grecian temples, and its ceremonies, to which the initiated only were admitted, the most abominable. The ruins are vast, and show an immensity of proportions which well supports the historic statements respecting the place. The temple once destroyed by the Persians was soon restored by the Athenians, who ordered Ictinus, the architect of the Parthenon, to provide the plan of the new temple. It was consequently revived in the Doric style of architecture, under the eyes of Phidias, and during the splendid dominion of Pericles. Its foundations of marble still remain, while immense columns and fragments of columns, and statuary and carvings lie piled with wild ruin on ruin. In reaching Eleusis from Athens you pass over the ancient sacred way over which thousands of the Athenians used to journey, no doubt accompanied by Demosthenes and the later philosophers, and by the groves of the Schools, and by many ruins of old temples and tombs. One can not look upon the ruins of these temples and pass over the paths once trod by the worshipers in them without wondering at the power of the faith which held multiplied thousands of cultured people to such myths and fabulous stories of the gods and goddesses as were related in the temple at Eleusis.

Modern Athens is not wholly unlike its former self, in every respect, though but indeed the shadow of that which was. The houses of a considerable part of the city are of marble,

or plastered white, and are very beautiful, while the king's palace and gardens toward the center lend a charm to the city. These more comfortable dwellings are modern in construction, but usually with flat roofs, and present a tasty appearance. The larger portion of the city has narrow, crowded streets, though not so dirty as those of Rome, and houses poor enough indeed. The people are swarthy. The men are strong and active, while the women seen are of great variety of appearance. The lower class are exceedingly homely, while the middle class are often exceedingly handsome, with round features and piercing eyes. The higher class of men are as splendid specimens of humanity as are anywhere to be met on the globe. There are a number of schools for boys, as well as others for girls. Athens has a university, with fifty professors and teachers and a large attendance of students, which gives a full university course. It has one English church and some Protestant-Greek churches, with a number of Greek churches. Its present population is not far from fifty thousand. Many of the people dress in the Greek, Turkish, and Albanian costumes, while most of the more wealthy class dress according to modern European customs. Many of the peasant-women have on a simple gown, and a heavy sack, while their heads, and often their feet, are left to go bare. Now and then a woman may be seen in Grecian dress, with a red fez or close skull-cap, with a yellow or blue tassel dangling from the top. The men are exceedingly dirty in the markets, while in the evenings numbers of well-dressed men assemble in the drinking-places on the streets or cafenets to gamble, drink, and smoke. The people are shrewd, and generally well educated. The great masses of the people do not attend religious services at all, and the Greek churches have no accommodations for them. These churches are gorgeously, not to say idolatrously, painted and filled with images and altars, but have no seats for the people. I attended one service, at which the priests were performing their semi-heathen ceremonies, and a few people came in and made crosses on their breasts and foreheads, and knelt down a few

times, looking sad, and then went away, while the priests and choir went on with their worship.

It is upon the Athens of twenty-two and twenty-five centuries ago that one looks again and again with ever-increasing wonder. Turn the eye in any direction and it is met by relics of ancient philosophy and paganism combined, which enable the present age to test the records of history and make a comparison, or at least a contrast, of these systems of the past with the products of the civilization of the Christian world of to-day. That which has long been mythical and dreamy becomes real, and that which you esteemed only as the vision of a dead poet, rises up in its stalwart skeleton clad in the dusty garb of ages.

In the center of these century-crowned ruins, and almost in the center of the city, is the Acropolis, a great hill over one

ATHENS, WITH THE ACROPOLIS.

thousand one hundred feet in length, and nearly half as wide, with a height of three hundred feet above the level of the city. From the Acropolis, as well as from the Lycabettus, a

commanding view of the city is presented to the eye. Over the broad surface of the Acropolis, sloping slightly from the center, stand vast ruins.

The Parthenon, the great temple of Minerva, the virgin goddess of Athens, over two hundred feet in length and one hundred feet wide, built by Pericles and Phidias, four hundred and thirty-eight years before Christ, crowns the Acropolis. Its cost is given at three million five hundred thousand dollars. Its Ionic columns and its walls were entire of Pentelicus marble. No less than thirty-two of these columns are yet standing. They are heavily fluted, six and one fourth feet in diameter and over thirty-four feet high. In this temple stood the goddess Minerva,—whose temple it was,—draped in solid gold, and her breast adorned with ivory. This goddess stood upon the towering height of almost forty feet, garbed in gold of ten thousand pounds! In one hand she held a shield, and in the other an uplifted glistening spear. The figures of Theseus, Hercules, the river god, and many others, were in the Parthenon. It is justly regarded the most wonderful specimen of Greek architecture.

Near to this temple of the virgin, on the north-east of the Acropolis, stand the ruins of the Erechtheum, the most revered of all the Athenian temples, as its delicate, marvelous, and exquisite carvings yet well attest. Homer says Erechtheus was born of the earth and nurtured by the goddess Athena, and by her installed in her Athenian temple, where the Athenians offer to him annual sacrifice. It must have stood here completed four hundred years before Christ was born in Bethlehem. It was a splendid temple, with porticoes of fluted columns on the north and east and south. Between the Erechtheum and the Parthenon stood the bronze statue of Athena (Minerva), the work of Phidias. Its height is believed to have been sixty feet.

On the west end of the Acropolis stand the ruins of the Propylæa, built four hundred and thirty-seven years before Christ, at a cost, it is said, of four hundred thousand pounds! It also is of Pentelic marble. It was one hundred and sev-

THE PARTHENON.

enty feet in length, while a flight of sixty steps, over seventy feet wide, led to the portico sixty-nine feet broad, guarded by six fluted Doric columns. There are two wings on the north and south, twenty-four feet wide, projected by the sides of the portico. The fronts of these faced each other with a porch of three Doric columns. Its surroundings of ruins suggest a temple of grandeur.

West of the southern end of the Propylæa stands the Temple of Wingless Victory, of a somewhat later date, erected in honor of the goddess Athena, under a different character and name.

Directly east from the Acropolis, in the lower part of the city, are the massive columns of the Temple of Jupiter, called the Olympium. Of its one hundred and twenty-four tremendous columns of the Corinthian order, fifteen are standing and one is lying prostrate. This temple, begun in the earlier history of Athens, by Pisistratus, in honor of the god Zeus Olympus, seems to have waited more than six hundred years for its completion, and was not dedicated until the time of Hadrian, A. D. 136. It was three hundred and fifty-four feet long and one hundred and seventy-one feet wide, and over fifty-five feet high. The columns of marble are six feet four inches in diameter. Now, after the lapse of rolling centuries, most of the marble of the Temple of Jupiter has been removed. The worship of Jupiter long ages ago became a myth; and under the shadows of these old, lonely columns, on the gravel earth, I saw men collect, and around tottering tables there sit and drink wine to gods of their own fancy.

The best preserved of all the temples of the gods is the Temple of Theseus, which stands almost without the loss of a single part—a relic of the architecture and service of the gods from beyond the dark ages and beyond the Christian era. It is much smaller than the Parthenon or the Temple of Jupiter, being one hundred feet in length, but shows the same style of architecture as the former. It has fluted Doric columns, and the frieze around the top is crowded with representations in marble of the achievements of the gods. It is

not a little remarkable that its preservation from complete destruction is owing to its having been converted into a Christian church. It is now a museum, and contains a number of the most valuable discoveries of recent excavations, but without order or arrangement.

South-west from the Acropolis is the Pnyx, where the parliament of the Athenians assembled. The form is nearly that of a semi-circle, with the *Bema* or pulpit of solid rock remaining. The *Bema* is a part of the great perpendicular rock, which forms the rear of the Pnyx. The area of the court is said to contain about twelve thousand square yards; and not less than eight thousand people might stand upon it. It was not provided with seats, as was the Stadium, or with awnings, such as the theaters, which had both seats and awnings; but from this *Bema* of rock, almost a dozen feet high and ten feet wide, Demosthenes, Pericles, Themistocles, Aristides, and Solon used to thunder forth their great orations in the hearing of the assembled Athenians. If the wind blew from the north then as when I tried my voice just a little on it, there is no wonder Demosthenes tried to strengthen his voice by speaking with pebbles in his mouth.

It is related that once when Demosthenes was speaking to the Athenians upon a subject which he esteemed of great importance the people grew listless and drowsy. The orator called loudly for their attention, stating that he had a story to relate to them. Their attention being partly regained, he began to tell them about a certain Greek who, he alleged, had hired a donkey to go from Athens to Mezarra. He fell into a quarrel with another who joined him on the journey, and who persisted in walking in the shadow of the donkey. The first man contended that he had hired the donkey and his shadow, while the other as stoutly claimed that the shadow was not his alone, but belonged to himself as well. Here Demosthenes discontinued the story. Great numbers called out, demanding that the story be completed. To this Demosthenes replied: "O ye Athenians, will ye hear me when I tell you a story of an ass, and give no heed when I speak to you con-

cerning matters of greatest importance?" This address of the Athenian orator would not be wholly inapplicable to some American audiences.

South of the Acropolis and immediately against it at the western end was the Odeum of Herodes, a vast theater, with a diameter of two hundred and forty feet within the walls, and seats for six thousand persons. There are large portions of its walls remaining, and its seats show almost perfectly its structure.

Directly eastward and at the south-east of the Acropolis is the theater of Bacchus, which for ages has been completely covered, but by recent excavations has been opened to perfect view. It was founded and constructed in the early history of Athens, and was probably completed by Lycurgus three hundred and forty years before Christ. After destruction had fallen to it the Emperor Hadrian restored it A. D. 117. It was again restored two hundred years later. The marble seats or chairs for the different priests of the gods remain in their places where they were covered for many centuries. Many fragments of statuary and carvings remain, showing the spirit of the god of wine.

Eastward from the Temple of Jupiter and across the Ilissus streamlet, and on its southern banks, is the great Panathenaic Stadium, where the Grecian games and races were performed in the open air, under the gaze of the assembled thousands. It was planned by Lycurgus (B. C. 340). The length of the course is six hundred and sixty-three feet, and the width one hundred feet. It is a great amphitheater excavated, leaving the hill sloping upward on either side and at the southern end in a circle. On either side were eleven tiers of seats, and seven in the circular end, with a stand or porch for the judges. The racers started at the circular end, running down on one side and returning on the other to the place of beginning, where was the final prize, the first being at the north end. It had seats for fifty thousand people, who there assembled to witness the races of the athletes. The entire Stadium was of Pentelicus marble, which glistened in the sun like a sea of

fire. At the time of Hadrian, history tells us it was the scene of gladiatorial contests; and that emperor presented one thousand wild beasts to be hunted in the Stadium at a season when he was present. The outlines of the Stadium and its form remain as at the beginning, and a small portion of the marble wall at the circular end; but most of the marble of its splendor was long ago burned into lime in the very arena. Never until climbing over this great structure in the earth, looking down from its height to the arena below, and then looking up to the seats where once sat fifty thousand Athenians watching from every side the games below, did I understand the force of the apostle's allusion to such a spectacle when he says, "Wherefore, seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us."

Between the Pnyx on the south-west and the Acropolis on the east and the Areopagus on the north lay the Agora, or market-place, filled with statuary in the time of the glory of Athens, and with many altars. Here the people were wont to assemble and spend "their time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing." Now it is unoccupied, and great cacti and a few small trees adorn its bare face, once crowned by the glory of the gods.

West of the Acropolis and north of the Agora is the Areopagus, or Mars' Hill, on which the high senate, which was the criminal court of Athens, held its sessions. It was called Mars' Hill from its being the place of the trial of the god Mars. It is an almost perpendicular rock on the south, east, and north, and is several hundred feet long and ninety feet wide, though not so high as the Acropolis. It is about thirty feet above the Agora, — the front. It had no temple on it, though the Temple of Mars is believed to have stood quite against it on the south side and to the west of the center. It was from this place "in the midst of Mars' Hill" that the Apostle Paul preached his memorable discourse to the "men of Athens." Fifteen steps remain perfect on the south side, by

means of which the ascent was gained. They are seen near the middle of the rock as shown in our illustration.

Here we have a view of the great apostle, such as is nowhere else to be obtained. At other places we have him in "labors oft," in others we see him "made a spectacle unto the world, and to angels and to men," hungry and thirsty and naked and buffeted, having no certain dwelling-place, "always bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus." At other places we behold him amid the breaking of the tender bonds of those who sorrowed most because they should see his face no more; but at Athens we have Paul in a crucial

MARS' HILL.

hour when the test of the profoundest philosophies of ancient Greece must be put to the gospel he preached. Here must be tested his ability to present through Christ in the presence of the renowned philosophers of the world, the profounder philosophy which should overshadow all the loftiest thoughts of men. In the very citadel of Grecian paganism with its frowning temples and altars and idols on every side he has to declare that the Godhead was not "like unto gold or silver, or stone, graven by art and man's device." As I read that discourse on Mars' Hill, sitting where Paul stood, my heart was overwhelmed and I wept as a child.

Paul was fresh from the prison of Philippi, where he had been beaten "openly and uncondemned," and where God had given triumph and salvation at the midnight, and from the uproar and assault of Thessalonica, and latest from Berea where the Jews "came thither also and stirred up the people." The brethren had come with him to Athens. He had not before visited this great and proud city. Fifty miles away in Mount Parnassus was the oracle of Delphi, and a few miles away the Eleusinian Temple, wherein the mysteries of Ceres the goddess were celebrated. Athens was crowded with the splendor of temples to the gods. Paul returned word to Timothy and Silas "to come to him with all speed." He was lonesome amid those surroundings.

Perhaps for a season the apostle sought rest and passed a few days observing the character and life of the citizens. He had seen the theater of their games, and the groves and porches of the schools and philosophers, and well enough understood the teachings of the learned of Athens of former times. Temple after temple of marble with costly adornment reared to the gods met his eye. He beheld the devotions of the people, and heard their inquiry after philosophy—"for all the Athenians and strangers which were there spent their time in nothing else, but either to tell or to hear some new thing." This aroused his thoughts. The pagan worship made him tremble with jealousy for the true God. "His spirit was stirred in him when he saw the city wholly given to idolatry." He must be about his Master's business. Two opportunities are open to him, and two fields before him. There is his "heart's desire and prayer to God for Israel" that they may be saved. First he sought the synagogue of the Jews, and discussed and taught "Jesus and the resurrection." Next was the Agora or market-place, between Areopagus the seat of the highest senate, and the Pnyx where the largest gatherings of the people were held. Here were "devout persons" to whom he preached Christ; but here also were collected day by day the philosophers of the Epicureans and of the Stoics. With these he soon came in contact, for they "encountered him."

Yet they felt the force of his preaching. He was probably not imposing in appearance; a man of small stature, and possibly slow of speech. He seemed to be a "babbler" or base fellow; yet his thought, his teaching, his stirred and stirring spirit made him seem to them a "setter forth of strange gods;" for to them also he preached "Jesus and the resurrection." These subjects were wonderful within themselves. Amid the altars which stood in the Agora and deaf gods about him and in the temples, he told of the crucifixion of Christ in Jerusalem and of his wonderful rising from the tomb of Joseph the third day. There was no story of all the gods of Athens like that. For very desire to "hear some new thing" these philosophers who alone would have the right to do so, "took him and brought him into Areopagus, saying, 'May we know what this new doctrine whereof thou speakest is? For thou bringest certain strange things to our ears; we would know therefore what these things mean.'"

It is early in the morning. The court has just adjourned. The philosophers and judges are still on their seats, and the crowds are assembled in the Agora. The sun is up from beyond the Hymettus, and is lifting his silvery face above the Temple of Jupiter and over the Parthenon, and above the statue of Minerva. The apostle ascends the steps of stone cut in the solid rock. As the summit of the steps is reached, in his front, a little to the right and below him, full in sight, is the Temple of the Winds, with its figures, devices, and dials glistening in the sunlight. Far away across the city, northward, his eye rests on the groves and porches of the Schools, while in the same direction, but only a few paces distant, is the magnificent temple to the god Theseus. As he advances westward to "the midst of Mars' Hill," the hill of the Nymphs is before him, and southward under the cover of the hill, directly facing him across the Agora, is the Pnyx, where the assembly of thousands is wont to be made before the *Bema* cut in solid rock. As he turned his face directly southward toward the judges' seats, far down to the left and beyond the Acropolis just under the rising sun was the awful Temple of

Jupiter, yet uncompleted, while closer upon the heights of the Acropolis rose the splendid and most revered of all—the Temple of Erechtheus. On the same eminence to the right stood the Parthenon, the temple of the virgin goddess of Athens already gray with half a thousand years, in which was enshrined the gold-veiled goddess Minerva, and beside which in towering height stood the bronze statue of the goddess Athena, whose spear, glittering in the burning sun, pierced the heavens above the temples, until the mariner on the distant sea guided his vessel by its blaze. Almost beneath him, against the rock-hill on which he stood was the Temple of Mars, while directly in front lay the Agora, crowded with the statues of the gods, and with altar after altar. The Athenians stretching out after the unknown had built an altar with an inscription, "To the unknown God;" and by this the apostle had just come. It was an awful hour. Never did mortal man plead the cause of God amid such terrific surroundings. The test of fire, such as burned on Carmel, might not be repeated here. Christ had come and suffered and risen and ascended to the Father, and must be preached. The character of the eternal God must be set forth. And amid these surrounding temples Paul declares the profoundest truth of the eternal ages. He stands alone, and solitary, the defender of that truth, in a city so given to idolatry that it was indeed one temple of idols.

Nor was the sermon less wonderful than the scenes amid which it was proclaimed. It was appropriately introduced: "Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious." A better reading would perhaps be, "exceeding careful in your religion." He courteously referred to their great attention to matters of religion; did not charge them with superstition in the first sentence of his sermon as the authorized version would indicate. Such an element nowhere else appears in the discourse. He proceeds, "For as I passed by and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription, To the unknown God. Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you." The introduc-

tion led directly to the discourse. That discourse began just where all their religion found its deepest mystery, and longing for the unknown. Then amid these temples of idols he lifts up the shafts of truth and reveals to the Athenians the character of that God who "dwelleth not in temples made with hands," such as these about him. "God that made the world and all things therein, seeing that he is Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands; neither is worshiped with men's hands, as though he needed anything, seeing he giveth to all life, and breath, and all things; and hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation; that they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after him, and find him, though he be not far from every one of us; for in him we live, and move, and have our being; as certain also of your own poets have said, For we are also his offspring. Forasmuch, then, as we are the offspring of God, we ought not to think that the Godhead is like unto gold, or silver, or stone, graven by art and man's device." He had made the great doctrinal announcement. Another truth conclusive and practical, showing not what God is within himself, or what conception his offspring are to have of his character, but disclosing what God requires of man, and what are the all-conquering evidences of these claims,—"And the times of this ignorance God winked at; but now commandeth all men everywhere to repent: because he hath appointed a day, in the which he will judge the world in righteousness by that man whom he hath ordained; whereof he hath given assurance unto all men, in that he hath raised him from the dead."

I can not trace the results of this discourse down through the ages. That day "some mocked, and others said, 'We will hear thee again on this matter.'" Yet it was not without fruit. Dionysius, one of the judges of the Areopagus, "and a woman named Damaris," believed in Christ. With these there were others also who were saved.

Two things incidentally connect with this sermon. First,

Paul was at Athens at the choice of the brethren at Berea to escape the loss of his life at the hands of the wicked Jews; secondly, he delays here in expectation of the early coming of Timotheus and Silas, in which he was disappointed. This occasion and detention in Athens, though incidental, are employed by him to accomplish the work of God. It reminds us of the labor of Christ with the woman at the well of Samaria while his disciples were gone to buy bread. Grand opportunities are often afforded by circumstances which are not suspected as leading to them. It was the apostle's grace and gift to embrace them. The experience of Paul in the idolatrous city was not such as to discourage him; for behold, he seeks and finds an open door at Corinth. May his spirit be on the ministers of to-day.

Amid such memories as these I turned away from Athens, never to look upon the Acropolis again, or again stand where Paul stood on Mars' Hill. The streets and ruined temples had become familiar walks. I sorrowed to leave them. Such antiquity and definiteness of location I had nowhere found. There is something subduing and mighty in the ruins of these once splendid temples of idols. In them, "corridors of time" cease to be poetry, for they are the corridors and aisles down which more than twenty-three hundred years have walked in solemn and stately grandeur. I thought I could hear their spirit-tread. There are idolatrous memories which are the lone inhabitants of these ruins, with which one never keeps company elsewhere. To the top of Mars' Hill I climbed again and again, with subdued reverence to stand in fancy beside the great apostle and hear him deliver his wonderful address to the Athenians. Does the reader wonder that I found my feet to linger a little? But to these, all, to the honey of Hymettus, to all of Athens I said good-by. Still I seem to walk again under the shadows of those grim skeletons of that civilization of Greece which has passed forever from the children of men.

CHAPTER X.

Leaving Greece—The Hellespont—Quarantine—Sea of Marmora—Mixed Multitude—Dr. S. F. Smith—An Incident—Constantinople—Location—History—Sultan's Harem—Stamboul—Burial Scenes—Ancient Wall—Mohammedan Superstition—Dogs.

AT midnight on the twelfth of October our company was taken on board the steamer at Piræus, destined for Constantinople. Early the next morning we put off to sea. All day long our vessel crept around the coast of Greece, amid many islands, which seem to have dropped down for beauty in the Ægean Sea. These islands, as well as the coast-hills of Greece, appear brown and barren. The long hot summer months cause vegetation to die, so that in this respect there is in the autumn a look of desolation. Cooler atmosphere and gentle rains of the autumn bring these hills and islands to life with a verdure which continues all the winter through. At eventide our vessel began to strike out of sight of the islands; and as the night-hours wore away it strode across the Ægean Sea, so that with the firing of the cannon on the morning of the fourteenth our eyes caught sight of the distant shores of Asia, where the sea narrows down to the Hellespont. The scenery is delightful. The Hellespont, called the Dardanelles, was thick with vessels, boats, and steamers. These had lain at anchor for the night, because no vessel may pass this strait except in daylight. Attempting to pass in the night, any vessel is instantly fired upon by the huge batteries which from either side stand the sentinels of this path of the sea. At this point Leander, in former times, and Lord Byron of later times, swam the

Hellespont from shore to shore. I should judge it a very poor place for the practice of beginners. I kept up a sharp lookout, but just where the bridge was put across of which the student reads when he studies "Xenophon's Anabasis" I could not descry. But no matter, I enjoyed the sail up the "bridge of the Greeks" none the less, for on the left were the sloping hills of Europe and on the right those of Asia, putting on a robe of green. At times the Hellespont seems only a mile wide, or but little more, when soon its banks recede so that sheltering bays spread out their bosoms by its sides. After a few hours thus hemmed in on either side the shores seem to retire little by little until they are out of sight, and here and there extended islands fall under view. Thus our vessel was in the Sea of Marmora, through which many a fleet of war has plowed its way in the centuries which are past. Vessels are not allowed to enter the Bosporus after the setting of the sun; so at the first fallings of the eventide with the shores and narrow channel of the Bosporus full in view, our vessel anchored at the head of the Marmora. The motley company of Greeks and Turks, with a little sprinkle of Austrians, Armenians, and perhaps Bulgarians, which made up the steerage passengers, afforded amusement for any who took interest in the curious. No one could describe them. Men in all possible attire except ordinary men's clothes, and eating all the time when not smoking or asleep or quarreling, with a few women all tied up in their funny dresses so that only their eyes stuck out, made a scene not to be found except in oriental countries.

There were only a few cabin passengers. Among these were an elderly gentleman and lady of Newton Center, Massachusetts, Rev. Dr. S. F. Smith and lady, who were returning from India. He will be remembered by the reader as the author of the precious missionary hymn, "The morning light is breaking," and that one national hymn we love, "My country, 'tis of thee." An incident occurred while our vessel lay at anchor in the Sea of Marmora which I can not help here relating. As was the custom of our company, we had gathered in the clear

moonlight upon the upper deck to spend an hour in song and thoughts of the far away. One of the company being asked to name the song, he named, "My country, 'tis of thee." And amid the murmur of the waves of the Sea of Marmora we sprinkled the music of that song so dear to hearts thousands of miles from their native land;

> "My country! 'tis of thee,
> Sweet land of liberty,
> Of thee I sing."

At the close of the song the aged gentleman and woman seemed much delighted, and with kindly grace said, "We did not expect to hear you sing that song."

Sweeter to us all than even this precious song, was another almost divinely inspired verse, set in its jewel sisters, as our hearts wandered away through mellow air beyond seas and continents and ocean wild to loved ones from whom we had been separated for long weary months. So we sung,—

> "There is a scene where spirits blend,
> Where friend holds fellowship with friend.
> Though sundered far, by faith we meet
> Around one common mercy-seat."

It was not until several days later that any one of our company thought that the Mr. Smith who had been with us was the author of the hymn the singing of which seemed to fill the old man's heart with joy. Had our company known who it was that heard the singing they would have done their best. Eyes fall on us always of which we are unconscious.

Constantinople is a city with a marvelous natural endowment, as one might say, respecting location. Fittingly enough, its strength of location became the charm of Constantine's eye when he desired to found an eastern capital for the empire of old Rome. With the Hellespont and Sea of Marmora on the south-west, connecting with the Ægean Sea, and the Bosporus to the north-east connecting with the Black Sea, Constantinople stands on the banks of the waters which link the great seas together by an easily defended chain, and at the same time is the key to eastern Europe and western Asia, as

well as to Russia on the north, and the western world entire, including Africa as well. With Scutari on the eastern shore, —the Asiatic side,—Stamboul south of the Golden Horn, and Pera on the northern shore, we have Constantinople; or if the reader will imagine a huge capital Y it will well represent the sea here. The bottom of the letter lying nearly north represents the Bosporus connecting at the end with the Black Sea; the left stem looking from the Black Sea, the Bosporus connecting with the Sea of Marmora, and the right and more slender stem the Golden Horn. To the west there is Pera; east, Scutari; and in the forks of the Y is Stamboul, the site of the old Byzantine city. This composes a city entire of almost one million inhabitants. This mass of people is made up of every nationality in these ends of the earth. There are the Turks, the Greeks, the French, the Armenians, the Bulgarians, the Levantines,—a mixture of several people,—the Jews, and how many others I can not tell.

There was the Byzantine city before Constantine founded in A. D. 330 the city which he wished to call New Rome, but whose court named it after the emperor himself. For fifteen centuries it has been the capital of an empire. To sketch its history in mere outline, or to show the character of its people from the first through its successive changes, would make a volume. I can only glance at a few of its present striking characteristics. It is the home of the sultan, or king of Turkey, and the seat of the Ottoman power. Here we should expect to see the effects of Mohammedanism in their unhindered influence. In a somewhat retired place in the northern part of the city, on the European side of the Bosporus, the sultan keeps his harem. The recent murder of one of his predecessors, with the assassination of other crowned heads of this eastern world, has led him to a life of much greater retirement than that led by the former occupants of the throne. The deposed sultan, who was some years ago removed from the throne on account of insanity, is also now living in a palace in the same portion of the city, and is kept under the closest guard. It is not thought that he is now deranged. The hills

and banks of the Bosporus have upon them many beautiful palatial dwellings, which have been given by the sultan to his relatives and friends as residences. In that part of the city called Stamboul, between the Sea of Marmora and the Golden Horn, there is erected a splendid mosque tomb for the burial-place of the mother of the murdered sultan. She is yet living; nevertheless, she will go to the tomb by and by.

Here I must allow the reader to look at a funeral scene, as I one day beheld it at Constantinople. Our carriages were driving outside the old walls of Stamboul. For several miles we had been passing along the edge of one vast cemetery, crowded with grave-stones. Sometimes our way lay directly through this vast burial-ground—for be it remembered that outside the city everywhere there is one continued grave-yard, where millions lie in the "city of the dead," which has been increasing its population for more than two thousand five hundred years. Coming upon a Greek church near which a funeral was occurring, and seeing a corpse carried out, I stopped the driver and drew near to witness the scene. It was the burial of a young man. One priest headed the procession, and a number of men accompanied the corpse. The lid of the coffin was carried before by a young man. The corpse was neatly dressed, with face uncovered. The coffin was set upon the ground beside where the grave-digger was preparing a place for its reception. A stout fellow was digging the grave. I was startled to see him throwing out human bones with the dirt as though they were pebbles. Soon he had thrown out the bones of an entire skeleton, broken in pieces by the mattock and shovel. A bystander grimly piled the larger pieces in a place on the dirt together. The coffin-lid was now and then used to measure with, to determine whether the hole was large enough. There seemed to be no more seriousness with all this than if a rabbit were being skinned. I soon got enough of it. From the guide I learned that when one of the Greeks dies he is buried in the grave of the last deceased member of the family if he or she has been dead three years or more. This accounted for the digging up of

the bones. Perhaps four or five years before, surely not longer, a brother or father or mother or sister had been buried here; and these were the bones. If they have not been buried three years a new grave must be made. When the grave is completed they remove the clothes from the corpse and wrap it in white cloth. The friends come to the grave and the priest reads a service, and the grave is closed, the bones dug up being thrown back promiscuously. Five minutes later I witnessed another funeral procession, in which a woman was being borne from the church, where a sermon had been preached. She was evidently a woman of importance. A number of boys, perhaps twenty, were in front with shields of tin or brass and banners on staffs. These were followed by half a dozen priests and a bearer of the coffin-lid, and men with lighted candles. After the corpse followed a number of men and women. At the grave the same procedure went on as in the scene before witnessed. The clothes removed from the dead are given to the poor. The burials of the Armenians are similar to those of the Greeks. The Turks do not bury in a former grave, but close by one, and use no coffin for the dead. They believe that the soul is in torment from the time of death until the body is buried; so the funeral is performed with all possible speed, the bearers even running with the corpse. No cemetery of the people is in repair. Tombs are broken down. Grave-stones are fallen, and in some cases taken to build up pretended fences along the roadside. Nearly all the grave-stones have on them the device of the turban as worn by the deceased. These of course vary in kind and size, according to the rank of the person. The slabs are always smaller at the bottom than at the top, and are usually covered with inscriptions from the Koran from one end to the other.

In the early history of Constantinople there was erected a triple wall, embracing as it now does the older part of the city. Its traces have largely disappeared along the southern side of Stamboul upon the Sea of Marmora. But at the western side of the city, crossing the land from Marmora to the Golden Horn, a distance of six miles, it is almost as per-

fect as when erected fifteen centuries ago. This triple line of massive ramparts is of alternate courses of stone and brick, with a deep moat outside, which in places is entirely filled up. All along the distance, as well as along the northern side, running along the Golden Horn, there are giant old square towers, at a distance of a hundred or more feet, rising up as tremendous guards of the walls below. At the end next to the Sea of Marmora is a group of round towers about two hundred feet high and one hundred feet in diameter. These, with their connecting walls, form an inclosure used as a prison. Here deposed sultans have often been confined; and no less than seven crowned heads have here been cut from the body. In times of terrible slaughter, continued through years, the heads of the murdered have been piled up in one corner of this prison until they could be seen above the level of the wall, which must here be seventy-five feet high. These walls everywhere show the marks of awful sieges they have resisted, and have often been repaired. For the last four hundred years or more they have been left to the lone touch of time and chance; and their indescribable massiveness of proportions is heightened here and there by the ivy which hovers over them and far up to the towers, as though to shield them from decay. Some of the gates of the city are closed up. One of the best entrances has been walled shut for centuries, on account of the superstitious belief which prevails that the Christians will at some time effect an entrance through it to the capture of the city from the Mohammedans.

No one who has not visited Constantinople can understand what is meant when it is denominated a "city of dogs." It is full of dogs. Most of them are of a yellowish or brindle color, and from the size of a fox upward. There are hundreds and thousands of them—one is almost tempted to say millions of them, so great is their number. They are everywhere. You hear their bark or their yelp every moment. They are in the streets and alleys and lanes and markets and on the bridges over the arm of the sea and in the depot and on the wharves. You can not miss a dozen of them. Litters of

them lie under the cover of almost every wall where there is safety. I several times counted thirty, forty, and at times fifty of them within a radius of a few rods. They do not congregate at special places, for they have their own territory and seem to keep it; and woe to that one who ventures into the territory of his neighbor dog, and especially by night. They are not owned by anybody. They are free as the air they breathe, and free as the fleas they breed. They live on what they can get. In the day-time they are quiet enough, and peaceable, seldom giving disturbance to any. In the night they are self-appointed sentinels to guard where they please. Long as music is dear I shall remember the yelp and howl and nightly chase and roar with which they cheered my waking hours as the night wore its slow dull shades away. Of another place it is said, "Without are dogs," but at Constantinople they are within. The Mohammedan religion forbids that any one kill a dog, so they are neither loved nor hated. From the first I resolved to "beware of dogs," and thus kept the vow. It took two or three nights practicing, however, before I knew how to sleep amid their oft-repeated chases, howlings, and yelpings, as scores followed each other in hot pursuit, some brindle pup having no doubt trespassed upon the territory of his canine neighbor.

CHAPTER XI.

Constantinople — Head-Dress — Carriers — Streets — Houses — Mosques — St. Sophia — Calling the Faithful to Prayer — Hours of Prayer — Incident — Mohammedan Worship — Women Outside — Bazaars — Interpreters — Trip to the Black Sea — The Bosporus — Bible-House — Robert College — Girls' Home-School — Plea for Womanhood.

THERE is no city on the globe like Constantinople. It is in many of its features almost as oriental in type as Damascus, and yet there is every variety of race, color, and life. The costumes worn are largely oriental, while the red fez or skull-cap is universally worn. It seems poorly adapted to the warm climate, though it is really handsome. It allows no ventilation to the head; and many a bald head pays its honor to the fez. Of course many wear the turban, which twisted about the head to the size of a peck-measure is no handsome thing. Donkeys are not powerful or numerous enough for the bearing of the burdens to be carried here, so men are to be seen carrying almost everything on their backs. Huge leathern bottles are used to carry water; and these are carried on the back. Indeed they have a great carrier's knot which is put on the back of a man, and on that everything is carried. On it from two to a half dozen valises or trunks are piled, or a lot of kegs, or dry goods, or a couple dozen of chairs, or a four-bushel basket of figs or grapes, or a like quantity of melons, or a goods box three by four feet in size. Looking at these poor beasts of burden bowed down under this service till they are hardly human, trudging along the streets with a sing-song tone warning others from their way, burdened with loads which a horse could scarcely bear, I could not but think of the bondage of Israel in Egypt when

Pharaoh, as the record again and again states it, "Made them to serve with rigor." This hawking along the streets and lanes, going on day and night, is very disagreeable. Everywhere you can hear, no, you *must* hear from three to twenty street-hawkers calling out in a loud sing-song voice and asking the people to buy of them as they trudge along with their wares. The streets of the city are called such only because there is no other name for them. Properly speaking, Constantinople has no streets. They can only in charity or for lameness of language be called such. The hotel at which our company stopped is situated on the best street in Constantinople, and it is only about thirty feet wide. Where there are sidewalks they are not over two or three feet wide, and are of no use. The streets or lanes run anywhere and everywhere and anyway. The houses seem to have been built wherever it suited best, and thus the streets were left to take care of themselves. Many of the houses are of comfortable size, but are crowded so thickly with inhabitants that projecting rooms and porches in the higher stories almost touch each other across the streets. Large districts of the city look dilapidated, while in the better portions there are residences of comfort and taste. As a whole it is probably the dirtiest city in the world, and but for the purifying presence of the sea its inhabitants would perish from the very filth and stench. The way these old wooden structures of houses are crowded together, with only these narrow lanes between, it is a wonder the whole city does not burn up once or twice a year. Yet I saw no fires, though the city has sometimes been almost destroyed in a few hours. It is said that at a single conflagration not less than fifty thousand houses were once consumed in a short time. The only method of controlling these outbreaks is to tear away the houses from before them.

At Constantinople, instead of the church and cathedral, or ruins of Greek temples, my eye for the first time rested on the Mohammedan mosque, in which the worship of Mohammed, according to the Koran, is conducted. In Constantinople the broad domes and slender minarets of the

mosque are to be seen almost on every slope and on every height. There are several hundreds of these mosques. From one spot I counted over eighty of these slender minarets, which are hollow towers with little porches almost at the top, on which Mohammedan priests stand and call the people far below to prayers. This is repeated five times a day. I visited a number of mosques, but the most important is the Imperial St. Sophia. It was once a splendid Christian temple. Its history is intensely interesting. In the year A. D. 325, under the dominion of Constantine, and

MOSQUE OF ST. SOPHIA.

the very year the Council of Nice was opened, the foundations of this temple, dedicated as the Temple of Divine Wisdom, were laid. Thirteen years later it was enlarged. It was burnt in A. D. 404; but Theodosius rebuilt it in A. D. 415. Under the reign of Justinian, A. D. 532, it was again destroyed by fire; but sixteen years later Justinian restored it from its foundations with greater splendor than ever before. Twenty years later a portion of the dome fell in, but only to be restored in A. D. 568. Its walls and arches are built of

brick, but the corridors are adorned with columns of black Celtic marble, granite, and porphyry. Eight porphyry columns are from the Temple of the Sun at Baalbec, and four green columns from the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, while others are from the temples at Troas, Athens, and other cities. In A. D. 987 a portion of the dome again fell down, but was restored; four hundred years later the earthquake of A. D. 1371 threw the cross from the dome. Of the legends respecting the thousands of workmen employed upon it, and the story of the marvelous intervention in its behalf, I can not write. But no doubt can be entertained that for many centuries it was the scene of wonderful pageants and the center of great interest, as its immense and bewildering proportions as well as marvelous architecture well enough suggest. Great and miraculous power was long accredited to the crosses and utensils of the Byzantine Temple of Wisdom. It is said that at the celebration of its completion in A. D. 548, on Christmas, one thousand oxen, one thousand sheep, six hundred deer, one thousand pigs, and ten thousand fowls were slaughtered, which with thirty thousand measures of corn were given to the poor and consumed. It is almost square in form, being besides the vestibules two hundred and fifty-five by three hundred and fifty feet. The great central dome is one hundred and seven feet in diameter, rise only forty-six feet, one hundred and eighty feet from the ground, and on the east and west are semi-domes of the same diameter as the center. The columns and mosaic adornments must have made it at one time a glory in architecture. Over four hundred years ago (May 29th, 1453,) when Constantinople was captured by Mohammed II. he rode into the church in which the clergy and many of the virgins dedicated to God with a multitude of all classes were crowded. When his charger pressed through the alarmed fugitives till he stood before the high altar Mohammed bounded from his horse and exclaimed, "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is his prophet!" The images have all long been removed or painted over. Some of these mosaic crosses and figures may be seen through the painting which

covers them, as may also the places and forms of the cross effaced from the pillars and corridor railings. Texts from the Koran adorn the walls. The chandeliers have in all ten thousand lamps. Some of the Turks who followed us through the mosque dug some of the fine mosaics from the wall, and I bought them for a trifle.

As our company was about entering the Mosque of St. Sophia, a loud call fell on our ears from the opening at the top of the tall minaret as the priest called the faithful to prayer, in these words, "*Allahu akbar, Allahu akbar, Allahu akbar, Ashhadu anna la ilaha ill, Allah, wa Muhammedu — rrasul — Allah hayya alas—salla.*" These sounds were repeated over and over again. They would be rendered, "Allah is great; I testify that there is no God but Allah, and Mohammed is the prophet of Allah; come to prayer." This call to prayer is made five times each day — soon after sunset; at night-fall, or an hour and a half after sunset; day-break; mid-day; and about an hour and a half before sunset. On Friday the noon-day prayers are called earlier and a sermon is delivered. Friday answers in some respects with the Mohammedans to our Sabbath, though it is not a day of rest. It is usually their great market-day. But to these calls to prayer the faithful respond. In the court of the mosque are small fountains and troughs filled with water, and at these the devout worshipers removed their shoes and washed their feet and hands and faces. This is a requirement of their religion. I noticed with curious anxiety this preparation for worship. They all entered the mosque barefooted, but did not remove their fez. By removing the shoes from my feet and paying a franc, as did all our company, I was allowed to enter the mosque, being attended with a guard of soldiers. After viewing the mosque we ascended to what was formerly known as the woman's gallery, from which we had a splendid view of this strange worship of the Mohammedans. For myself I have felt a greater sense of personal security than when walking about in this holy place. We were constantly watched with the closest attention, and rather savagely by one or two old priests. One of

them murmured something, which our guide interpreted afterward as being, "You Christians need not think you can come and take our mosque away from us." They seem to fear that the Christians will some time try to take Constantinople and their mosque from them. Indeed, it is said they live with this constant fear. The worship is such as I can not describe. In the end of the mosque toward Mecca the altar is always placed; but as this temple does not face toward Mecca, the altar is placed in the side south of the narrow *apsis*. This is necessary, since Mecca is south-east and the central point of the semicircle is directly east. From this point the priest leads the prayers. Of course, the wide strips of matting, about ten or twelve feet in width, do not run with the square of the building, but are square with the place of the altar. To the right and left is a high pulpit or kind of scaffold ten by fifteen feet, and about ten feet high, on which were a dozen priests, who were kneeling and bowing, and singing their prayers. These strips of yellow-straw matting do not touch each other, but leave a bare strip of one foot in width, on which the worshipers set their shoes when they come to worship. Upon each one of these strips of matting was a row of men, side by side, with their faces toward the altar. Perhaps one hundred and fifty were at worship at one time. Sometimes at prayer all would stand up; then all would fall down suddenly upon their faces, striking the floor with their foreheads. Then they would elevate their heads and remain kneeling; then stand up; and then sit down flat. As this was going on the priests at the altar would call out, "*Allah allah*,"—the great God,—and other sounds, which I could not distinguish, which were taken up by the priests on the eleva-

MOHAMMEDANS AT PRAYER.

tions. These screaming sounds were apparently the signals to which the movements went on. Those who have green turbans on their heads are either descendants of Mohammed or have been on a pilgrimage to Mecca. This worship was continued about twenty minutes, after which they went away in groups. Women are not allowed to take part in this worship; nor were they formerly allowed to enter the mosque, although I saw a number of them in the corridors kneeling and going through the same form of gesture as that which was performed inside. The men keep the women in a kind of bestial servitude, and are displeased to see them giving any attention to matters of religion or education. After the service was over some women came in and knelt before an altar, and seemed to be receiving teaching out of the Koran from a priest. In other mosques I saw groups of ten or a dozen men kneeling around a priest, from whom they seemed to be memorizing, or to whom they were reciting the Koran. Some of these mosques are places of deposit for valuables; and in connection with a number are large squares, where pilgrims to Mecca or fugitives from other countries are allowed to camp and rest. I saw a number of the pilgrims about some of the mosques. From their poor, miserable, filthy, lazy lives I should judge that a religion which did not do more for them than Mohammedanism does is not worth fighting or fleeing for.

MOHAMMEDANS AT PRAYER.

One of the queer sights of Constantinople is its great bazaars, where Turks and Jews, artisans and traders, prepare and sell their goods. The great building in which these bazaars are kept is cut up into narrow streets and crowded stalls, for the sale of goods. Special departments are devoted to the

different kind of wares. Along one isle, or street, are stalls of shoes, then jewelry, then brass, then clothes. All of these, and everything else you can think of, with dogs and beggars, are exhibited to the best possible advantage. When entering one of these larger bazaars the keeper at once orders coffee — a method of indicating friendship in that country. Men follow you and try to pull you to their bazaar; women follow you, begging for *backshish*. So persistently do they torment one that he thinks of the importunate widow, and of the sorceress who followed Paul at Philippi, and of many other incidents which are not scriptural. But he does his best to get them away, and succeeds, thinking, "now they are gone," and takes a full breath. But alas! here are two or three more at the elbow, whining away worse than ever.

One character which always interests a traveler here is his courier or guide; for be it remembered that an American can do but little in seeing a city in any of these foreign countries without a guide who can speak the various languages. Our company had the services of Mr. Joseph Jacobs, whom we laconically called "Joseph." Through the crowds of Turks he pressed the way here and there, holding up his heavy cane, calling, "This way, please." "This way, all." "This way, quick." Many were the quiet laughs afforded by his skillful managing of those with whom we had to deal. How he got our company through the custom-house with a few francs, and a humorous shove and push and kick to the officers who wanted more, was a specimen of practical joking seldom seen.

One day was devoted to a trip up the Bosporus to the Euxine or Black Sea. The scenery is delightful. Nature has piled up hills of mighty defense around the mouth of the great Black Sea, the entrance to which is scarcely a mile wide. The remains of old towns and walls are yet to be seen on the hills on either side. On the Asiatic side towers and walls are well preserved. These walls once ran down to the edge of the sea, and great chains were stretched across the channel from shore to shore to keep the way of the deep, so that vessels from the Bosporus might not enter the sea, and none

come from the sea to Constantinople. Around the shores are a few little fishermen's huts, where slow, drowsy Turks had drawn their nets ashore and were at quiet rest. Were this passage to the sea in the hands of Europeans or Americans, it would soon be one of the most delightful spots in the world. The crooked Bosporus, with its rapid current at places, and its expanding bays, was crowded with sail-vessels, boats, and steamers. I counted nearly one hundred at one time, with not less than twenty of these queens of the deep far out in the bosom of the Euxine.

Christian enterprise in America, which has sent out missionaries over all seas, and its Bible-agents in all lands, has not passed by Constantinople, the seat of the Ottoman empire. This effort to plant permanently the power of Bible-truth, following the labors of missionaries in the surrounding nations, has built here several institutions, the power of which is not now to be computed. Among these is the work of the American Bible-Society, with its center at the American Bible-House. The buildings are owned by an incorporated company in the United States, and are commodious and well located, and furnish a splendid and prominent center for this work. It was my privilege to visit the Bible-House, and also to meet Dr. Bliss, agent of the Bible-Society, and also Dr. Pettybone, to whose labors here with Dr. Bliss and others there is a great debt due for the securing of this location and the carrying forward of the work. The Bible-Society here sells the Scriptures in twenty-three different languages, and publishes Bibles in Bulgarian, Turkish, Greek, Armenian, and other tongues. In 1881, sixty-five thousand copies of the Scriptures were sold to the people of the surrounding cities and countries. The sales are at such prices as enable the laboring classes to purchase them. This is, of course, at a loss to the society, but is much better than gratuitous distribution, for many reasons. A native Armenian rents a portion of the Bible-House, and does the entire work of publishing as contracted for by the society. His facilities are so adequate that he also publishes a number of periodicals in different

languages for the American Board of Missions. Some of these papers have a circulation of six and more thousand. The *Monthly Illustrated* has a circulation of seven thousand. Not less than one half million pages are annually issued and sent forth from this house. Of course, most of the Bibles sold from the American Bible-Society are to Armenians and Bulgarians; yet in the last six years twenty thousand copies have been thus circulated among the Turks. That this seed of the word of God planted in these ends of the earth should bring forth fruit to the salvation of not only men, but of the nations, there is great reason to hope.

Robert College is a monument of American Christian beneficence and Christian toil performed by earnest and faithful men. Its location on the height of the European side of the Bosporus, above the towers which defended the city centuries ago, is the most splendid that possibly could have been secured. About fourteen years ago Mr. Robert, of New York, furnished the means for the founding of this institution. The structure, though quite too small for present needs, is nicely built. It is one hundred feet square, besides an additional building in the rear. It has about two hundred and fifty students, one hundred and sixty of whom are boarders in the institution. They are Armenians, Bulgarians, Greeks, and some Turks, with other nationalities. At eleven o'clock, Sabbath, October 16th, we met with the faculty and the students for public worship in the college-chapel. Dr. Fry of our company preached a sermon of much simplicity and appropriateness from II. Tim. i. 12: "I know whom I have believed." The students gave close attention to the words upon the doctrine of personal Christian experience and assurance. These students, though from influences quite other than Protestant, are led through the college not only to human knowledge but to a knowledge of Christ. The institution has five or six professors, besides more than that number of teachers. Each student is obliged to study the English language and the language of his country besides; and he is urged to pursue the full course of study, which is similar to that of American col-

leges, except that it embraces a number of languages not taught in our colleges. It is a remarkable circumstance that an institution of learning should be so extensively patronized as is Robert College. There are now a number of Mohammedans in the classes. In Bulgaria and in Armenia, as well as in other places, the graduates have been promoted to the highest posts of honor and trust in governmental positions. It is not easy to overestimate the influence of this institution of Christian learning upon the future destiny of the countries lying about it. There are in these countries no institutions for thorough education. Young men from these nationalities become charmed with the ideas and outlook secured to them in the acquisition of the English language, and with the spirit of the professors under whose teaching they are cultured in this institution. Many embrace Protestant Christianity; many others, Armenians and Bulgarians, receive the spirit and ideas of Protestant Christianity without embracing them under the names we attach to them. It seems that Robert College is destined to do much toward solving a great religious and political problem now pending in this country. I shall never forget my visit to Robert College. How kindly and nobly Dr. Pettybone and his estimable sister entertained us at lunch in real home-like, American style, no one who has never sat in their home, so far away from his own home, can understand or appreciate.

Scarcely second to Robert College in importance is the American Home-School for girls, located in Scutari, on the Asiatic side of the sea. The site, on the heights of Scutari, overlooking the Bosporus and the Sea of Marmora, is very desirable indeed. The school is the product of the Christian effort of the women of the Congregational churches of the United States. The building is neat and commodious, but has proved too small for the accommodation of the students who are willing to attend. Nearly a hundred students were in attendance, and nearly sixty boarders in the institution. It is under the care of Mrs. Williams, who is assisted by other American ladies and by teachers of French and other lan-

guages. The students are from the different nationalities represented in the college. Three Turkish Mohammedan girls and one Dane were among the attendants. Girls twelve years old and upward are admitted. The language of the school is English, but the students are also required to study their native language. Besides this the course of study is similar to that of an American seminary, the Bible being made a special and prominent study. The American Board has recently purchased important additional lands, and a gentleman from the United States who recently visited there and saw the character and necessity of the work has given twenty thousand dollars to erect a new building. There is no work this side of heaven more noble or more to be rejoiced in than that which elevates the women of this land of the rising sun. Among many of these peoples woman is estimated little more than a brute or a vegetable. The higher and better appreciation of the privileges of womanhood, such as is the glory of the civilization of Christian lands, is unknown. A school which shall each year have in Christian training nearly one hundred women must kindle the light of the new and better day! Who should find a more fitting duty in this aurora of a new morning than the women of American churches, who sit on thrones of purity, honor, and love? Would that the American churches all could rightly appreciate the openings there are for the gospel and the Bible and Christian education in these remote parts of the world. Then would our missionary contributions be increased tenfold, and where a few solitary teachers and missionaries toil in the midst of loneliness and darkness scores of men and women would side by side hold up the cross of Christ before men and women bewildered in the superstition and night of heathenism and false religion!

CHAPTER XII.

Voyaging in the Levant — Oriental Travelers — Mohammedans at Prayer — From Constantinople to Smyrna — Plains of Troy — Paul's Vision at Troas — Mitylene — Smyrna — Population — Message from the Lord — Polycarp.

A VOYAGE on the Mediterranean is a novel event in one's life. A fair example was enjoyed in the journey from Constantinople to ancient Smyrna. At Constantinople our company was loaded into row-boats and pulled through the crowd of boats and waves out where our steamer lay at anchor, and were taken on board in Turkish style. What a scene met our eyes. The steamer was crowded with Turks, and indeed men and women of all surrounding nations. The lower deck was jammed full of Turks with their luggage. This latter article embraces everything. Great rolls of clothing, bedding, cooking utensils, provisions, nargiles, and their oddly-clad selves piled in to the best advantage. The upper deck had a great tent erected on the left side from front to rear and was packed full with closely-veiled Turkish women, and children. This quaint company was piled in like a whole camp-meeting packed into one bed. Their queer caps and highly-colored dresses and striped and fancy beddings, sometimes rolled up and sometimes spread out, presented a motley scene. Some of the Turks were mad. They had not been allowed compartments with their families. But on the lower deck and in front men and women were crowded promiscuously in great numbers. What a jabbering they kept up! Some dozed, some smoked, some quarreled, and every one of the several hundred found something to do. Now and then about a half dozen came to wor-

ship at the call of the priest! They spread down their skins or mats, and, putting their hands to their heads, knelt with their foreheads on the floor toward Mecca, thus bowing down and rising up for ten or fifteen minutes. Sometimes they seemed to be muttering something, but often muttered not a word. They paid no attention to any one, and nobody seemed to pay any attention to them. How I should really like to know what the spiritual state of these devout persons is.

The distance from Constantinople to Smyrna is three hundred miles. The vessel stopped a short time at Gallipoli, and also at Dardanelles,—the former on the European and the latter on the Asiatic side. At the latter place a large number of the Turkish passengers quit the vessel amid hallooing, mad gesturing, and fighting. Just as the steamer moved off two caravans of camels were seen coming into the town from the country beyond. One had about six camels and the other about twenty. Passing out of the Dardanelles to the left was a delightful view of the Plains of Troy, which look low and marshy, but stretch down to the embankments of the sea, crowned with here and there a mound, and spreading back far up to the hills beyond. Quite beyond those hills, which appeared six or eight miles from the sea in the greatest distance, rises Mount Ida, with its crest covered with the eternal snow. The New Troy is in full view. Homer's poems have cast such a mythical glory over the Plains of Troy that I longed to have a closer view. I should like to have pitched our tent where the armies of Hector lay, but the boat went on apace. The precise site of ancient or Homeric Troy, as every one knows, is a matter of much dispute. Dr. Schliemann, whose research has done much to shed light upon this problem, holds it to be Ilium. His excavation found ruins at the depth of fifty-two feet. He reached and passed through four strata of rock representing four different cities built one upon the other. He holds Homeric Troy to embrace only the hill of Hissarlik.

At the southern end of the Plains of Troy, and opposite the island of Tenedos, is ancient Troas, which was twice hon-

ored by the Apostle Paul with his visits. Indeed it was here that God sent his messenger to the apostle by night-time, which determined the future field of toil for many years. He had come on his second missionary tour to Mysia and was purposing to go farther northward into Bithynia; "but the Spirit suffered them not," so they came down to Troas. "And a vision appeared to Paul in the night; there stood a man of Macedonia, and prayed him, saying, Come over into Macedonia and help us." The cry of this "man of Macedonia" which stood in Troas is still the cry of the perishing millions of men asking the church to come to their rescue. Troas marks a new era in the life and labors of Paul. Great as he was from the time of his conversion at Damascus, several epochs mark his increasing greatness. At Antioch, he with Barnabas had been set apart by the order of the Holy Ghost to a peculiar work to which God had called them. From that time all Asia was Paul's field. But after his vision here at Troas, Europe and all the world was his appointment. His circuit from this time lay across seas, beyond islands, in distant cities, and the remotest lands. His heart reached to the centers of power, learning, idolatry, and to the ends of the world. He was ever longing to preach Christ also in the "regions beyond." The call of God from Macedonia had mingled in it the cry from all nations of men. All narrowness is destroyed and his soul is boundless.

Thus it was, immediately the company with Paul "loosing from Troas" crossed the sea directly "with a straight course to Samothracia, and thence to Neapolis," on to Philippi. After his labors in Europe and return to Antioch, and long-continued labors in Ephesus and in other places in Asia, and after his second visit to Greece of three months' continuance, Paul came again to this same city on his way to Jerusalem, where he longed to be at the feast of the passover. Sopater, Aristarchus, Secundus, Gaius, Timotheus, Tychicus, and Trophimus came here to Troas and waited for Paul's coming from Philippi. Tossed on the sea five days, Paul came into Troas, and was greeted by these brethren. Here he, with his com-

pany of missionaries, remained for a full week. "And upon the first day of the week, when the disciples came together to break bread, Paul preached unto them, ready to depart on the morrow; and continued his speech until midnight. And there were many lights in the upper chamber, where they were gathered together. And there sat in a window a certain young man named Eutychus, being fallen into a deep sleep: and as Paul was long preaching, he sunk down with sleep, and fell down from the third loft, and was taken up dead. And Paul went down, and fell on him, and embracing him said, Trouble not yourselves; for his life is in him. When he therefore was come up again, and had broken bread, and eaten, and talked a long while, even till break of day, so he departed. And they brought the young man alive, and were not a little comforted." (Acts xx. 7–12.)

With the morning Paul went to Assos on foot. What message of good he delivered on the way I know not. At Assos he was taken on board the vessel and sailed to Mitylene. Here he tarried for a time. And at the same port of Mitylene our vessel halted to put off and take on goods and passengers.

Saturday morning at six o'clock our vessel drew into the harbor of ancient Smyrna, where it was to lie at anchor during the day. There is a delightful harbor before this commercial city; for although Smyrna was for a long time deserted, it is now a city of nearly two hundred thousand people, the largest portion of whom are Turks and Greeks. It is the market-place for the entire surrounding portions of Asia. Its houses are small and only one story in height, and it has few ruins of the ancient Smyrna. Its exports of silks, wool, figs, raisins, and other products are very great. In early Christian times this was the seat of one of the seven churches of Asia. It must have received the labors of some of the apostles; and it was to this church that John received a special message, as well as to the other six, "when he was in the isle that is called Patmos, for the word of God, and for the testimony of Jesus Christ."

As our company was taken into a boat and rowed almost a

mile along the wharf toward the place in the city it was desired to reach, the sun rose in splendor above the crowded streets and dwellings, and the domes and cupolas of Smyrna. Our illustration presents a very fair birds-eye view of the bay and the city, with the Acropolis in the back-ground. The reputed tomb of Polycarp is situated a little way from the base of the hill, as seen in our illustration.

SMYRNA.

The eye rested with strange interest upon the city which was once the home of the apostolic church to which the Alpha and Omega sent the encouraging message from the unseen world by a "brother and companion in tribulation and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ." How the divine One yearned over it when he said, "I know thy works, and tribulation, and poverty, (but thou art rich) and I know the blasphemy of them which say they are Jews, and are not, but are the synagogue of Satan. Fear none of those things which thou shalt suffer: behold, the devil shall cast some of you into prison, that ye may be tried; and ye shall have tribulation ten days: be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life. He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches; He that overcometh shall not be hurt of the second death." (Revelation ii. 9–11.) The promise was long ago fulfilled. The faithful overcame and

entered into life. But not without being cast into prison; for against the hill, under the shade of the green cyprus-trees, below the ruins of the Acropolis, is the spot yet known as the place where the great and holy Polycarp, the bishop of the church here, suffered martyrdom, and was buried. It is said of him that when at great age being pressed to recant his faith in Jesus he exclaimed, "Eighty and six years have I served my Master, and he has done me no evil; why should I disown him now?" And confessing Christ to the last, he entered into the glory which must be where the martyr receives the crown from his triumphant and loving Lord!

Gazing upon the cyprus-shades and towering Acropolis upon which the sun sprinkled a sheen of glory, I saw beyond them a splendor ten thousand times more brilliant, in which dwells Polycarp and the faithful of ancient Smyrna, who all now live with Him who is "the first and the last; who was dead and is alive!"

CHAPTER XIII.

Ephesus — Distance from Smyrna — Passing Scenes — Flocks — Caravans of Camels — Tents of Kedar — Site of Ephesus — A City of Ruins — History of Ephesus — Temple of Diana — Eight Temples in Ruins — Paul at Ephesus — Apollos — Aquila and Priscilla — Beasts at Ephesus — In the Theater — Address to the Elders of the Ephesian Church — Epistle to the Ephesians — Home of John — Timothy — Ruins.

THERE is, perhaps, no place outside of Palestine to which the Christian heart turns with a tenderer interest than to Ephesus. No city received so large a share of apostolic labors, and in none was the power of God more manifest, or the opposition of men more fierce and turbulent. Learning that our vessel would remain in port at Smyrna nearly all of the day, October 22d, our company chartered a special train for Ephesus. The site of ancient Ephesus is distant from Smyrna forty-eight miles, and was reached in an hour and thirty-five minutes. The cars are of English construction and very comfortable. The entire route is one hundred and five miles long, and is called the Smyrna and Aidin Railway. The special train cost one hundred dollars.

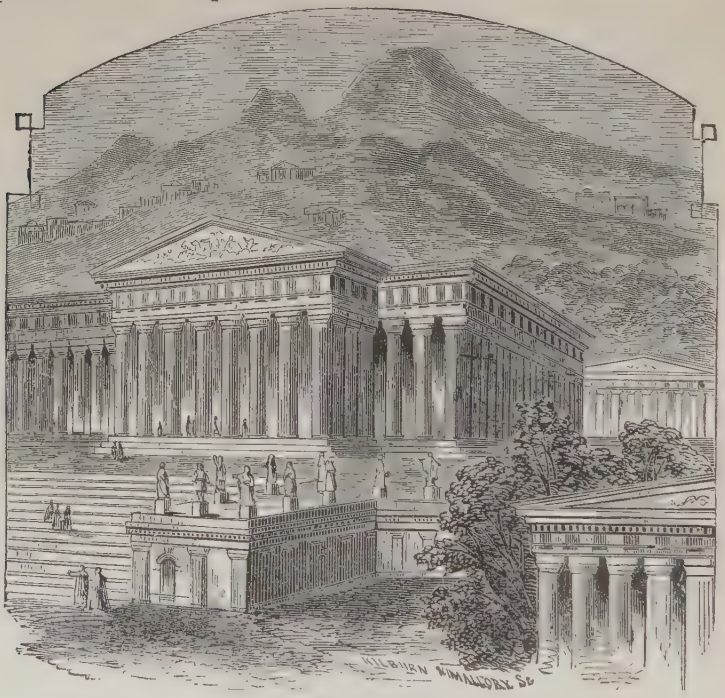
Leaving Smyrna we pass between sharp volcanic hills covered with craggy stones and heaps of sharp rocks, and pass almost around the hill on which stand the ruins of the Acropolis. This lofty hill is covered with ruins from one end to the other. Passing out between residences on either side, my eyes were greeted with caravans of camels which slowly climb and descend the narrow road about the adjacent hills. A man rides in front on a donkey, or walks leading him, while the camels, heavily loaded, follow at a distance of twelve or fifteen feet, one behind the other, each one attached to the

one before by a rope. Farther on we enter a broad plain several miles wide, in which are orchards of fig-trees and fields of grapes. This must be six or eight miles wide, and continues a distance of twenty-five miles. Far away on either side of the plain rise sharp craggy mountains in perfect barrenness of trees or grapes or shrubs. But in the valley is field after field of grapes which are planted closely as corn in America and trimmed down to near the size of tomato-vines, and have no trellaces upon which to climb. But oh, the camels! There was caravan after caravan. Some had as many as twenty-two in a row, all heavily loaded! What a peculiar scene! Now and then there were great companies of them lying down resting. What gentle, obedient, ugly-looking creatures they are! It is an oriental scene. And as the eye caught a view of the great flocks of sheep which were being watched by shepherds who were sitting down eating, I remembered the scene described in Genesis xxxvii. 25, "And they sat down to eat bread: and they lifted up their eyes and looked, and, behold, a company of Ishmaelites came from Gilead, with their camels bearing spicery and balm and myrrh, going to carry it down to Egypt." The caravans were from far out in the country and loaded with all manner of produce. There were thousands of sheep, most of them white, but hundreds also black. But what are those strange-looking things, like tents? Perhaps they are shelters for sheep? If they are tents I should expect them to be white. But we read in the songs of Solomon, of his being black "as the tents of Kedar." (Song of Solomon, i. 5.) So these are the "tents of Kedar;" and they are black, to be sure. How carefully those shepherds watch their flocks, with long crooks in their hands. Jesus said, "I am the good Shepherd." There is just one thing which reminds me of what I have hundreds of times seen in America. There were no dogs with any of these shepherds, and all of them had them, which did not run after our train in fury, barking and running as though they could stop it. A dog is a dog all the world over, except in Constantinople,—there he is a thousand! A few of the

smaller camels passed a little joke at our train and jumped up and down, while the driver leaped up and down hallooing and gesticulating in the wildest manner. After passing over a plain somewhat washed by a stream of water which must at times spread over the entire valley, the plain gradually narrows by the approach of the mountains on either side; and in this narrow rocky vale our train stopped, and we were at Avassalouk, the depot-town for Ephesus. There is a town some eight or ten miles distant called Ephesus, but here it can hardly be said there is a town. A few poor houses, a hotel, and a railroad station-house comprise the place. These, of course, do not occupy the site of ancient Ephesus, which is more than a mile to the right, and is reached by crossing a considerable plain.

One end of the ancient city, that part in which stood the Temple of Diana, is nearest to the railway station, the northern extremity of the city. Ephesus is a vast extent of ruins. I saw nothing to compare with it. In Athens and at Rome there are ruins of temples better preserved and showing more fully the grandeur and splendor of the past. Ephesus was robbed of its columns, and its treasures of antiquity were carried away to enrich other cities after it had gone into decay. Besides this, the excavations have not been made here which are necessary to show what really lies buried beneath these fields and hills of ruins. But here is a whole vast city of ruins. I walked hastily for two hours amid the foundations and broken columns and partially uncovered splendors of Ephesus, while on every side, on hills above, to right and left, and far off before me, were still greater ruins, which I could not explore. It is a wilderness of ruins everywhere one looks. Ephesus was a prominent and proud city hundreds of years before the Christian era. Historians say that while not the largest, it was the grandest city in the world. That which is yet to be seen here induces me to believe that in real magnificence the world has never seen its equal. It had a grand site. Its one end stretched through the pass and over the hill to where its great holy way ran from the Magnesian gate to the Temple of

Diana, along a plain set around in the distance by defensive mountains. On the other side of the way were the gorgeous temples and monumental tombs. A number of these sarcophagi are now partially uncovered by excavations, showing the exact course of the highway, along which the worshipers passed to the Temple of Diana.



TEMPLE OF DIANA.

The Temple of Diana was one of the seven wonders of the world. For ages its site was entirely unknown. In A. D. 1867 it was discovered and excavated by Mr. T. J. Wood of England, who was employed by the British Museum. It was larger than the Parthenon at Athens, or the Temple of the Sun at Baalbec, being two hundred and thirty-nine feet and four and a half inches, by four hundred and eighteen feet and one inch. These measurements are from Captain Wood. It had one hundred sculptured columns fifty-six feet high. It was destroyed by fire seven times; and the ruins remain-

ing are those of the eighth temple, and the grandest of all. The sixth temple on this site, begun six hundred years before Christ, we are told by Eusebius, was destroyed by fire the same day Socrates took poison. The seventh was burned by Herostratus to perpetuate his fame, on the same night Alexander the Great was born, B. C. 356. This emperor assisted in its rebuilding in great splendor, and even had his portrait taken to be placed within its shrines. Who that climbs over its ruins can call Diana great, only as a ghost of the long-gone past!

The goddess Diana, the *Artemis* of the Greeks, was the daughter of Jupiter, and her image, reported to have fallen down from that god, was the glory of the temple. (Acts xix. 35.) What this image was composed of is not known. It has usually been held to have been of ebony. Pliny quotes authorities to show that it was the wood of the vine, while Xenophon claims it to have been of gold.

At the north-western end of the city was the sea coming up to its very edge, bounded by a magnificent quay. Long since the sea has receded several miles, and where once was afforded a place for the landing of vessels, there is now a great plain. The quay is yet to be seen, as is also the great rock building close by. A few Turks now inhabit the ruins of this once splendid structure, which was a kind of custom-house. In ancient times Ephesus was honored and despised alternately, both by God and man. Alexander the Great honored it and built its wastes, while Constantine destroyed it. The ministry of the gospel shone on Ephesus in its divinest form; and its walls and temples were thrown to the ground by fearful earthquakes which heaved beneath it and the surrounding mountains and sea, again and again, as the centuries went by. Jehovah caused the fullness of noonday to rise upon it and then removed the candlestick out of its place. Now shepherds drive their flocks over Ephesus, and owls sit on the ruins of its temples at noonday, and the stork builds her nest on its high places! Yet, what a history lies buried in these streets and temples and dwellings! What memories

climb over these desolated walls and sit on these ruin-crowned hills! Did the eyes of the apostle from his throne of light look on me as I trod around this decay of ages? I walked reverently. I was wont to linger alone with the memories of Ephesus. There is something there which took strange hold of my heart!

In the old theater I found myself deeply absorbed in meditation; and withal, I longed to remain awhile. The guide clambered over the ruins with great speed. I thought he was anxious to get us back to the village to sell us a dinner. I determined to let him go, and make the best of it I could alone, as the company was inclined to keep up with him. As I lingered in the theater, all at once I awoke to the consciousness that I was alone amid the desolateness of Ephesus. I fancied that I was standing where the townclerk stood when he "appeased the people;" and amid these marble columns and in this vast amphitheater I was alone, toying with such fancies as my brain could control. Suddenly I saw a stout Arab approaching by the path which led near the theater. In his right hand he held a great knife, which he brandished in the air, as if to inform me that he was ready for any fate. I had a stout green cane, which a half hour before I had cut in the streets of Ephesus. I took a strong grip on the club and marched out to meet him. As I approached him he flourished his huge knife about furiously. I raised my hat gentlemanly with one hand while I held fast to the club with the other, and passed him in safety. To this day I am anxious to know whether or not I scared the Turk. For myself, I hastened on to examine the ruins of the Church of St. John, and the great stone basin,—sixteen feet in diameter,—and the Stadium, and the Temple of Diana.

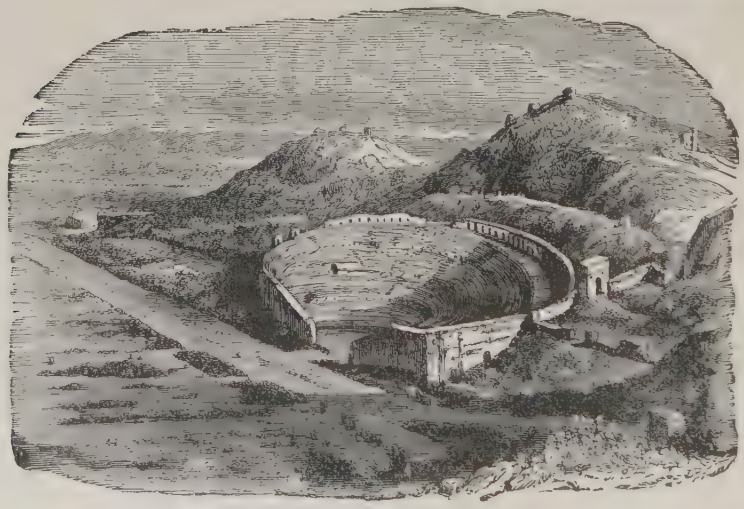
The great apostle of the gentiles "himself entered into the synagogue and reasoned with the Jews" as he returned from his second missionary tour. Though he was desired to remain much longer he bid them farewell, saying, "I must by all means keep this feast that cometh in Jerusalem, but I will return to you if God will." Here Apollos of Alexandria,

"an eloquent man, and mighty in the Scriptures, taught diligently the things of the Lord, knowing only the baptism of John." (Acts xviii. 25.) It was here that this silver-tongued messenger of the gospel received from Aquila and Priscilla that truth which opened to him "the way of God more perfectly." Paul did not forget his promise to return, for soon we find him coming again to Ephesus to perfect the work which had been so well begun. As he laid his hands on those who had been baptized to John's baptism, the Holy Ghost fell upon them. Here for three months he taught the Jews in the synagogue, "disputing and persuading the things concerning the kingdom of God." (Acts xix. 8.)

I climbed over the ruins of the gymnasium, in which was probably the "school of one Tyrannus," where Paul continued to preach after being turned from the synagogue, until "all they which dwelt in Asia heard the word of the Lord Jesus, both Jews and Greeks." There was a great revival here in those days. Handkerchiefs and aprons taken from Paul's body to the sick, or those possessed of devils, caused the sick to be healed, "and the evil spirits went out of them," because "God wrought special miracles by the hands of Paul." Vagabond exorcists, seven men, tried to cast out evil spirits. But the devils cried out, "Jesus I know, and Paul I know, but who are you?" "And this was known to all the Jews and Greeks also dwelling at Ephesus; and fear fell on them all, and the name of the Lord Jesus was magnified. And many that believed came, and confessed, and shewed their deeds. Many of them also which used curious arts brought their books together, and burned them before all men: and they counted the price of them, and found it fifty thousand pieces of silver. So mightily grew the word of God and prevailed." (Acts xix. 17–20.)

There was a great stir in Ephesus, now so long silent. Demetrius, who made shrines for the goddess Diana, called the craftsmen together and declared that their living was likely to be taken away, for the people would follow Christ, and buy no more images. The silversmiths were enraged. They cried,

"Great is Diana of the Ephesians." The city was filled with confusion. Men ran along the streets like madmen. They arrested Gaius and Aristarchus, companions of Paul, and rushed into the great theater at the end of the city. It is well preserved, and would seat sixty thousand people. There was a great mob. "Some therefore cried one thing, and some another." Paul wanted to go in and make a defense. The brethren would not permit him. The mob went on. I climbed through the theater, and could easily fancy the crying of the mob which "all with one voice about the space of two hours cried out, Great is Diana of the Ephesians." After the



ANCIENT THEATER AT EPHESUS.

uproar had been appeased by the town-clerk "Paul called unto him the disciples, and embraced them, and departed." What conflicts were then here, which I have so hastily sketched. The great apostle in writing to the church at Corinth shows that he had not forgotten how he had "fought with beasts at Ephesus." But he expected a resurrection from the dead and a reward by and by. As Paul was returning from his third missionary tour he came to Miletus. He could not forget the church here at Ephesus. Pressed for time, he could not visit the scene of his labors, so he sent for the elders

of the Ephesian church to come to him at Miletus. His address is the most splendid pastoral utterance ever delivered to a church. It so well explains the history of his toil here in this city now so desolate, that I turn to this touching discourse:

"Ye know, from the first day that I came into Asia, after what manner I have been with you at all seasons, serving the Lord with all humility of mind, and with many tears, and temptations, which befell me by the lying in wait of the Jews: and how I kept back nothing that was profitable unto you, but have shewed you, and have taught you publicly, and from house to house, testifying both to the Jews, and also to the Greeks, repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ. And now, behold, I go bound in the spirit unto Jerusalem, not knowing the things that shall befall me there: save that the Holy Ghost witnesseth in every city, saying that bonds and afflictions abide me. But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry, which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God. And now, behold, I know that ye all, among whom I have gone preaching the kingdom of God, shall see my face no more. Wherefore I take you to record this day, that I am pure from the blood of all men. For I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God.

"Take heed therefore unto yourselves, and to all the flock, over the which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers, to feed the church of God, which he hath purchased with his own blood. For I know this, that after my departing shall grievous wolves enter in among you, not sparing the flock. Also of your own selves shall men arise, speaking perverse things, to draw away disciples after them. Therefore watch, and remember, that by the space of three years I ceased not to warn every one night and day with tears. And now, brethren, I commend you to God, and to the word of his grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified. I have coveted no man's silver, or gold, or apparel. Yea, ye yourselves know, that these hands have ministered unto my necessities, and to them that were with me. I have shewed you all things, how that so laboring ye ought to support the weak, and to remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, It is more blessed to give than to receive."

After this they knelt down and prayed. "And they all wept sore, and fell on Paul's neck, and kissed him, sorrowing most of all for the words which he spoke, that they should see his face no more."

Thus dear was Ephesus to the apostle. Afterward when he

was a prisoner at Rome, he wrote his first epistle to the church here. It is indeed a wonderful letter, and is recognized as one of his greatest epistles. Here, too, Timothy was bishop of the church for a long season.

In this city through whose crumbled ruins I wandered, St. John, the only one of the twelve apostles who escaped martyrdom, it is believed died in peace, honored by the love of the "children" he so dearly and tenderly loved for Christ's sake. He was the beloved disciple, and here he tarried long by the will of the Master. The place is pointed out where he sleeps who was early at the tomb of his crucified Christ, and who was often wont to lean on the bosom of Jesus. I visited the spot where it is asserted his body was buried. I can not tell how this is, but his head leans on the bosom of Jesus over in the city which falls into ruins never, but becomes grander as the treasures of eternity are continually gathering into it. Somewhere here amid these wrecks of time is the dust of Timothy, and may be the mother of Christ, whose home was with John, but I could not find them! When "he that holdeth the seven stars in his right hand" appeared to the solitary apostle on Patmos, he ordered the first address to be sent to the church at Ephesus. The reader will find it in the opening of the second chapter of Revelation.

Ephesus spreads out its doleful, desolate, and forsaken ruins. Mount Prion, once crowned as the center of supreme earthly grandeur, sits solitary in its desolation and mourning. Old corridors and marbled streets wail at the passer-by. Crumbling walls and sarcophagi whose dead have vanished in dust thousands of years ago, look wofully on the pilgrim who has come from afar! Alas, alas! for the glory of Ephesus! For ages she has been in sackcloth, and none comes to lift up the veil of her mourning! And yet amid her wastes I seemed to have touched a spirit divine. There is that which perishes not at Ephesus!

CHAPTER XIV.

Distances in the Great Sea — Chios — Samos — Patmos — Vision of the Revelator — The Echo of Patmos — Coos — Rhodes — Cyprus — Limersol — Larnica — Salamis — Paul and Barnabas on Cyprus — Witnesses.

THE Mediterranean is indeed a "great sea." Distances between places are much greater than I had conceived them to be. We are accustomed to lose sight of the drudgery and toil and weariness of travel which must have made up a large portion of the lives of the apostles, with whom these regions stand associated. Our vessel was almost a week going from Constantinople to Palestine. But how vast were these distances to Paul, who, with imperfect means of navigation, hastened with anxiety from Greece to Jerusalem with a heart full of longing to keep the great feast there. (Acts xx. 16.)

By six o'clock on Saturday evening, October 22d, our ship drove out of the splendid harbor at Smyrna and was off at sea. One can not enter such a voyage without some trepidation. Sometimes a pleasant passage is made over the Mediterranean. From Rhodes to Cyprus, however, there is usually a rolling sea sufficient to give the passenger a good "tossing up."

About three o'clock on Sabbath morning our vessel stopped at Chios. (See Acts xx. 15.) This island is about thirty-two miles long. It has had an illustrious history, and has always been noted for its wines, figs, and silks. For a long time it witnessed great battles with various changes of the country. Recently it has been almost rendered uninhabitable by the most dreadful earthquakes. It is now little more than a heap of ruins. As the morning opened calm and clear, with a delightful sky, we sailed close under the island Samos, at

which Paul stopped on his return from Greece on his third missionary tour. Its glistening mountains sparkled in the morning sun. Its Greek name—Samos—means a mountain. Here and there thin clouds hovered over the sharp crystal-like peaks, presenting a picture of delicate beauty.

About 9:30 A. M. my eyes caught the first view of the isle that is called Patmos, on which God made his great revelation to John. As a half hour passed, the full form of the island rose in view, with its barren peaks crowned here and there with a hovering cloud, from which an angel might speak to mortal man. It was just 10:30 Sabbath morning when I secured a full view of the island, at a distance of ten or fifteen miles away. It was the hour for morning service in our churches far off at home beyond the seas. It was the holy Sabbath. And was not John "in the Spirit on the Lord's day" when Domitian had banished him to this barren place "for the word of God, and for the testimony of Jesus Christ"? I scanned the island for an hour from peak to peak, and from one rocky shoulder to another, and from one declivity to another, if perchance my eyes might fall on the spot where the revelator stood when he heard behind him "a great voice, as of a trumpet saying, I am Alpha and Omega, the first and the last: and, What thou seest, write in a book." On one of those mountains "John fell at his feet as dead" when he saw "in the midst of the seven candle-sticks one like unto the Son of man, clothed with a garment down to the foot, and girt about the paps with a golden girdle. His head and his hairs were white like wool, as white as snow; and his eyes were as a flame of fire; and his feet like unto fine brass, as if they burned in a furnace; and his voice as the sound of many waters. And he had in his right hand seven stars: and out of his mouth went a sharp two-edged sword: and his countenance was as the sun shineth in his strength." (Revelation i. 13–16.)

The four thousand people living on this island surely do not realize that these mountains once glowed in the glory of God's presence. The town of Patmos was in full sight, and to the

right the Monastery of St. John the Divine, founded in the twelfth century. And from yonder isle came the solemn warnings and glorious promises which the revelator was ordered to send to the churches, and which have come down to us with their meaning multiplied by ten thousand providences of God. It is safe to say that much of the imagery of the revelator given on Patmos is unequaled and unrivaled by anything that has ever been brought to the conception of man. The fifth chapter of Revelation has never been equaled in the drama. It is as high above Shakespeare as heaven is above the earth. Many of the figures and much of the great lesson may be to the ages to come; but the message of God from this lone island of the Ægean Sea is a fitting peroration to the word of God in whatever light it may be considered.

One sits down in subdued reverence in sight of the mountains of Patmos as he remembers how the angel carried John "away in the spirit to a great and high mountain," where he showed him "the bride, the Lamb's wife," and "that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God." I conclude that this scene was witnessed from that tall peak northward from where the village of Patmos is situated — at least it is the highest peak of the island. From it did the entranced apostle see the one with "a golden reed to measure the city," which he saw twelve thousand furlongs every way lying four square? These very mountains must have glowed like jasper and shone like pearls when the city of God stood forth with the Lord God Almighty, and the Lamb as the temple of it; for the city seen from that lofty mountain "had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it; for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light of it." And the gates of it shall not be shut at all; for there shall be no night there.

Our vessel did not stop at Patmos. Only for three hours did my eyes scan the bare and rocky little island, not more than forty-five miles in circumference, upon which God last stood to speak face to face with man in special revelation of his will and divine purposes. At the noontide another

island slipped between our vessel and Patmos and it was out of sight forever. Turning away from the lone sentinel of the deep from which our Lord sent his last message to the church and the world, I thought I heard the vibration of that voice like mighty notes rolling down the vista of the passing ages, echoing, "Surely I come quickly;" "Even so come, Lord Jesus."

The course of the vessel over the Mediterranean was the same as that taken by Paul in his journeyings in this sea. We passed in full view of Coos (Acts xxi. 1), and by 8:30 P. M. on Sabbath our vessel lay at anchor off the isle of Rhodes. Plutarch tells us that here at Rhodes Cicero studied oratory under Appollonius, and, because Appollonius did not understand Latin, declaimed in Greek. So well did he accomplish his tasks that he won the praise of his teacher, who said to him, "You have my praise and admiration, Cicero, and Greece my pity and commiseration, since those arts and that eloquence, which are the only glories which remain to her, will now be transferred by you to Rome." A large number of boys came on board our vessel with all kinds of trinkets for sale. Some articles were very pretty, and showed skill in mechanism. In a few hours we were again off to sea; and through the Ægean the vessel was sheltered by little islands and groups of islands all the way. Then the vessel strode from all these and crossed the great body of the Mediterranean until on Tuesday morning our eyes caught a view of Cyprus, five hundred and fifty miles from Smyrna, and one hundred and fifty miles from Beyroot on the coast of Syria. Our vessel remained at Limasol, on the south coast of the island, four hours, during which time passengers, goods, etc., were put ashore. Among our cargo were forty-five head of beef-cattle, being taken to Cyprus for beef, to feed the English people there. It was amusing to see the men hoist the cattle out of the hold and swing them out into the sea, and with four to a row-boat swim them two miles to the shore. Several of them kicked out of the bandages when suspended in mid-air and head foremost "sounded" the depth of the sea. How

far they went down I do not know; and such a lookout as the Turks kept up for their return was amusing. These were rude things to look upon, under the splendid eastern skies. In the evening the moon in its youth rose like a crescent just above the sea, as delicate as the ring on a lady's finger. In the morning the sun appeared without a cloud between, just like a great ball of fire rising out of the sea.

Four hours along the southern coast of Cyprus brought the vessel to Larnica, a clean town about forty miles south of Salamis, where Paul entered the island on his first missionary tour. The island is about one hundred and fifty miles long and fifty in width. It is probably the Kittim of Genesis x. 4, and the Chittim of Numbers xxiv. 24, and Isaiah xxiii. 1–12, and Ezekiel xxvii. 6.

When the persecution arose against the early church at Jerusalem, some of the disciples who fled came to this island and preached the gospel. (Acts xi. 19.) After the ordination of Paul, and Barnabas, who was a native of Cyprus (Acts iv. 36), to the special work to which the Holy Ghost had called them by the church at Antioch, Cyprus was the first place visited after their leaving Seleucia. The apostles, landing at Salamis on the east of the island, passed through it to the west. Here Sergius Paulus, a "prudent man," heard the word of God from Paul and Barnabas and believed. And here Elymas the sorcerer was smitten with blindness. The estimate in which the word of God holds those who seek to turn men away from the path of Christ is shown by Paul's withering curse on Elymas. (See Acts xiii. 10, 11.) Thus did God in those ancient times manifest himself in power in these parts of the earth that we upon whom the ends of the world have come might know and believe in his Son Jesus Christ. These seas and islands are silent but mighty witnesses to the historic record God has given to the world.

Thus slowly have I led the reader on his journey to the Holy Land. Our path has been through cities, countries, mountains, rivers, cathedrals, palaces, towers, battle-fields, heathen temples, scenes of apostolic labor and suffering, con-

vocations of living men, and the works of art and the tombs of those long passed away! We have passed many days in the renowned art-galleries of the old world in which are collected the products of the loftiest geniuses the world has ever known. Our eyes and heart have often been enraptured as we looked upon the almost living statues of marble, and the wonderful paintings which the genius and toil of the masters have bequeathed to us from the past ages. We have often wandered about halls where poets and philosophers have lived and written in such language of wisdom and beauty as to make themselves immortal. We have climbed lofty towers which have stood for ages as the stately monuments of palsied strength and power! We have walked silently through ruins of ancient palaces of splendor, and Grecian and Roman temples erected to the worship of mythical deities, and adorned with art so costly and rare that it has survived the crumbling ages. We have strolled through splendid and gaudy cathedrals where priests and monks chant their monotonous songs and prayers, and often stood by the monumental tombs of poets, artists, kings, emperors, soldiers of valor and renown, until life itself has seemed less than a dream as it has been thus overshadowed by the presence of the dust of those once mighty in deeds and of high renown. Sometimes we have turned aside here and there to behold the spots where reformers, and men devout and holy, were martyred for Christ's sake. Thus, often we have felt the stirring of the sentiments and emotions which led on the march of the ages past, and the brain has felt the presence and throb of ideas and thoughts which in their times charmed and revolutionized the world as the slow centuries rolled their cycles around. Amid the ruins of cities made sacred to the Christian world by the superhuman labors and sufferings, and even death of the apostles of Christ, we have often found the soul uplifted to God with our earnest prayer that we may have grace to appreciate as we ought the deeds of New Testament heroes, who through Christ made the early history of the church illustrious above all the memories or deeds of men.

(Copyright 1880.)

The American Sunday School Union, Philadelphia.

PART FOURTH.

THE HOLY LAND.

CHAPTER I.

Location of Palestine — How to Reach It — First View of the Holy Land — Long-Cherished Hopes Realized — Types in Mountains and Stone — History of the Land — Abraham's Day — Original Occupants — Their Location — Patriarchs — Possessions of Israel — Period of the Judges — Kings — Greeks and Romans — Times of Christ — Persian Conquests — Crusaders — Napoleon — Arabs — Present Government of Palestine.

F the reader should embark in a steam-vessel at New York, and sail from that splendid harbor eastward across the Atlantic ocean, bearing southward about five degrees in three thousand miles, he would strike the eastern world at the entrance of the straits of Gibraltar. Continuing directly eastward the continent of Europe would be found touching the water to the left, and the continent of Africa on the right. You would pass between Spain and Portugal on the European side, and Morocco on the African side. After passing the straits of Gibraltar and continuing to sail eastward through the Mediterranean sea along the northern coast of Africa about one thousand miles, Sicily would appear on the left hand. From this point, should you sail east-south-east through the Mediterranean fourteen hundred miles more you would strike the shore of Syria, or Palestine. You would then be almost six thousand miles east of New York, and about six hundred miles southward. The western coast of Palestine lies almost

north and south, so that we may say it directly faces the eastern coast of the more southern states of our own country. Of course the writer's journey has already been detailed in other pages, and such a route as has been followed would usually be chosen by travelers from America.

On the morning of Wednesday, October 26th, when I went upon the upper deck of our vessel and looked toward the rising sun coming up in the cloudless sky, behold there stood under the great orb of day the lofty mountains of Lebanon, draped in their garb of glory and wearing a mien of majesty. As my eyes caught the first sight of the tall peaks of Lebanon beyond Beyroot, over ten thousand feet high, though perhaps seventy-five miles away, I felt that I was about to realize the fondest dream of my most lucid moments; and that after long seasons of travel my feet, through the great mercy of God, were soon to be permitted to tread the lands of the Bible, and walk where once the weary steps of the Master were followed by his loving disciples. How I remembered the prayer of the leader of Israel a long time ago. "I pray thee, let me go over and see the good land that is beyond Jordan, that goodly mountain, and Lebanon." (Deuteronomy iii. 25.) Weary of the sea and tossing to and fro, I was glad when our vessel lay at anchor in the harbor of Beyroot, and small boats manned by strangely-dressed Arabs rowed us to the shore under the broiling rays of a tropical sun, which reminded me that I should have need of much courage as well as strength to pursue well the purpose to see the land of the Bible!

At last my feet rested on the Holy Land. Scenes which had mingled only in visions of holy fancy were to become real, or to have themselves associated forever in my own conception as they are in fact with towering mountains, populous cities, and sacred ruins. As a land, this Canaan has long been a type of the heavenly country. Here stood the type before me in earth and stone. So far as is known the writer is the first member of the great Christian and denominational brotherhood with which it has been his lot to stand associated from childhood to rest feet on the sacred soil of this land of the

Bible. But how many thousands are safely in the paradise above to whom God has opened the land on high and the gates of the eternal morning!

Before advancing farther, it may be well to pause for a little time in our journey and look at the illustrious history of this land of the Bible, condensed into a narrow compass.

Nearly two thousand years before Christ, Abram, who had dwelt in Haran in the north, "departed as the Lord had spoken unto him," and "took Sarai his wife, and Lot his brother's son, and all their substance that they had gathered, and the souls that they had gotten in Haran; and they went forth to go into the land of Canaan; and into the land of Canaan they came. And Abram passed through the land unto the place of Sichem [Shechem], unto the plain of Moreh. And the Canaanite was then in the land." (Genesis xii. 5, 6.) This is our introduction to the history of the Holy Land. Abraham came down by way of Damascus and pitched his tent somewhere under the shadows of Mount Gerizim, where his flocks could easily be led to pasture on the plain of Moreh, east and south of Ebal and Gerizim.

The Canaanites, who then held possession of the country, were decendants of Canaan (meaning low), the fourth son of Ham, the second son of Noah. (Genesis x. 6.) At an early day they seem to have become intermingled with the descendants of Shem, as they appear to have spoken the Semitic language, which is akin to the Hebrew. These Canaanites, the early occupants of Palestine, were divided into seven tribes. The Canaanites dwelt on the lower Jordan. (Genesis x. 18–19.) This name, however, was also used as a general term for the occupants of the land. The mighty Amorites, mountaineers, dwelt in the south of the land, but they also sometimes extended their possessions eastward and northward. The Perizzites dwelt in the country west and south of Carmel. The Hittites owned the land about Hebron — for of them Abraham bought the cave of Machpelah. (Genesis xxiii. 10.) The Hivites dwelt in Shechem and northward. The Jebusites dwelt in and about Jerusalem. The Gergesites, or

Gerisites seem to have held possession in different portions of the land.

At a later period we have mention of the Semitic tribes, different of course from the Canaanites — such as the Edomites and the Moabites, and the Amorites, the descendants of the daughters of Lot. Besides these, we read in the Bible of the Midianites, wandering tribes from the East, and the Amalekites, first from Arabian nomads, and afterward connected with the descendants of Esau. At the time of the occupation of the land by Israel under Joshua we read of the Anakim, the descendants of Anak, who were giants "of a great stature." (Numbers xiii. 32.)

Syria was from ancient times occupied by the descendants of Ham and Shem, and these people were intermingled with nomadic tribes from the East. The country at the time of Abraham, and subsequently, was divided into small kingdoms, over which petty monarchs held dominion.

Abraham, the patriarch whom God had selected to become the head of his chosen people and the father of the faithful, who was born B. C. 1996, two years after the death of Noah, came at the age of seventy-five years into the good land of Canaan; and from about 1921 before Christ, to 1706, a period of two hundred and fifteen years, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob dwelt in tents, the heirs of promise to an inheritance of the land, in which as yet they owned only a burial-place at Hebron. In our visits to be made in the future to many sacred places, we shall often come upon the grounds where their tents were pitched, and pass over the hills and valleys where their flocks found pasturage, and perchance sit down by the wells they dug and look upon the caves and tombs where thousands of years ago they were gathered to their fathers when the weary march was over. We shall seem to hear the lowing of their flocks and picture their lordly tread as we look upon some noble Arabian chief leading his vast flocks over the same pasture-lands where those of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob once were tended.

On the tenth day of the first month Israel came up out of

the waters of the Jordan and camped at Gilgal, in the plain of Jericho, north of the Dead Sea. This was April, B. C. 1451, or four hundred and seventy years after Abraham came to Shechem from Haran. Then followed the possession of the land by Israel, and the division of tribes, — Reuben, Gad, and half of the tribe of Manassah on the east of the Jordan. The division of the land was perfected by Joshua when the tabernacle had been set up at Shiloh.

Four hundred and fifty years, under the judges, the war-history of Israel stretches over the Holy Land, until under Samuel, the judge and prophet, the theocracy came to an end, and about 1095 B. C., Saul was anointed king of Israel. During the reign of the judges the sanctuary of the Lord abode at Shiloh. Saul, David, and Solomon, each in turn, reigned forty years, and under their dominion the country obtained its greatest splendor, and its highest rank among the history of all nations. The whole land was united under one dominion, and the glory of the land was as the glory of Lebanon.

Soon, however, the division of the government occurred under Rehoboam, who could only hold the southern portion of the land, while "Jeroboam, the son of Nebat, who made Israel to sin," established his throne at Shechem. Only Judah and Benjamin remained loyal to Rehoboam. Omri afterward removed the capital of Israel north and west eight miles from Shechem to Samaria. The lapse of two hundred and fifty-five years saw Shalmaneser with his army subduing Israel, then reigned over by Hoshea, and at the end of that year, Sargon, son of Shalmaneser, "king of Assyria," carried Israel away captive, never to return again to their favored land. In this short space of two hundred and fifty-five years we have the reign of nineteen kings, and the illustrious history of Elijah and Elisha, who shine as lights in the darkness of the idolatry of the people. Zechariah the martyr, Jonah, Amos, and Hosea also shine in this period. We shall often cross the paths they trod, and look on the landscapes and ruined cities which the times of these prophets

have glorified. After the captivity of Israel, the land lay a long time in desolation. People came from the East, with wanderers of the ten tribes, no doubt, and dwelt in the land!

When Jehoachin reigned over Judah, Nebuchadnezzar took the Holy City, six hundred and five years before the Christian era, and carried the vessels of the sanctuary to Babylon. Before twenty years more passed Zedekiah, Ezekiel, and all Judah were carried away to bondage in Babylon. Thus when about four hundred years had passed from the death of Solomon, Isaiah, Joel, Micah, Jeremiah, Nahum, Habakkuk, Zephaniah, and other illustrious names on the pages of the most marvelously illumined history of the world had risen and shone in a splendor and beauty never to fade, though their fair land was devastated by armies, and the holy and beautiful house of the Lord was made desolate and all their pleasant things laid waste.

When the times of sorrow were past, in which Israel hanged their harps on the willows, and their captives wasted them and required of them mirth when they could not sing the Lord's song in a strange land, five hundred and thirty years before Christ, under Cyrus, they began to return to their own land, and brought back with them the treasures of the Lord's house and again built the temple on Mount Moriah. Twenty years later, under the dominion of Darius, the temple was again dedicated (March, B. C. 515). In this period of captivity and return and subsequent history, down to four hundred years before Christ, we have the lives of Daniel, Haggai, Zechariah, Ezra, Nehemiah, and Malachi. This covers the period of the time of Pericles, Herodotus, Xenophon, and Socrates, of Grecian fame, and the time of the republic of Rome. Under Nehemiah, Jerusalem was again rebuilt — its desolation disappeared, and its walls again rose in magnificence around the city of the great King.

For nearly one hundred years, and to the death of Alexander, Palestine had peace and prosperity. After this time came great scenes of battle. Ptolemy brought the land under Egyptian power. Meantime, Grecian influences affected the

western portion of the land and the Aramaic language began to supersede the Hebrew. The Greek language also became largely known. At the opening of the second century before Christ, Antiochus endeavored to set up paganism, and pagan altars, the Greek religion, on the site of the altars of God. Then followed the reign of the Maccabean kings, and the history of terrible wars. During this period of independence the temple was held to its sacred uses and the priests exercised authority. But the rising power of Rome saw with its eagle eye the east coast of the Great Sea, and Pompey, a little more than sixty years before the Christian era, conquered Jerusalem. Twenty years later Herod the Great, assisted by the Romans, gained possession of Palestine, and was soon appointed king. He rebuilt the temple and fortified the city of Jerusalem. The ruins of many splendid buildings erected in various parts of Palestine during this period now greet the eye of the traveler on the sacred soil of this wonderful land.

The Messiah Jesus had just been born in Bethlehem, and carried by Joseph and Mary into Egypt for shelter from the rage of Herod the Great, when Herod died and the country was divided into three kingdoms. Archelaus reigned in the south, over Samaria, Judea, and Idumea; Antipas in Galilee and Peræa; and Philip, half brother of Archelaus, with his capital at Cæsarea, reigned over the region of the Hermon.

While Christ grew in favor with God and man and waxed strong in spirit, dwelling with Joseph at Nazareth, various changes were wrought, and Pilate in A. D. 26 became the Roman governor. The Jews longed for a temporal deliverer, and when Christ revealed the kingdom which is not of this world they cried, "Crucify him, crucify him!" "Then Pilate therefore took Jesus, and scourged him." "And when he had scourged Jesus he delivered him to be crucified."

The times of Felix, Festus, and Herod Agrippa had scarcely passed when the Zealots broke out in fury; but in A. D. 67 Vespasian came with an army of sixty thousand and conquered Galilee; and three years later his son Titus (September 7th, A. D. 70,) saw Jerusalem lying in ruins and a desolation

which can not be told. The awful siege was ended. The temple lay in charred ruins. For half a century the Holy City in abandonment slept in death and ash-covered desolateness.

Sixty years after the destruction of the city by Titus, the Roman Emperor Hadrian rebuilt Jerusalem, and constructed its walls anew. Nearly two hundred years later, under Constantine, by the aid of his mother, Helena, the sacred places connected with the life of Christ were sought out. The whole land became Christian, and pilgrimages were made in great numbers to these sacred places.

In A. D. 616, Khosroo, king of Persia, took Syria and Palestine from the Roman Empire, and twenty years later the Arabs, under Omar, took possession of the entire country. Three hundred and thirty years later Palestine was conquered by the Egyptian Fatimites. Nearly one hundred and twenty years later began the Crusades, in A. D. 1096. At different periods the Crusaders held nearly all of the important places of Syria and Palestine. We shall often meet the ruins of structures built by these Crusaders, and shall not unfrequently be almost bewildered by the fatal mistakes they made in the location of sacred places. At about A. D. 1518, Selim, the sultan of Turkey, wrested Palestine from the power of the Mamalukes and made it a part of the Turkish empire, as it remains to this day. In A. D. 1799, as Napoleon returned from Egypt he captured Joppa, and subsequently fought the Turks on the plain of Esdraelon above Jezreel, defeating them and driving them beyond Nazareth. The French and English governments of late years have exerted great influence over the Musselmen in Palestine and Syria, and it was through the French army that the persecution of the Christians by the Turks and Druses at Damascus and in the Lebanon Mountains, in A. D. 1860, was put to an end, but not until about fourteen thousand had perished under the reign of terror. The country is now governed by pashas who are amenable to the sultan of Turkey, or the Turkish officers. Nominally, freedom is granted to all religions. In one or two districts the pasha is required to profess the Christian-Catholic religion.

PALESTINE
IN THE TIME
OF THE PATRIARCHS
Illustrating the Pentateuch
English Miles
0 10 20 30 40 50
34
35
36
33
32
31
I. of Arad (Arvad)
Simyra
ZEMARITES
HAMATHITES
SINITES
ARVADITES
ZEMARITES
HAMATHITES
Orontes R.
Hobah
Damascus
Mt. Hermon
Sidon
Mt. Lebanon
Mt. Lebanon (Libanus)
Anti Lebanon
HIVITES
Laish or Dan
Lake Merom
Dothan
Sea of Chinnereth
Mt. Tabor
Ashtaroth Karnaim or Ashtaroth
Bozrah
Mahanaim
Penuel
Mt. Gilead
Mt. Gilboa
Dothan
Mt. Ebal
Sichem or Shechem
Mt. Gerizim
PERIZZITES
Jabbok
Jordan
Bethel or El-Bethel
Hai or Ai
Luz or Bethel
JEBUSITES
Land of Abel-mizraim
Salem (Jerusalem)
Moriah
Gareb's Tomb
Ephrath or Bethlehem
Timnath
Adullam
Chezib
Anakim
Mamre Kirjath-arba or Hebron
Gaza or Azzah
Hazezon tamar
Geral
Beer Sheba
Wilderness of Beer Sheba
PHILISTINES
AVIMS
CHAVITES
AMALEKITES
R. of Egypt
En-mishpat or Kadesh
KENITES of Wilderness Shur
KENIZZITES
Wilderness of Paran or El-Paran
Zoar or Bela
Sodom
Gomorrah
Dead Sea
Salt Sea
Valley of Siddim
Mt. Seir
HORITES
EDOM
Mt. Hor
R. Arnon
Brook Zered
Brk Jabbok
Shaveh Kirathaim
ZAMZUMMIMS
ZUZIMS OR
EMIMS
AMMONITES
MOABITES
EPHRAIMS
MANASSITES
GERIZZITES
ZACHARIAS
THE GREAT SEA
(MEDITERRANEAN)
Hak & Co. Engs. N.Y.

CHAPTER II.

Time to Visit Palestine — Order of Travel in the Spring and Autumn — Sojourn in Tents — Number of American Visitors to Palestine—Syria — Beyroot — Hotel de Orient — History of Beyroot — Mission-Work — Harbor — University — Printing-House — Cacti — Fountains—Scene at the Well — Eleazar — Maidens Drawing Water — Beggars — Poor — No Hospitals for the Destitute — Christ's Contact with the Suffering — Bartimæus—Shops—Preparation for the Journey—Methods of Travel — Damascus Road—Why no Roads Now—Ancient Chariots—Wagons of Joseph — Roman Roads — One Path Prepared for Pilgrims — Drawing for Horses — Grave of Kingsley.

THE spring-season is usually preferred for a journey through Palestine. In March and April the grass, flowers, and harvests are most abundant, and then the country is seen at its best. At this season of the year travelers in the orient usually visit Egypt first, and then enter Palestine from Joppa, in the southern part, and from Jerusalem go northward as the weather becomes warmer, passing out of the country through Syria. Many for convenience and other reasons travel in Palestine in the autumn. While the country at this season is largely barren except the fields of corn, and hence more desolate in appearance, its features and rocks and ruins of cities are more easily seen than when vegetation is abundant. November and the early part of December is a good season to visit the Holy Land. Persons traveling there at this season reverse the order before mentioned, and enter Syria first and slowly proceed southward, journeying like Abram of old, going southward through the land. Of course a large portion of the visitors to the Holy Land do not undertake any considerable journey through the country, but, going directly to Jerusalem, make

short excursions in various directions. This is more quickly done, and with less fatigue and danger of sickness, and with less expense. The United States consul at Jerusalem told me that five hundred Americans visited Jerusalem in a single year. A very few of these saw the entire land. One of the most valuable features in an autumn visit is the fact that you have the most interesting portion of the country at the last, and the hardest toil and travel at the first. The best of the wine comes at the last of the feast.

Syria was embraced in the covenant of the Lord with Abraham and was a part of the promise to Israel, yet it was not reckoned in the dominion on account of the disobedience of the people. It lies directly north of Palestine, on the coast of the Mediterranean. Before noon on the twenty-sixth of November our feet had rested on the streets of the beautiful city, Beyroot, and our eyes were greeted with many surprising scenes. We were lodged at the *Hotel de Orient*, the rooms of which are large, with ceilings nearly twenty feet high. Beyroot is not mentioned in the Bible, but from Strabo, who mentions the city B. C. 140, and other sources we learn that it was at that time a city of importance. It had an illustrious history down to the time of Justinian, about A. D. 550. In A. D. 551 it was largely destroyed by an earthquake. Under the Moslems it sunk into insignificance. Much of its history is in obscurity. It is now a splendid city with nearly one hundred thousand people. Many of its houses and streets have an American or European appearance, while portions of its population and streets are strikingly oriental. Two thirds of the people are Christian. Beyroot is the great sea-port of Syria. At this point missionary work has been conducted successfully by the Presbyterian and Congregational churches for over half a century. The work done in this time has borne precious fruit. So much of the influence of this toil prevails that the place has a resemblance to an English town. The view afforded of the sea is delightful; and the best harbor is here seen that is to be found on the Syrian coast. This is the great trading-port for Damascus and all Syria. The commerce and educa-

tional and religious features of the city make it a praise in the earth. The American mission, first founded in 1820, opened a new era. Beyroot is the center of the entire educational system of the American missionaries. The Syrian Protestant college has a splendid location, overlooking the sea, and buildings and grounds worth over two hundred thousand dollars. About one hundred and thirty students were in attendance when I visited it. They were a fine-looking class of young men. It has become the center of a mighty force in Palestine and Syria. In these countries there are now two hundred and forty Protestant schools, with thirteen thousand children in them. There are over one hundred American and European teachers and preachers and over four hundred native laborers in the Master's vineyard. The college has full scientific, medical, and other departments. In a large measure the spirit of education has taken hold of the entire people. There are good schools for girls; and a Christian life is enlarging its power here. Among the most interesting and important institutions here is the publishing house of the same society. It issues weekly as well as monthly periodicals, in the Arabic language. On the same lot they have an excellent church, the services of which are largely attended. Close by is the best-arranged Sabbath-school chapel I have ever seen. It was erected at the expense of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dale, of Orange, New York, as a memorial to a deceased little son, Gerald F. Dale. The plan was arranged by Dr. Jessup, who had charge of the work. We were most kindly greeted by this veteran and faithful missionary here, Dr. Van Dyke, and others. In all the educational work of this country the English language forms the basis, while the other languages are taught. This opens English literature, thought, and enterprise to the students. The city is in telegraphic communication with England and America.

Beyroot is a pleasant introduction to a sojourn in the Holy Land. Still, one recognizes at once the strange and unusual appearance of all about him. Great cactuses, growing up to a height of ten feet, form powerful hedges and fences in Beyroot,

being found as well all through Palestine. The streets present a striking picture. Camels, donkeys, and women are the bearers of burdens. No wagon or vehicle of any kind greets the eye. The fountains along the streets or under the hills are crowded by poorly-dressed women with their great earthen jugs or jars. They fill them and lift them to their shoulders or heads and carry them away. Here at a fountain camels are waiting for water to be drawn, while women as in the time of Abraham perform their service at the well. I was at once reminded of the prayer of Eleazar, the faithful and devout servant of Abraham, when he sought a wife for Isaac. "He made his camels to kneel down without the city by a well of water at the time of the evening, even the time that women go out to draw water" (Genesis xxiv. 10); and he prayed, "Behold, I stand here by the well of water; and the daughters of the men of the city come out to draw water: and let it come to pass, that the damsel to whom I shall say, Let down thy pitcher, I pray thee, that I may drink; and she shall say, Drink, and I will give thy camels drink also: let the same be she that thou hast appointed for thy servant Isaac." (Genesis xxiv. 13, 14.) As we slowly ascended the hill going toward the college, and the women came out for water, there was at once an illustration of what is said in the story of Saul in search of his father's asses—"As they went up *in the ascent of the city*, they found young maidens going out to draw water." (I. Samuel ix. 11.) These fountains are hailed with delight in all parts of the land. We shall have occasion to sit down by them again often in our journey.

FOUNTAIN BY THE WAY-SIDE.

The streets of Beyroot, like those of every town in Palestine and Syria, are thronged with beggars. We had gone but a little way from our hotel into the city when we were met by several blind beggars who sat by the way-side. It has always been so. There are no hospitals for the afflicted and blind, and no system of charities for the poor. Now, as in the Savior's time, Bartimæus sits by the highway-side, begging (Mark x. 46); but alas, there is none to say, "Go thy way, thy faith hath made thee whole." (Mark x. 52.) The facts just stated explain how it was that Christ came so largely in contact with the blind, and maimed, and poor, and the lepers. How they must have thronged him! His love and healing attracted them to him wherever he went. The first half day in the streets of this city thronged with the blind and maimed and poor put a new comment upon the ministry of Christ, "who went about doing good."

Small shops are kept by women as well as by men. They sell oranges, grapes, figs, and sugar-cane. Many of the poor people appear to live on raw sugar-cane. A lad buys a stalk and carries it with him, gnawing away at it now and then till it is all gone.

The houses in their entire construction, with their flat roofs, presented to my eyes a strange appearance. Of these I shall say more when more extended observations have been made.

My stay in Beyroot was short, being only one day and night. There are few ruins and no places of biblical antiquity, and our arrangements for the journey were to be completed. A half day was spent in looking up places of interest, and making some purchases. That night—until far in the night—several of the company toiled hard with linen cloth, needle, and thread, preparing, fitting, and sewing up the nicest and neatest things for the head one could well fancy, as a protection against the hot, burning rays of the sun. What I made was a compromise between a veil and an umbrella. What would some good wives have said could they have seen Dr. Fry, Dr. Thompson, and the writer measuring, fitting, cutting, and making these head-dresses? We

beat even the Arabs. Be it remembered that during the middle of the day the thermometer is up to about ninety degrees. Then there were other preparations for travel to be made.

Shall we pack trunks and get ready to take the cars? Not so. There are no cars in Palestine or Syria! Then we shall go by the stage coach? Not so. There are no coaches or wagons in Palestine for general use in traveling. There are, with two exceptions, even no roads in Palestine! There is one splendid pike from Beyroot to Damascus, — a distance of seventy-two miles. It was made by a French company about twenty years ago. The company run a *diligence* to Damascus daily, making the trip in thirteen hours. It also owns and runs transportation-wagons from Beyroot to Damascus, which carry freight as do cars in other countries. This road crosses both the Lebanon and anti-Lebanon mountains. Another like road for wagons connects between Joppa and Jerusalem. Of course the country was not always destitute of roads. And here we have suddenly come upon one of the examples of the great decline of the country. When Jacob, sorrowing over the loss of Joseph, and Simeon, and Benjamin, heard the story of the reigning of his beloved son Joseph amid the abundance of corn in Egypt, he believed it not until he saw the wagons which Joseph had sent to carry him down into Egypt. (Genesis xlv. 27.) A number of years after, when Joseph carried the embalmed body of Jacob to Hebron to be buried with Abraham and Isaac, "there went up with him both chariots and horsemen." (Gen. l. 9.) When Deborah, that prophetess of God, was roused up four hundred years later to lead Israel to battle against Sisera, she was met by over nine hundred chariots of iron. (Judges iv. 13.) Thirteen centuries later we read of Philip the evangelist being directed by the Spirit to go and join himself to the chariot of the Ethiopian who was returning to his own country from Jerusalem. (Acts viii. 29.) Here and there are yet to be seen traces of old Roman highways over which the Savior passed in the days of his pilgrimage on earth. But with the conquest of the land by the

Turks, the camel and donkey took the place of wagons and chariots, and for a thousand years no attention has been paid to the roads. They climb over rocks and stones, and above precipices, and down deep defiles generation after generation, without even amending a place or picking up a stone. The only laboring at roads I saw in Palestine was a few men preparing a path down a steep declivity to the brook Cherith, so that the holy pilgrims from Jerusalem to Bethabara, passing under the shades of the Quarantine mountains, might turn aside to the traditional shelter of the old Prophet Elijah, where God sent him food in the morning and at night, in the time of famine.

Thus it is that traveling in the Holy Land must now be done on foot or on horseback, or on donkeys or camels. We chose horses, which are usually preferred. After lunch on Thursday our company was called into the yard adjoining the hotel to draw for horses. This was a matter of considerable importance, inasmuch as it involved thirty days in the saddle,—often over precipitous mountain-paths. The numbers were put on little slips of paper, which were put into a little sack. The horses were also numbered. The number drawn directed the drawee to his horse. I drew last, and drew "No. 1." So it is that "there are last that shall be first." There was a hasty trial of the horses drawn, and some exchanging was done. An amusing incident — but one which might have been serious — greeted us at the beginning. Dr. Fry had not been in the saddle two minutes until he was thrown from it with force, but without receiving any injury. It was hardly to be attributed to bad horsemanship, since he was for years an itinerant; and then his skill subsequently proved equal to any emergency. Our horses were native Syrian — about one third smaller than the average American saddle-horse. The horses were not gaited with care, but walked well; and I found mine a good loper. They are fleet and marvelously active in climbing over dangerous and rocky passes. They were shod with a shoe which covered the entire bottom of the foot. The one the

writer rode never grew tired, but was always ready for any speed, no matter how steep or rough the way.

During my stay in Beyroot I visited the Protestant cemetery, where Bishop Kingsley, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, sleeps the last long sleep. His tomb is marked by a plain gray-granite monument, about six feet square at the base and about eighteen feet high. It bears the following inscription:

REV. CALVIN KINGSLEY, D. D.,
Bishop of the
METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.
Born in the State of New York, U. S. of
America, September 8th, 1812.
Died in Beyroot, Syria, April 6th, 1870,
While making for his Church the First
Episcopal Tour of the Globe.
May his Tomb unite more closely Asia and America.

On the reverse side is the following:

ERECTED
as a tribute
of affection and esteem
by order of the
GENERAL CONFERENCE
of the
METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

His grave is a sacred spot. It will be remembered that his death was sudden,—from heart-disease,—and occasioned great sorrow. Visitors, here, of all religious denominations, drop an affectionate and tender tear over the lone tomb. I believe it has never been publicly stated in America that two persons were killed by the falling of the base of the monument at the time of its erection.

CHAPTER III.

Leaving Beyroot — Loading the Beasts — Our Company — Modes of Accommodation — Dragoman — Crossing the Valley — Pines — Palms — Sycamore-Tree — Vineyards — Lebanon Mountain — Ascending the Lebanon — Desolateness — Traveling Family — Outlook from Lebanon — Lofty Peaks — View of Hermon — Ancient Glory of Lebanon — Cedars — Toward our Tents.

FRIDAY morning, October 28th, by 7:30, our company moved off from the hotel for the crossing of Mount Lebanon. It was a strange scene. Our tents and tent-equipage had preceded us one day. Valises, bundles, etc., were packed in great sacks and put on the backs of mules. Horses and mules kicked and fought. Our muleteers jabbered and quarreled, carrying on the wildest gesticulation, the most striking being the shooting of the hand and arm directly upward. Beggars stood around calling for "*backshish*," while many others were on hand with pretzels and fruits for sale. Mr. Alexander Howard, under whose direction the company was organized, appeared suddenly in the midst of the scene. He is a stout-built native Syrian, who speaks English and other languages fluently. His voice soon brought order out of confusion. He spoke sharply to some and cut others with a whip. Such loads I never saw put upon beasts. The mules and donkeys were loaded so heavily that they could offer no resistance, and were driven off without bridle or halter. I thought of the dying patriarch's prophecy, when he said, "Issachar is a strong ass couching down between two burdens." (Genesis xlix. 14.)

I must introduce the reader to our company: First, there were twelve tourists (names on page two hundred and five), besides a conductor from London, Mr. Howard, the superin-

tendent, an aid-de-camp, (the last two were with us occasionally throughout the trip,) a dragoman, luncheon-steward, two waiters, two cooks for regular meals and five servants, and twelve muleteers,—thirty-eight in all. We had sixteen horses, seventeen mules, and six donkeys. We had five lodging-tents, one saloon or eating-tent, one kitchen, and two other small tents. It was an imposing company to look upon.

In traveling through Palestine, some prefer to depend upon the convents and houses which can be secured in the towns for places of lodging. Traveling in this manner persons going to a town for lodging call upon the sheik of the town, who for a stipulated sum secures a house from some family who vacates it for the night, when it is cleansed and washed out and made ready for occupancy. The preferable mode of travel is to carry tents and equipage with you. These are secured at Beyroot or at Joppa.

A dragoman is not only a guide and superintendent, but an interpreter as well. It is said that the word "dragoman" is derived from the Chaldaic targum,—to explain. The Arabic "tergem" means to interpret. Originally in Egypt dragomen were simply interpreters, and for this they were specially educated. Their history dates back far beyond the Christian era. While under the general direction of Mr. Howard, who met us at different points, a special dragoman, Mr. Ralph Leighton, attended our company the entire route through the land. He made our contracts, did our fighting,—and did it well several times,—and proved himself worthy of our confidence. He is a native-born American, but has been a resident of Palestine from childhood. Next to him were Joseph, an honorable old Turk, and George, a manly Greek, who were our cooks. These two and another Joseph proved attentive to our wants the entire journey, and we were sorry to leave them when our sojourn in tents was ended.

Our first object was to reach Baalbec, the ancient capital of northern Syria. Passing out the winding streets of Beyroot, we soon entered a fertile and beautiful plain several miles wide. On every hand were fig-trees, green and beautiful,

palm-trees, and vineyards. Before us rose in majesty the tremendous form of the Lebanon Mountain, so sacred in ancient times; and somehow there crept over my heart a feeling of reverence, which came unsought. Turning my eye from the fertile valley, and stately palms, and orchards of vines and figs, and groves of pine and oranges and lemons, it rested upon the giant form of a great tree, standing alone by the side of the narrow road, the branches of which, projecting almost horizontally, stretched far over the road. What tree is this, the boughs of which stretch out from the trunk close to the earth and almost touch our heads as we ride along the way? It is a sycamore. I see now why Zaccheus climbed into a sycamore-tree to see Jesus, a long time ago, as he was passing through Jericho. (Luke xix. 4.) It is exceedingly easy to climb, and its branches, reaching directly over the road, would give him the best possible view of the passing Christ. Here and there in the valley the eye rests upon the carob-tree, which is one of the most common in Palestine. It does not abound in groves, but grows singly and luxuriantly in various parts of the country. In the plain about Beyroot, on Mount Olives, and in various places it attains good size. As a shade-tree it is probably the best in the land, having a thick foliage. It bears a fruit like a bean. The pods are green and soft, and from five to six inches long. The kernel is small. The entire hull when dried contains a small amount of substance, and is of a sweetish taste. The fruit is abundant in the markets in Palestine and in Egypt. Some of the poorest of the people eat it, though it is the food for beasts. The carob-tree is only once mentioned in the Bible, and then in the most touching parable ever uttered by the lips of Jesus,—that of the prodigal son. These pods are the "husks that the swine did eat," with which the poor prodigal would fain have satisfied his gnawing hunger. (Luke xv. 16.) The original Hebrew word is *keration*—carob-pod. Our illustration is a very truthful representation, both of the tree and the fruit with which the poor wandering prodigal "would fain have filled his belly."

CAROB-TREE AND PODS.

As the sun rose higher above the crests of Lebanon and stood far southward, we began slowly to climb the winding way up the steeps of the mountain. As we left the valley, the fruitful fields by the road-side were changed for utter barrenness. Here and there in the narrow valleys, or "wadies," as they are called, there are places where the vines and trees are green; but all the mountain is barren. There is not a tree or shrub to be seen over all these parts of Lebanon. The soil is red and mixed with clay, and looks as though it would produce well if it had rains. It was being prepared for seeding. Soon as the early rains fall the entire mountain, except where quite too rocky, is sown in wheat.

By twelve o'clock our lunch-steward halted us on the top of the mountain, seventeen miles from Beyroot, at "Khan Sofar," where there is a fine spring, and where we took lunch. A khan is a small house with a shed or two, all for the accom-

modation of man and beast in traveling; and men and beasts can choose places. But we had a good lunch, and eat heartily.

There were crowds of natives who had stopped to water their camels and donkeys; and company after company of travelers came in sight, who were going from Damascus to Beyroot. One company attracting my attention was a family which came up to get water. It consisted of a father and mother and a goodly number of children. A family of children rode on a small donkey. On either side of the donkey was a wooden box, similar to a bee-hive, swung over the animal by a rope. In these boxes were several children, while two were mounted on the back of the gentle animal. The mother seemed evidently pleased at the notice taken of her children, and smiled gracefully at us, talking a little English.

The view from the summit of Lebanon is one never to be forgotten. All about us were the ranges and peaks, and below us the wadies of Lebanon, while far off to the west, in full view, lay the Mediterranean, which seemed in the distance to rise like a blue mountain to the clouds, fading out into the sky. On the shore in full sight was the city of Beyroot, while all along the coast lay the fertile and beautiful plain. The entire passage of the Lebanon was a romance. Southward and to our right was the peak Jebel el Baruk, and on the left Jebel Keneiseh, the latter rising six thousand six hundred and sixty feet above the sea, and the former nearly as high. The road is almost six thousand feet above the Mediterranean, still in sight. We had only time to wonder at the clouds which flitted by us and enshrouded us in twilight at noonday, when behold, our eyes caught far off to the front the long anti-Lebanon mountain ranges, with the southern terminus rising into the lofty Hermon. Hermon means destruction; and the name may tell something of the barrenness which may be observed when passing nearer to it. From Lebanon it is a grand sight. Its rocky crest adorned with snow and ice pointing to the heavens, fixes the eye and draws out the heart in wonder and admiration. Standing for the first time in full view of the lofty sentinel between

Syria and Palestine, surrounded by the bare peaks of the Lebanon once crowned with tall cedars, I felt that my heart was experiencing emotions kindred to the feelings of those who thousands of years ago gathered materials here for the building of the holy temple of the Lord, on Mount Moriah!

Here and there on the top of Lebanon are great snow-houses cut deep in the rocks, prepared for packing snow in the winter to be used in the summer as ice in adjacent cities. The snow of Lebanon is alluded to by Jeremiah, who wrote almost twenty-five centuries ago, "Will a man leave the snow of Lebanon which cometh from the rock of the field." (Jeremiah xviii. 14.) The melting snows of Lebanon in those days watered the fields below them just as they do now, and it would be foolish for a man to leave his farm thus watered for a barren rocky field where there was no water.

But these lofty ranges of the Lebanon have seen a grander day! They were once covered with cedars and goodly trees of all kinds. Now they are barren, as they have been for centuries. Three thousand years ago these towering slopes resounded with the noise of the laborer hewing cedar for the holy temple at Jerusalem. Hiram, the king of this country, had a league with Solomon to furnish cedar and fir trees, as well as food for the laborers of Solomon while they hewed the timber. (I. Kings v. 9.) "And King Solomon raised a levy out of all Israel; and the levy was thirty thousand men. And he sent them to Lebanon, ten thousand a month by courses: a month they were in Lebanon, and two months at home: and Adoniram was over the levy. And Solomon had threescore and ten thousand that bare burdens, and fourscore thousand hewers in the mountains; besides the chief of Solomon's officers which were over the work, three thousand and three hundred, which ruled over the people that wrought in the work." (I. Kings v. 13–16.) Thus long ago did this mountain contribute to the holy house of the Lord on Moriah. So highly honored was the wood of Lebanon that Solomon made himself a chariot, or a bed, of Lebanon wood. (Solomon's Song iii. 9.) In the time of Isaiah this mountain must have

been covered with wood; for when he wished to present the greatness of the great God he exclaims, "Lebanon is not sufficient to burn, nor the beasts thereof sufficient for a burnt-offering." (Isaiah xl. 16.) And how beautifully the psalmist presents the prosperity of the righteous when he says, "He shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon." (Psalms xcii. 12.)

CEDAR OF LEBANON.

Nearly a day's journey farther north along the Lebanon there are large groves of these famous cedars remaining. One grove contains three hundred and fifty trees grouped closely together. They are far up the mountain, at an altitude of over

six thousand feet above the Mediterranean Sea. The trees are not over eighty feet high, but possess heavy trunks. Dr. McGarvey speaks of them as follows: "At a distance of two or three miles they appear not much larger than evergreens in a gentleman's yard. But as you approach them they grow upon you, and by the time you have fairly entered the grove you begin to realize their magnitude. None of them is less, I suppose, than one hundred years old, and many of them are of an age that can not be estimated with any approach to exactness. Most of them are from one to three feet in thickness, but there are nine which are so much larger and so nearly one size that they evidently belong to a very distinct period. We measured seven of these and found the smallest twenty feet six inches in circumference, while the largest was thirty-eight feet and two inches. These old trees have branches near the ground, and their tops have a low-spreading growth, while the trunks of those much younger grow straight and tall. A stone chapel of the Greek church stands in the midst of the grove, and in a little depression near by is a hut in which lives a native whose business it is to guard the trees against injury." ("Lands of the Bible," page 568.)

The glory of Lebanon has not wholly departed. Its place in sacred poetry and history can never be destroyed. The mighty guardian of the western coast of Syria, the sister sentinel with Hermon, is the first to greet the eye of the distant mariner, and even from the loftier peaks of Cyprus its brow, much of the year crested with snow, is visible! It is a grand sight, beheld from whatever point it may be looked upon. Slowly and thoughtfully I rode down its eastern slope by the winding way. Before the eye spreads out the broad Cœle Syrian valley, beyond which lifts the anti-Lebanon ranges crowned with the majestic Hermon. But all at once as we looked to the valley below to a cluster of green trees about a a stream of water which gurgles and ripples and tumbles down the steeps of Lebanon, we saw our white tents awaiting our arrival! Tired and hungry, we hastened down the mountain two or three miles to our first lodging in the tents.

CHAPTER IV.

First Night in Camp — Shtora — Heat and Cold — Caravans — Riding — Diligence — Valley of Cœle-Syria — Litany — Fields — View of Lebanon — Thrashing-Floor — Druses — Vineyards — Streams of Water — Landmarks — Baalbec — Ruins — History — Baal Worship — Wells — Plateau — Great Stones — How Handled — Stone in Quarry — Entrance to Acropolis — An Incident — Tunnels — Temple of Jupiter — Temple of the Sun — Sabbath Services in Temple of the Sun.

THE first night in camp gave me a new experience. At the first I entertained some fear. Our camp was at Shtora, at the base of Lebanon, and on the west side of the Cœle-Syrian valley. I was especially interested to know what provisions were in camp for our journey. Our tents were comfortable, and of fancy colors and ornamentation, while the American flag floated from the top of four of them, and the English flag waved over two of them. A dinner quite well prepared was relished immediately after so long a ride in the saddle. Oh, how hungry I was. Then as never before I realized the truthfulness of the old adage, "hunger makes a good cook." I found that besides tents, we were comfortably provided with a dinner-table, chairs or camp-stools, small stands for the tent, narrow single iron bedsteads which folded up, mattress-beds, candles, tin basins, and bowls, for tent use. Indeed, we were well equipped. All these things, including a peculiar cooking-stove, were carried on the backs of mules and donkeys. These creatures about the camp kept up at times such a noise that it was difficult to sleep. Just as I was fairly down to writing in my tent at Shtora, preparing my daily sketches, and others were trying to sleep, unearthly brayings broke out in the camp. Dr.

Thompson from the tent-door called jocularly to one of the men who was on guard, that something was the matter with the donkey. One of the Arab muleteers came up and patted the donkey lovingly and stammered out a few English words like the following: "Good donkey! My donkey to Yerusalem and Yaffa!" By and by all became used to this manner of life.

The evenings and nights and mornings were cool, insomuch that I found good use for my English shawl. About six hours of the day the wind came from the east, and it was extremely hot. One almost burns up under the vertical rays of the Syrian sun. There were no clouds to dim its splendor or reduce its power. Toward four o'clock the wind would change and come from the sea, and then it would become quite cool. This change of the wind occurred almost if not quite every day of our journey in Palestine.

It was with nervous emotion that I arose from the first night's attempt at sleep in camp at the ringing of a hand-bell and the strange call of Joseph as he drawled out in his kindly way, "First bell, gentlemen!" Everything was safe,—men, camp, horses, donkeys, Arabs, and all! I found that in keeping the horses the Arabs had driven iron pins in the ground and stretched ropes parallel to each other at a distance of fifteen or more feet apart. To one of these ropes they hitched, by means of a halter, the head of the beast, and then tied one of the hind legs to the long rope running along behind him. In this way they kept the horses close together, and from danger of injuring one another.

When our company prepared for the second day's travel, it was very appreciable that they had been horseback riding. It was a *sore* trial to start again. But the dragoman blew his horn, and Joseph called out, "Horseback, gentlemen!" and moved off like an engine on a donkey! All fell in line, sore as the trial was.

On the road we met caravan after caravan of camels and donkeys, loaded with all kinds of produce from Damascus. Probably not less than two hundred or two hundred and fifty

camels, and as many or more donkeys, were met in a day. I never saw a country where the dress of men and women is so nearly alike. It is often difficult to tell the one from the other. Then it was wonderful to see how the people travel on these donkeys. One day I saw a huge man and woman riding one of these creatures scarcely over two and a half feet high or three feet long; also, two large, hearty, and poorly-dressed women riding astride one of these same little creatures, as happy as a lady in a phaeton in America!

On our way crossing Lebanon we met the *diligence*, or stage running from Damascus to Beyroot. It is drawn by six horses, working three abreast, the horse to the right being fastened to the side of the stage to pull what he pleases. A large train of wagons was met, loaded with produce from Damascus, to each of which three mules were hitched in the same manner. These wagons carry produce for rates as do our railways in America. The great trains of camels and donkeys do not travel on the pike, but follow the old road over rocks and above precipices, and up and down rough, steep mountain-sides to avoid the payment of toll. Between the Lebanon and anti-Lebanon mountains lies the beautiful valley of Cœle-Syria (hollow Syria). It is now usually called Bekaa. The valley is not less than twelve miles wide at many places, and is watered by the Litany, or Leontes, from which much of the valley is irrigated so as to be very productive; yet there is no doubt that in ancient times it was vastly more productive than at present. The Litany flows southward, winding through the valley. Our second day's travel was made northward along the valley at the base of the Lebanon mountain. After leaving the Damascus road we found the way, even up the valley, unsuited to any vehicle whatever. This course gave us a grand view of the mountains. There is something indescribably grand about this Lebanon, even in its barrenness. Every few miles fountains break forth from the mountain far up its slope and course their way down through the valley toward the Litany. Toward the base of the mountain by these streams there is always to be found a town.

Along the streams are fields which are cultivated. Some were preparing for wheat, while in others the corn was just being gathered and thrashed out as in the time of David. At one place I saw not less than fifty men and women with sticks and clubs thrashing the corn off the cobs on a thrashing-floor, which is nothing more than a nice, well-prepared, level piece of land, or a great flat rock. To precisely such a place did David come when for his sin in numbering Israel seventy thousand men fell by pestilence; for the angel of the Lord stood by the thrashing-floor of Ornan (or Araunah) as David lifted up his eyes. And upon the thrashing-floor of Ornan, David set up an altar to the Lord. The spot afterward became the site of the temple built by Solomon. (See I. Chronicles xxi. 14-30; xxii. 1.) I saw many of these thrashing-floors in Syria and Palestine.

The southern parts of Lebanon and the anti-Lebanon mountains are occupied by the Druses, one of the strangest of all the people of the Holy Land. They are cruel to their enemies, but are spoken of as sober and temperate, despising the use of whisky, rum, and tobacco. Their religion is a strange mixture of Christianity, Mohammedanism, and paganism. Strangers visiting among them are treated in patriarchal style. They do not allow polygamy, and their religious services are a kind of social, political, religious performance, conducted by the sheik in secret—no one being allowed to witness them except the initiated. They maintain an independent government, and number about one hundred thousand. They are of Caucasian descent, intermingled with various tribes, and have maintained their peculiar existence as a people for nearly twelve hundred years. Their complexion is almost white, with ruddy cheeks.

All day long under the broiling Syrian sun our horses crept along the beautiful Cœle-Syrian valley between the Lebanon and anti-Lebanon mountains, whose white limestone forms, broken here and there by deep ravines, were patched on their summits with ice and snow. Most of the way up the valley was made over a mere caravan road, though with a

little labor it could be made quite passable for carriages. Now and then a large vineyard extended down to the edge of the road, and a temporary booth stood in the vineyard to shelter a watchman. Far away along the streams gushing from the mountains, stood in full view peasant villages surrounded with orchards of oranges, carobs, lemons, and walnuts.

MAP OF PALESTINE.

All along these streams of water the trees grow luxuriant beyond description, loaded with richest golden fruits and dressed in the most perfect foliage. And in this did the psalmist find his most beautiful figure with which to describe the felicitous condition of the righteous. "He shall be like a tree planted by the rivers [running streams, or channels] of water that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither." (Psalms i. 3.) So I found the trees of Palestine in November, all along the streams. They were fresh and green and flourishing as in midsummer, surrounded by the dry, barren fields, while their fruits burdened the branches.

There are no fences in Palestine, and the people all live in villages. The lands are divided by stones, or landmarks, which in many places have stood from time immemorial. It was to these that the Lord referred when he gave commandment by Moses more than thirty-three centuries ago saying, "Thou shalt not remove thy neighbor's landmark which they of old time have set in thine inheritance." (Deuteronomy xix. 14.) Yet there is no doubt that even now it is true, as Job said, "Some remove the landmarks" (Job xxiv. 2), and there rests the curse of God, even as he said, "Cursed be he that removeth his neighbor's landmark." (Deuteronomy xxvii. 17.)

As the sun began to sink toward Lebanon, we crossed the valley and hastened toward Baalbec, the ancient capital of Syria, where it had been arranged for us to spend the Sabbath. I reined up my pony and found that he was ready for the chase. After examining some ruins by the way, we hastened to the town and at once proceeded to explore the most wonderful ruins of heathen antiquity. I had read a number of descriptions of Baalbec, but had no adequate conception of the bewildering, overawing, and subduing ruins which were to be gazed upon. Our stay was too short to enable any one to fully comprehend the vast structure. This would require weeks of close attention. Nor is it possible to ever perfectly accomplish this. The structure evidently belongs to periods stretching over thousands of years, and embracing very different designs. Taken as a whole, there are no ruins on the globe which are to be compared with these! As in the soft moonlight one stands beneath the six enormous columns of the great temple, sixty feet high, surmounted with the lofty carved architrave seventeen feet thick he dwindles to an infant and feels as if the mysterious shadows of eternities were hovering over him!

Dr. Thompson argues that Baalbec is the Baal-gad mentioned in Joshua xi. 17 and xiii. 5, though Dr. Robinson believes Baal-gad to have been at Banias or Cæsarea Philippi. Doubtless the former view is the correct one. Others hold it

to be the "Aven"—Bikath Aven—mentioned in Amos i. 5. Aven is given in the Septuagent as *On*—the name evidently by which Greek writers speak of it. Some have held that it is the Baalath mentioned in I. Kings ix. 17, 18, as being built by Solomon. This is hardly probable, though the Arabs hold the tradition that Solomon built the ancient Baalbec. Strabo, Josephus, Pliny, and Ptolemy speak of it under the name Heliopolis, — City of the Sun. From the time of Solomon, Baalbec was the head of Baal-worship, and the seat of a powerful idolatrous religion. The wonderful structures which yet defy the ravages of time were no doubt rivals of the splendid temple built by Solomon on Mount Moriah.

The history of the place is exceedingly obscure. The splendid ruins which now are looked upon with such wonder were built upon foundations prepared for other structures ages before, and the stones which now lie in silent majesty in the higher parts of the walls once rested in other positions. This is no doubt the Heliopolis mentioned by Grecian and Roman historians. From the inscription on ancient coin it is shown that there was a Roman colony here in the second century of our era. It is asserted that Antoninus Pius erected the Temple of Jupiter. There is no doubt that this place has been the scene of great struggles and persecution; for here in the fourth century Theodosius caused the erection of a Christian church, the bare foundation of which yet exists. When we consider the history of idolatry as far as it incidentally appears in the scripture recorded with what is here to be seen, it is hardly possible to believe that written history at all touches the real history of this place.

MEDALS OF BAAL.

Nearly one thousand years before Christ the worship of Baal, which was identical with the worship of the sun, stole down from the north as well as from the east upon Israel under the kings. Israel lying north of Judah soonest and most

sadly fell the victim of idolatry from contact with its neighbors. At that early period Baal-worship must have had in some portion of this northern country a center of influence and power. Whoever walks about the Acropolis at Baalbec will be made to think that he is at that center. Portions of the structures, the ruins of which are here so well preserved, no doubt were erected by the Romans in the second century. But there are evidences that other parts are of much greater antiquity.

The substruction, or wall surrounding the Acropolis, on which were built the ancient temples, is itself in some respects more wonderful than the pyramids of Egypt. This elevated inclosure is nearly one thousand feet long from east to west, and six hundred feet broad. This great platform of masonry varies from fifteen to thirty feet in height. At the east once stood a magnificent flight of steps entering into this elevation through a portico one hundred and forty feet long. The whole plateau is surrounded by a wall much higher than the level within, so that the wall on the outside is almost sixty feet high. This massive structure is composed of dressed stone, laid without mortar, which range from twelve to thirty feet in length, and nine feet broad and six feet thick. In the west end of this wall lie three stones, probably the largest ever placed in any structure by the hand of man. They lie in the wall at the height of about twenty feet from the ground; and lying end to end against each other they measure, one stone sixty-two feet long, another sixty-three feet and a half, and another sixty-four feet long, all thirteen feet high and probably more than that in thickness. How these ponderous blocks of stone were quarried and put into position in the wall will probably forever remain a mystery. From anything the world now knows of the use of mechanical powers in the past ages or at the present, it appears almost a miracle. But no matter how or by whom placed in their positions, there they lie in their ponderous weight. It seems probable that their history goes back more than a thousand years before Christ, probably to the time of the erection of the

pyramids or the Egyptian obelisks. They are dressed at the edges with such precision that it is exceedingly difficult to tell where the joints really are. Though they have lain there thousands of years, upon climbing up to them I found it impossible at any place to insert even the sharpest point of a pocket-knife in the joints where they join each other. These stones were quarried a distance of half a mile and by some means removed to their present resting-place. Any one of these three stones would weigh over a thousand tons. A recent writer has supposed that a road was constructed on a level from the quarry to their place in the wall, and the stones placed on rollers and pulled by men by a great rope. If twenty men could pull a stone weighing one ton, then twenty thousand men might have pulled one of these stones. This is mere conjecture, as there are no traces indicating the manner of their removal.

A half mile from the Acropolis, in the quarry, lies unused a stone still larger than either placed in the wall. Our company measured it carefully, and found its dimensions as follows: Length, sixty-eight feet two inches; height, fourteen feet; width at top, thirteen feet eight inches; width at bottom, seventeen feet seven and one half inches. It weighs about fifteen hundred tons, and is large enough to make almost four of the Egyptian obelisks, such as stands in Central Park, New York. It is well dressed, though not en-

STONE IN THE QUARRY, BAALBEC.

tirely severed from the rock at the bottom, and lies exposed at an angle of about twenty degrees. It was no doubt intended for the wall; and why it was not placed there, since the others were so handled, being only a little larger, I can not tell. Probably some enemy came on the nation and stopped the work for generations, and the art of handling such stones was meantime lost. The wall shows evidently that it has been erected at different and succeeding periods. The entire structures at Baalbec look as if it required a thousand years to erect them.

The original entrance through the portico, already mentioned, on the east was into a great court, hexagon in shape, one hundred and ninety-five feet long and about two hundred and fifty wide, from angle to angle. From this court were vast entrances to the still greater court, in the western end of which stand the two great temples. This court is about four hundred and forty feet long and three hundred and sixty feet wide. The numerous niches for the gods and the wonderful carvings of colossal figures and designs which form the adornments of the courts it is impossible to describe. Carvings and figures in the massive rock seem to have been thrown about as with some magic power and art.

My first visit to this scene of wonder was obtained by climbing over a broken place in the north-east part of the wall. After several hours' observation, reading, and study, I undertook to go out into the little town again, clambering over the same great stones in the broken-down section of the wall. Getting safely down, I saw a path leading through a garden, and choosing that I sought the narrow street across the stream. I had just got out of the garden into the narrow lane, when passing a house standing on my right I turned to look at the few persons sauntering about the door, when a horrible sight met my eyes. A great brawny Arab woman, standing about twenty-five or thirty feet from me, held a gun in her hands pointing at me, ready to fire. I was just a little scared. I spoke sharply and quickly *at* her—for I could not speak to her, having learned no Arabic words suitable to such

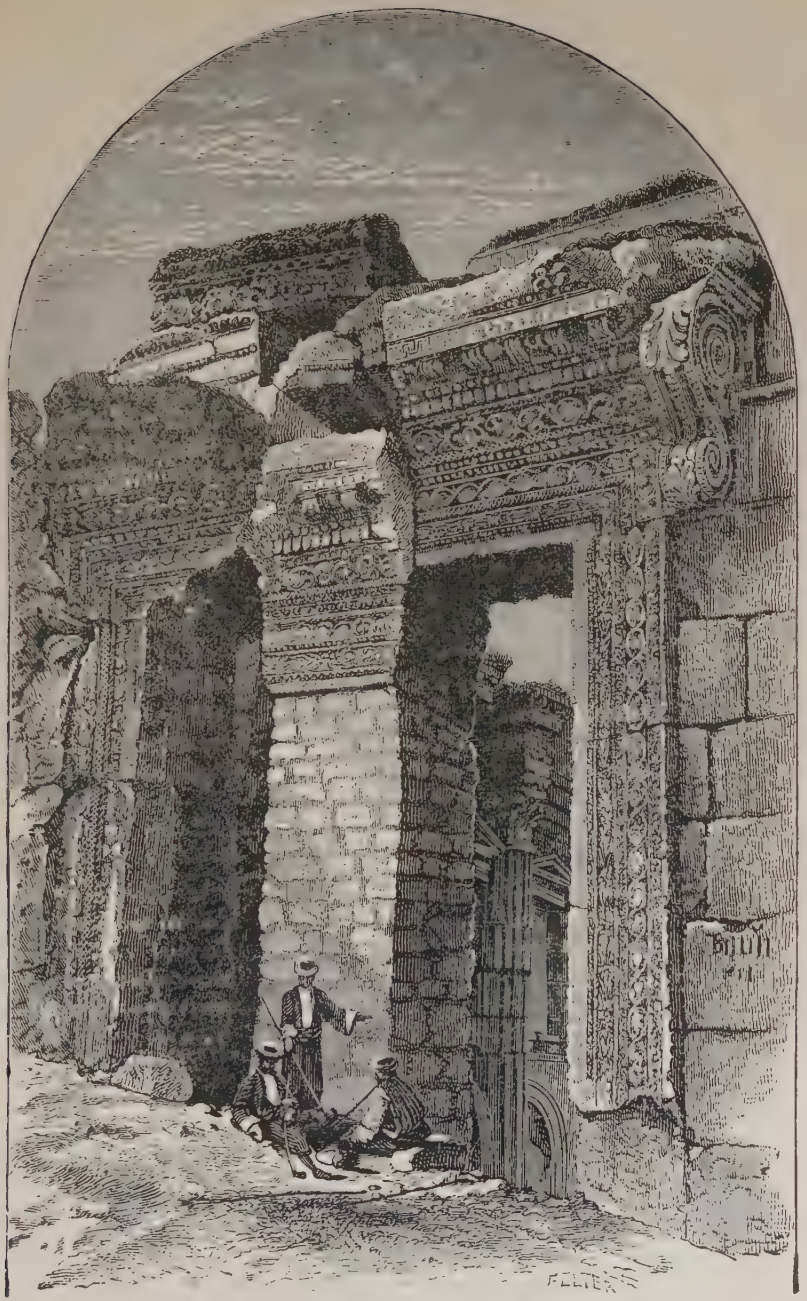
an emergency. I tried to think up the few Arabic phrases I knew; but they would not do, so I gave her good, pure, strong English. Just in the nick of time some of the men and women who were standing by the dwelling and within a few feet of the woman with the gun put in a plea for me and induced her not to shoot, one of them removing the gun from her hand. I felt more freedom to talk then, but at once concluded that wisdom dictated my departure from that place. How quickly I got around the next corner it would be difficult to overestimate. Having made my escape, I at first contemplated reporting the affair to the sheik of the town; but remembering the great disadvantage I should be under before such a court as he would summon, I resolved to keep clear of that place in the future. When the shadows of the world-renowned ruins and idol-temples of Baalbec fall in memory over me in the years to come the horrid picture of that Arab woman with gun pointing at me will stand before me.

The next entrance we made to the ruins of Baalbec was on horseback, going through one of the great vaulted passages which, like a railway tunnel, passes under the wall and admits to the great Acropolis. Several persons could ride side by side in these tunnels if the stone and *débris* were removed. The arches are of Roman origin, while the foundation, or lower part, belongs to an earlier period. These passages, with several side-chambers, are used as stables by the shepherds, who drive their sheep into them at night for protection from wild beasts and thieves. They are several hundred feet long. Though I was at first much interested in looking at the arch and walls and Latin inscriptions, the dust and dry atmosphere soon so choked me that it was a great relief to get out of it. There are two of these great tunnels, intersected by a cross-passage of the same kind.

In the western part of the plateau surrounded by these great walls stood the wonderful Temple of Jupiter. It is so destroyed that it is impossible to tell just what its form really was. There are six huge columns standing, which are over sixty feet in height, with base and capitals of the Corinthian

order. These columns are of yellowish stone, and in three sections. We measured them carefully and found their diameter to be seven feet eight inches. The architrave, with corbels, molding, and cornice, is not less than seventeen feet high. These, mounted upon great round columns sixty feet high, present a view of hugeness which awes one into reverence. The world to-day has no appliance of mechanical power adequate to the removal or placing of stones of such size to such positions. All about in awful piles of ruins lie numbers of these columns broken, and sometimes half buried or piled one upon another by earthquakes, telling the story of their wrecked grandeur. Originally there were nineteen of these columns on each side of the temple, and ten at each end.

The Temple of the Sun, though smaller by three times than that of Jupiter, and entirely unconnected, standing southward from it and forming a distinct temple in the Acropolis, is the most perfect of all the ruins of Baalbec, and except the Temple of Theseus at Athens, the best preserved of all ancient temples. Its marble columns are nearly fifty feet high, having fifteen on each side and eight at each end, with a double row of columns in the portal, the inner of which is fluted. The carving of the capitals is very exquisite. And though most of it is some way despoiled, one or two capitals have their carvings of scroll and leaves perfect as made not less than fifteen centuries ago. The pillars about and above the door and the interior of the temple show the designs of fruit and images well represented in marble. The walls of the temple stand entire, though some of the columns and part of the peristyle have fallen down in ruins. The entire length on the outside, including porticos and columns, is two hundred and twenty-five feet, and its width, including colonnades on each side, about one hundred and twenty feet. The temple inside the colonnades and front portico is one hundred and sixty by eighty-five feet. The interior was divided into two parts. The larger, and that first entered from the east, is ninety feet by sixty-seven. At the west end thirty-six feet were cut off as a sanctum, or holy place, and the floor of this



ENTRANCE TO THE TEMPLE OF THE SUN, BAALBEC.

part was about five feet higher than that of the *cella* or larger room. Portions of an arch and columns indicate the division of the temple in these parts. The carvings are rich and marvelous in design, and the whole building is literally loaded down with all that the Corinthian style of architecture could possibly have placed upon it. The illustration shows the entrance to the temple and the marvelous work of art. One of the center stones has fallen partly down, as will be observed, and is supported in its present position by a pillar recently erected for that purpose. There are no windows or openings whatever in the wall, and no provision for lighting the temple. Whether it was covered with a roof is much questioned, many good authorities holding that it had none. From old coins, as well as from mortises over the pilasters on the inner side of this wall, it would seem that it was once covered with a roof which centuries ago had fallen in.

Baalbec is situated almost on the water-shed of Syria. A few miles to the north the waters forming the Orontes flow northward, while the Litany, rising in the same plain, winds southward. Well-cultivated gardens surround the ancient ruins. Only a remnant of the ancient wall surrounding the town remains. There are other ruins of small temples about Baalbec, but they are unimportant. Some of the most interesting are upon the heights east of the town, from which a splendid view of the whole valley is to be obtained.

Our camp was pitched within the walls of the Acropolis over Sabbath, October 30th. At 3:00 P. M. on Sabbath our company, with Mr. and Mrs. William Chapin, of Providence, Rhode Island, who were passing the day there, met in the holy place in the Temple of the Sun to worship the true God. A number of Arabs stood off at a distance and looked on with wonder, while others interrupted us for a time by hallooing and climbing around on the top of the old walls. By request the writer preached a short discourse from the words, "And he put down the idolatrous priests, whom the kings of Judah had ordained to burn incense in the high places in the cities of Judah, and in the places round about Jerusalem; them

also that burned incense unto Baal, to the sun, and to the moon, and to the planets, and to all the host of heaven" (II. Kings xxiii. 5); and, "His name shall be continued as long as the sun: and men shall be blessed in him: all nations shall call him blessed." (Psalms lxxii. 17.) I had a broken column of the temple, in which Baal was once enshrined with awful pomp, for a pulpit on which to place the Bible. The old walls, fifteen centuries ago accustomed to the honors of Baal, echoed with the simplest, purest statements of gospel truth I could command under such surroundings. The company heard the word with attention. I believe God heard our prayers and songs, as we thought of him, of his Son, of his church, of the brethren, and of our loved ones far away, and there set up the claims and honor of the eternal Name above Baal. God has given the writer no higher honor than the privilege of preaching Christ even in the great Temple of the Sun in Syria. While the altar of Baal here has long fallen from the devotion of men, and the temple which enshrined it lifts up over the wreck of ages the boldest ruins, the divine Christ endures, and his person, his love, and his life are being enshrined more and more in the devotions, hearts, and lives of millions of living spiritual temples, where they shall live across the eternities. Every day of our travel here heightened our admiration for the Bible and its illustrious character and marvelous record.

CHAPTER V.

Leaving Baalbec — Last View — Valley of the Orontes — Crossing Anti-Lebanon — Tomb of Noah — Abana — Naaman — View of Damascus — Surrounding Plain — Hotel — Eastern House — Population of Damascus — Houses of Damascus — Bricks — Walls — Court of Oriental House — Divan — Bazaars — Costumes.

EARLY Monday morning, October 31st, an artist from Damascus was on hand to photograph our camp in the ruins of Baalbec. This was successfully done; and the company also was grouped on broken columns in the Temple of the Sun, where it was again photographed together with these ruins as a background.

But the time of sojourn under the shadow of these skeletons of idol-temples was soon over. A little after eight o'clock we were in the saddle. Our train moved slowly through the vault leading out of the ruins of the Acropolis under the wall, and we turned our faces southward. Outside the town another view was taken of the great quarry and the huge stone lying there, and then we directed our course down the Valley of Bekaa.

Turning to get the last view of the ruins of the idol-temples, far beyond I caught a splendid view of the upper valley through which runs the Orontes northward; to the west rose the grand Lebanon mountains with their lofty and auburn peaks, here and there dotted with snow; to the right lay the beautiful valley of Syria, through which flows the Litany. Then I turned my face toward Damascus, beyond the anti-Lebanon mountains. With a good-by to the ancient home of idols we climbed one spur after another of the anti-Lebanon mountains, up great heights and above precipices of alarming

1. W. H. Steck. 2. J. W. Hott. 3. W. D. Love. 4. W. S. Miller. 5. J. C. McGrew. 6. H. A. Thompson. 7. W. Sharman. 8. C. Shaw. 9. B. J. Fry. 10. W. E. Hagans. 11. Dragoman. 12. J. F. Miller. 13. F. H. Shaw. 14. W. W. Sedgwick. 15. Chief cook. 16. Attendant. 17. Attendant. 18. Attendant.

OUR CAMP AT BAALBEC.

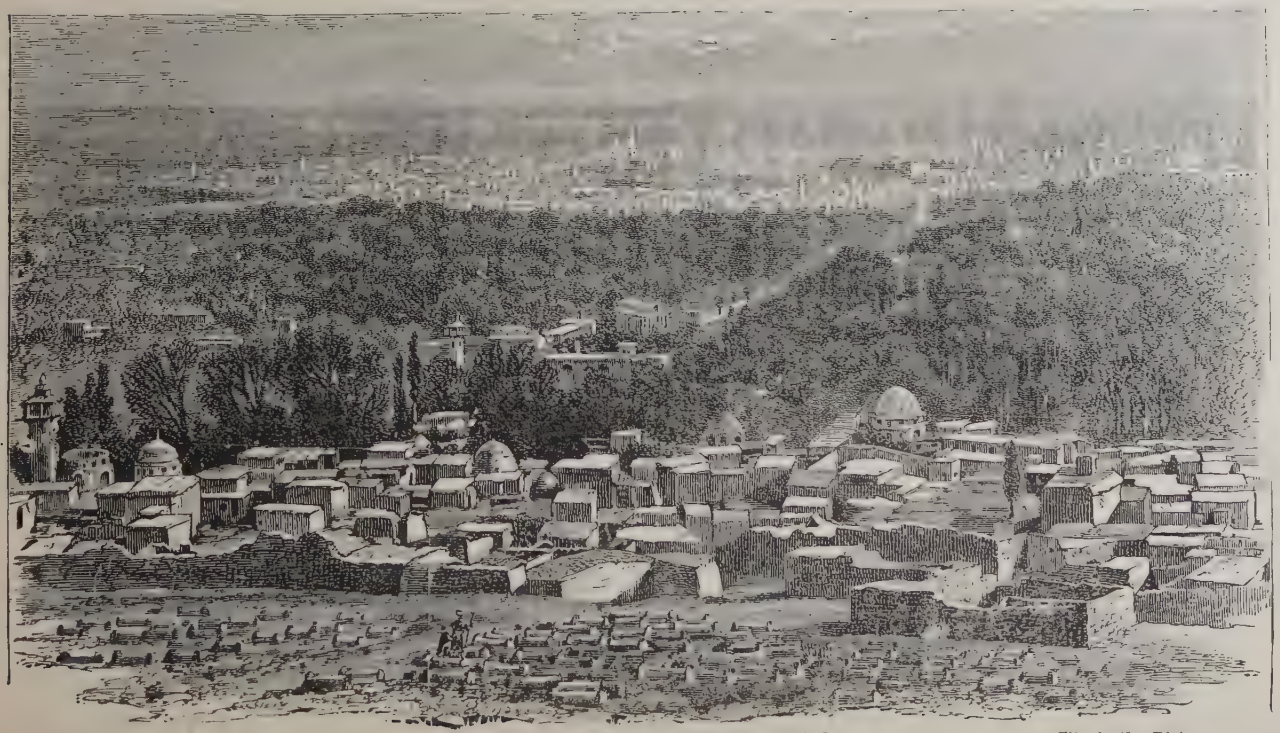
depths. This mountain was once thronged with idol-worshipers and places of idolatrous service. For two days and a half our course lay in a south-easterly direction. At night we had good camping-places; and though the way through the mountain pass often lay over great rocks, all got over safely. Two of our company were thrown from their horses by their falling, but were not hurt, and one mule upset to the injury of some of our baggage. On the way we passed the Mohammedan tomb of Noah. It is inclosed in a rude building of stone walls. The tomb is about one hundred and thirty feet long, and five or six feet wide at the bottom. After a base of about one foot in height it slopes up to a sharp edge. About half the tomb was covered with handkerchiefs of cotton and silk, while lamps of olive-oil are kept burning day and night. I had never expected to see the tomb of Noah, or bedew with tears the memory of my ancestor, whom a world of waters could not drown. Through the mountains pretty cascades and green valleys along tumbling streams of clear, cool water greeted our eyes and ears with goodly cheer.

The second day we came to the river Barada,—as it is now often called here,—the Abana of the Bible record, which Naaman preferred to the Jordan. At noon on Tuesday our company took lunch on the green banks of this delightful stream. It is about fifteen feet wide and eight feet deep, while its current is swift and strong. Its banks are fertile and green, making rare beauty in a dry and desolate land. Several of our company took a bath in the Abana, but I was content to bathe my hands well. Some of the horses bounded in, and but for the assistance rendered by the tourists our lunch-steward's beast would probably have been left a monument or pillar of bones in the mire of its banks. But the river is beautiful, and in its crystal waters play multitudes of fishes. On its banks close to us was a camp of Bedouins, almost as black as the African, who seemed not to take any fancy to our company, not even allowing their dogs to eat the chicken-bones we threw across the stream to them. They had large flocks of goats and cattle. This stream is one of the glories

of Syria, and flows down from the mountains through narrow valleys until it enters the great plain near Damascus. All along its banks are tall, beautiful poplar trees, with here and there fruits — apricots and grapes. It furnishes the supply of water for Damascus. In the plain a distance from the city, it is divided into a number of streams. Three of these are used to irrigate the land and two to furnish water for the city. Many of the courts of the houses are supplied with water from the Abana. The plains have given to them their wonderful fertility by the streams and channels leading from it. These facts readily showed to me why Naaman was so proud of his own "Rivers of Damascus," and in haughtiness turned from the Prophet Elisha, in anger exclaiming, "Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel? may I not wash in them and be clean?" (II. Kings v. 12.) The Jordan empties into the Dead Sea, and its waters are muddy and apparently unclean. The waters of Abana are crystal in clearness, and make the desert plain a fruitful garden, and cause a fountain to sparkle in almost every dwelling in Damascus. With these views Naaman was quite right in his estimate, leaving God out of the question.

A little more than two days out from Baalbec brought us to the fountains of Fijeh. This *El Fijeh* is the great supply of water emptying into the Abana. The spring is a volume of water like a river bursting out from beneath great rocks. The structure of walls indicates that at some remote time there was an arch and probably a temple to the gods here.

After two and a half days' hard riding through the wildest mountain scenery, and along the Abana, we at last stood on Jebel Kasiun, an immense hill or mountain (Jebel is the Arabic for mountain) just above the plain of Damascus, while in the splendor of the noon-day sun there lay in beautiful view before us the "Pearl of the East," Damascus, the oldest city in the world. It is a grand view, like which there is none in all Syria. The valley is fertile, and its vast orchards and gardens along the river, spreading out on every side,



Tombs and Village in Front. DAMASCUS FROM JEBEL KASIUN. City in the Distance.

presented a scene on which the eye, accustomed for days to look on rocks, clay, or chalk-hills and mountains, longs to feast. The Mohammedans assert that it was to this hill that Mohammed came and then turned back because he did not wish yet to enter into paradise. If a beautiful plain and watered gardens and green fruitful orchards make up the Mohammedan idea of heaven, then this site in barren Syria is their paradise. The Mohammedans also have a tradition that Abel was here murdered by Cain, and concealed in a bloody cave. The redness of the rocks possibly gave the tradition that they were colored with his blood. It is also believed that Adam and Eve lived here. And here they assert Abraham received the idea and revelation of the existence of one God. No doubt the enchanting view afforded from this height gave rise to these traditions.

North-eastward as far as the eye can penetrate there is this vast plain with its orchards of citron, orange, apricot, fig, and pomegranate trees, skirted with walnuts and poplars and palms. Northward a few miles, in the mountains, in full sight, was Hobah, where, "on the left hand of Damascus," Abraham with his three hundred and eighteen chosen servants ceased to pursue the armies of Chedorlaomer of Elam and his confederates. Here he recovered his captive nephew Lot and his goods with all the prisoners, both men and women and goods which had been captured in Sodom and Gomorrah. (Genesis xiv. 15.) Though almost forty slow centuries have passed since this hero of faith and hero of battles wrought this victory here, these mountains stand as then, just in front of Damascus, the city whose history in part is known for four thousand years, with its narrow streets, its gardens and orchards, and its numerous domes and minarets of Mohammedan mosques. Far as the eye could scan, the fertile plain extended, converted from the veriest desert, by the life-giving waters of the Abana, whose channels and streams, led in every direction, after performing their mission of irrigation sink into the Lakes of the Meadow, eighteen miles east of Damascus.

Southward from the city in the plain is the way over which Saul of Tarsus came down proud, defiant, and "breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord," with "letters to Damascus to the synagogues, that if he found any in this way, whether they were men or women, he might bring them bound unto Jerusalem." There "about noon, suddenly there shone from heaven a great light round about" the persecutor of Jesus. Farther to the right and directly southward in full view stand the lofty peaks of Hermon. An hour too quickly sped away as I stood on Jebel Kasiun; and weary with six day's of camp-life, and hard travel over mountain paths, our company, exchanging congratulations, rode down the steep cuts in the red rocks, crossed the plain, entered the gates of Damascus, and followed its streets paved with round, smooth stones. Dr. Thompson's horse slipped and fell headlong, throwing the doctor many feet on the hard stones. Fortunately he got up unhurt! We alighted from our horses in front of a great massive door, in which was opened a small door, two feet wide and about four feet high, through which we crept one at a time, and found ourselves in a splendid court of an oriental dwelling. Mosaic floors, a great marble basin of fresh water, thirty feet long, ten feet wide, and three deep, rising nearly two feet above the rich pavement, met our eyes. About us in the court, probably sixty feet square, grew oranges and lemons in full fruitage. For a few days, camp-life was exchanged for this pleasant place. Thoughts turned upward in thanksgiving to God for his protecting hand amid the many dangers of the way. The imagination quickened at the anticipation of what was before me. Mr. Howard, who had come directly from Beyroot to Damascus to meet the company, handed me several letters from far-off home and loved ones! Does the reader wonder if a tear stole to the eye as the hand broke the seal which I knew had been fastened a month before by loving hands I had not clapsed for long and anxious months?

Damascus is the most thoroughly oriental city of its size in the world. No European architect has infringed upon the

ancient manners of building, and no western habits of life have intermingled with the customs of this oriental people which have come down through the centuries long past.

The population of Damascus is variously given, but is probably not far from one hundred and twenty-five thousand. Most of these are Mohammedans, though there are a few Jews, Greeks, and Catholic Christians, and a few Protestant Christians. It is the great Mohammedan center of power in Syria. The streets are truly oriental—narrow, crooked, and curious, with walls shutting many of the residences and gardens from public view. The roofs of the houses are mostly flat, and of earth, as are all the houses of Syria.

The houses are largely built of sun-dried bricks, though some of the buildings are of stone and marble, and present a moderately pleasing external appearance. The bricks used in Syria, Palestine, and Egypt are of this soft kind dried in the sun. A channel or ditch is cut in the ground, and in it mud, water, and straw are tramped together by persons who wade back and forth in the trough. The straw was used in this same manner in ancient times in the making of brick. In the time of the affliction and sorrow of Israel in Egypt, more than thirty-three centuries ago, "the officers of the children of Israel came and cried unto Pharaoh, saying, Wherefore dealest thou thus with thy servants? There is no straw given unto thy servants, and they say to us, Make brick: and, behold, thy servants are beaten,"—for Pharaoh and the task-masters had said, "I will not give you straw. Go ye, get you straw where ye can find it." To this just plea of the officers of Israel, who were slaves at this most menial toil, Pharaoh cruelly answered, "Ye are idle, ye are idle. * * * * Go therefore now, and work; for there shall no straw be given you, yet shall ye deliver the tale of bricks." (Exodus v. 15–18.) The straw is used to cause the mud to adhere together. The mud is then molded into brick, about an inch and a half thick and five or six inches wide and eight or ten inches long, and laid out in the sun to dry.

In many places houses are built of these mud-brick by lay-

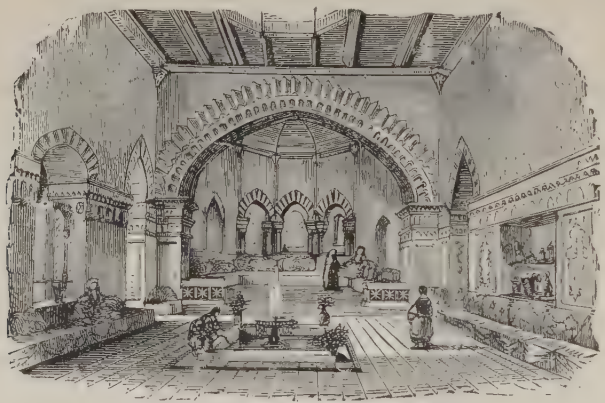
ing them directly upon the ground, without any foundation beneath them. Where this is the case they are very liable to become saturated with water in time of heavy rains, and to crumble down and out at the bottom when affected by floods of water. So our Lord declared to his disciples that "he that heareth, and doeth not, is like a man that without a foundation built an house upon the earth; against which the stream did beat vehemently, and immediately it fell; and the ruin of that house was great." (Luke vi. 49.)

These soft bricks are also used in the construction of walls. A large part of the wall around Damascus is built of them. The walls of houses must be made thick and be well protected by the roof, or the rainy season will greatly damage them. Neither are they secure, for with a sharp iron the thief may dig through the wall and thus effect an entrance into the city or dwelling. There is evident allusion to this danger by the Savior when he says, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break [literally, *dig*,] through and steal." (Matthew vi. 19.)

COURT OF AN EASTERN HOUSE.

I was one day admitted into the dwelling of a wealthy Jew, which I found unpretending on the exterior, and into the court of which I crept through a small gate, to enter which it was necessary to stoop quite low. Once within, the eye was met with most splendid apartments. Walls and floors were of the most precious stones, while the finest of art had

made them fit places for the dwelling of the gods. I should think that this fitting up of a single reception-room, or divan, had cost not less than eight or ten thousand dollars. The lady, learning that our company was from America, treated us with great courtesy, and we were shown such parts of the dwelling as we desired to see with many evidences of pleasure. For this courtesy our guide paid her several piasters.



DIVAN, OR RECEPTION-ROOM.

The hotel in which we lodged in Damascus proved to be a very pleasant place. It was the more interesting on account of its thoroughly oriental style, having been built by a wealthy Damascene as a private residence. The entire court is paved with marble; and the fountain and fruits and comfortable chambers rendered the locality a desirable place of rest. This is the only hotel in Damascus, though there are many *cafes* where meals may be obtained. This hotel is kept by a widow.

The bazaars of Damascus are among the interesting features of the city. Each class of merchandise or industry has its own particular street or square. The streets are narrow and usually roofed over, and little stalls about eight feet square, jammed in closely side by side, are occupied by the merchants, who have their goods well displayed. In one square it is nothing but red shoes; in another, cloaks or clothing; in another, jewelry; in another, silks; and still in another, brass, and iron, and so on through all the range of merchandise.

The man sits cross-legged and smokes his pipe. We were in the city at a time of a great Mohammedan feast, which is annually kept in memory of Mohammed's flight from Mecca to Medina. On this account we saw Damascus and its people in their best clothes. The business houses nearly all kept holiday, and the men and children appeared on the streets with new and rich clothing of the gayest colors. Five times each day the cannon fire a round of shots, the first being given with the breaking of day. The peculiarity of dress was a constant entertainment. The men wear long gowns down to the feet, and these of the brightest colors. Most of the women wear the white sheet entirely over their person. Small children are dressed like adult persons. The appearance of small boys and girls dressed in the same style as the men and women presented a scene of striking curiosity. Now and then there appeared a young woman almost white on the streets, whose face was, at least in a large measure, exposed to view, and who would really have appeared very beautiful but for the fact that her forehead and cheeks were tattooed so horribly as to make her appear hideous. These usually wore a ring in the nose, which does not add much to their beauty.

One day as we were passing through Damascus my attention was suddenly attracted by a company of persons moving along the streets in pompous parade. Some men gayly dressed and others armed were riding on horses, while a woman richly clad, but closely veiled, was perched upon a camel, whose neck was adorned with necklaces of silver and ribbon. Behind her followed several women almost equally richly clad. In the front of the procession were a number of camels loaded with furniture of various kinds and materials for housekeeping purposes. Being struck with the appearance of the procession, I at once raised inquiry as to what this all meant. Soon I learned, what I should have at first suspected, that it was a wedding-procession. The bridegroom was taking his bride home to his dwelling. This procession is the principal part of a Mohammedan marriage. The bridegroom had already taken the dower to the father of the bride, and this procession

was attended with the fortune of the bride going to the home of the husband. From the amount of divans, chests, rugs, and boxes, I should infer that this ceremony was that of a lady of more than ordinary wealth. Usually it is said the Mohammedan women do not possess much goods. The fathers give away their daughters in marriage, and it is said frequently make the proposals. Still, it is expected that the bridegroom will pay a dower for his wife, even as was done here thousands of years ago—as did Abraham's servant when he secured Rebecca for the wife of Isaac. (Genesis xxiv. 53. See also Exodus xxii. 17, Deuteronomy xxii. 29.) The Jews and Christians have more of a ceremony of words at a marriage, while the procession resembles that of the Mohammedans. These have no ceremony, and the contract or betrothal is often only verbal; yet nothing remains but for the bride to be taken by the husband. It is much as in the case of Isaac, above referred to; for it said, "Isaac brought her into his mother Sarah's tent, and took Rebecca, and she became his wife; and he loved her." (Genesis xxiv. 67.) It is probable that most fathers consult the wishes of their daughters respecting their future husbands; and it would be fortunate if in every case they should be kind enough at least to say as did Laban to Rebecca, "Wilt thou go with this man?" Wedding processions are now usually held in the day-time, though this one seen at Damascus, joined in by the friends of the bridegroom and bride who attended them to the home where the feast was to be held, vividly reminded me of the Savior's wonderful parable of the ten virgins, five of whom were foolish, and were absent purchasing oil when the bridegroom came and the procession was formed, "and they that were ready went in with him to the marriage; and the door was shut." (Matthew xxv. 10.) The girls are married at an early age, frequently when only thirteen years old. The Mohammedans allow a plurality of wives; and for certain causes men are allowed to divorce them. Women, however, being more of slaves than wives, this seldom occurs. The man can marry many more if those he has do not please him.

CHAPTER VI.

Damascus — Trading — Camels — Ornaments — Mosques — Call of the Muezzin — Great Mosque — Basilica — Roman Temple — Tomb of the Head of John the Baptist — House of Rimmon — Altar of Ahaz — Trouble in the Mosque — The Massacre — Damascus of Antiquity — Visits of Abraham and Elisha — Conversion of Saul — Street Called Straight — House of Ananias — Old Wall — Eastern Gate.

T is impossible to do justice to a description of the streets of Damascus, filled with the cry of men and children and women who everywhere throng them with cakes, figs, and water to sell. A man carries cucumbers for sale and cries, "*Yabu eleh, khudhlak sheleh, bitlatin rotl el-khiyar,*" "O father of a family, buy a load; for thirty paras a roll of cucumbers." Another with a glass jar in his hand or on his back filled with water carries two brass cups in his hand which he rattles in the clearest manner and cries, "*Berrid ala kalbak,*" "refresh thy heart." Raisin-water, licorice-water, etc., are sold along the streets in the same manner, while here and there a group are eating corn which they have roasted on a few coals in the street, or making a dinner on some soup prepared in a dish in the streets, around which all, old and young, are seated.

Damascus is a great trading-point, and silks are produced of finest quality. Splendid raisins are also cultivated in great quantities. Many thousand tons are annually carried to Beyroot on donkeys and camels. The camel is a great institution in Damascus. King Benhadad sent a train of forty camels by Hazael to meet the old prophet, laden with the choicest fruits of Damascus. (II. Kings viii. 9.) The noiseless tread of the camels in place of all vehicles in the street causes

traffic to go on with a restful grace. On these "ships of the desert" great bundles of wood and all kinds of produce for the market are borne along the narrow streets. So closely crowded are the streets that I often looked to see a camel tread upon a group of children, sitting down eating soup, or some old lady roasting corn or preparing something for sale in the streets. So carefully do these great, ugly animals tread along that no collision occurred and no harm happened to any. And thus has it been from the time of Abraham until now. No improvement or invention has been able to supersede the camel. He is the strongest yet gentlest of all the animals in service here. Though sometimes used for plowing, his task is to bear burdens. With a growl or moan, which seems to be a protest, the camel kneels down with four movements, the last of which is a sitting down on its haunches lying on its belly. In this posture and with many a moan the camel receives its load, and then, growling, slowly rises when bidden, and with its measured tread starts on its weary way. It lives on the roughest of food, such as cut straw, barley, dry beans, and the prickley thistle, which like thorny bushes grows on the plains. The word camel means burden-bearer; and nothing on earth more fully answers its cognomen. Many of them are poor and look ill fed. The camel lives and travels great distances with little food, and can go many days without water. Its long strides in travel, throwing the rider backward and forward, make him almost sea-sick, until he has become accustomed to these vibrations. A great wooden saddle serves as a kind of wagon-ladder, on which any load is placed, while the rider sits on the top in various positions, as are most restful to him. Now and then I saw camels with silk or leathern strings about their long, crooked, slender necks, and a few with ornaments of silver upon them. In the battles of Gideon against Zalmund and Zebah, "Gideon took away the ornaments which were on their camels' necks" (Judges viii. 21), and "the chains that were about their camels' necks." (Judges viii. 26).

In Damascus as in Constantinople, the dogs are supreme.

There are in this city alone nearly one hundred Mohammedan mosques in which services are conducted on Fridays, and over one hundred smaller houses, also called mosques, which are used as school-houses, where persons are taught to read the Koran. Friday is the Mohammedan Sabbath, but it can hardly be called a day of rest with them. It usually becomes their great market-day, though devout Mohammedans attend the mosques on that day more largely than upon other days. The mosques are always kept open, and prayers are offered in them five times each day. With the early morning a crier, or *muezzin*, appears in the tall minaret and chants the "Adan," or call to prayer,—"God is most great. God is most great. I testify that there is no deity but God. I bear witness that Mohammed is God's apostle. Come to prayer. Come to security. Come to salvation. Prayer is better than sleep. God is most great. There is no other God but God, and Mohammed is God's prophet. Come to prayer!" In every city this call greeted our ears. (See page 239.) The largest, most interesting and important of all the mosques of Damascus is the "Great Mosque of the Omeiyades," which, with the Mohammedans, ranks next to Medina, Mecca, and the Mosque of Omar, at Jerusalem. A Roman temple once stood on the same site, which in the fourth century was converted into a Byzantine basilica, dedicated to John the Baptist. The mosque is four hundred and twenty-nine feet long and one hundred and twenty-five feet wide. On one side is a great court surrounded by massive walls. The ancient walls of the mosque stand as they did in the Christian temple a thousand years ago, they having been preserved by the Mohammedans when the church was destroyed by them. At first the mosque was built in great splendor, but being in part destroyed by fire in 1069, it was restored, but not with its original beauty. On the south side of the mosque yet stands the great doorway once leading into the building when it was a Christian church. The carvings of the massive lintels and posts remind one of the entrance to the Temple of the Sun at Baalbec, and they were probably a part of the building when a Roman temple.

In the lintel is an inscription in Greek, which can be seen from the roof of a silversmith's bazaar, which has stood there from the early Christian times. It is as follows: "Thy kingdom, O Christ, is an everlasting kingdom, and thy dominion endureth throughout all generations." This sculptured sentence is from the one hundred and forty-fifth Psalm and thirteenth verse, with "O Christ" interpolated. The interior of the mosque is divided into three parts by two rows of stone columns twenty-three feet high, extending from east to west. A finely-gilded wooden structure stands in the mosque, which is said to contain the head of John the Baptist. This spot is greatly revered by the Mohammedans of Damascus, and they are accustomed to swear by the head of "Yahia," as they call this saint. Traces of the ancient structure with the old walls and arches forming the entrance to the basilica, make this mosque an interesting study. Now a mosque, — over a thousand years ago a Christian church which stood upon the site of a Roman temple to the gods, — it becomes altogether probable that it is the site where once stood the "House of Rimmon," the god of Syria, to which Naaman, who at first despised the waters of Israel, when healed and converted, carried two mule-loads of earth as an offering to his God. (II. Kings, v. 17.) To this spot he was so attached that though wishing to honor the God of Israel and depart from idolatry he said, "In this thing the Lord pardon thy servant, that when my master goeth into the house of Rimmon to worship there, and he leaneth on my hand, and I bow myself in the house of Rimmon: when I bow down myself in the house of Rimmon the Lord pardon thy servant in this thing." (II. Kings, v. 18.) It was from Damascus, and probably from this house of Rimmon, that Ahaz, king of Judah, secured the pattern of a heathen altar, after which he ordered Urijah to erect an altar for the house of the Lord at Jerusalem. (II. Kings, xvi. 10.) Barefooted, or shod in slippers, we visited every part of the mosque; and we found ourselves closely watched by the Moslems. An incident occurred here which occasioned not a little alarm, and might easily have ended in the mur-

der of our entire company! All our company had removed their shoes and put on slippers, or wore stockings only, except one. He had just purchased at the bazaar a pair of native shoes to bring home with him, and supposing they would answer for slippers he put them on and walked through the mosque in them. This occasioned no little trouble. Soon we were followed by a number of Moslems who talked loudly in an excited manner. Upon inquiry of our dragoman we learned the cause of their following us. He tried to tell them that the man's shoes were new, and that he wore them as slippers, and had taken his shoes off at the door; but it all did no good. Not less than twenty-five persons were around us. When we were about ascending the minaret tower to get a view of the city they raised a row and persisted in refusing us permission to do so. We were quite alarmed. The *cawas* with us was soon strengthened by the addition of several soldiers, and we got on safely. Thanks to the soldiers! This incident calls to memory the bloody scene and horrid persecution of the Christians less than a quarter of a century ago. The Christian quarters show the results of this destructive outrage, which began on the ninth of July, 1860. The Druses led in the massacre, but had the support of the Turks. The streets of the Christian quarter literally ran with blood. Though the Christians sought shelter everywhere, they were everywhere pursued and slaughtered, and their slain bodies laid in the streets until not less than six thousand souls perished. Many of the clergy were butchered beside the altars where they had fled for refuge. While this hellish massacre was going on at Damascus, the mountain district witnessed like scenes of blood until probably not less than fourteen thousand unoffending Christians were slain. When all Europe was aroused the work ceased, and the French sent an army of ten thousand men to Syria to suppress the murder. Pasha Ahmed, the Turkish leader, and others, were arrested and executed. It is to be regretted to this day that the Turks were not then driven entirely out of this land. Our courier at Damascus was one of the victims of the horrid persecution.

He however escaped with his life, and found his way to Europe, while his father and family fell victims to the hellish fanaticism and rage of the Mohammedan murderers.

The Damascus of antiquity was probably more like that which we now behold than any city of the East like its former self. With a very few changes of appearance there is no doubt that its streets and houses are about the same in appearance as two thousand years ago, or when Paul was here a new and illustrious convert to Christianity.

Abraham must have passed through Damascus on his way from Haran to Canaan nearly four thousand years ago, when he went out not knowing whither he went. Josephus leads us to infer that he was once the ruler of Damascus. After his sojourn in Egypt he pursued the armies of this country in battle, determined upon the recapture of Lot and his goods, as far as Dan, and there dividing his servants in companies, by night smote them and pursued them as far as Hobah, above Damascus. (Genesis xiv. 13–16.) Eliezer, the trusty steward of the house of Abraham, was from Damascus. (Genesis xv. 2.) David, in the time of his wars, conquered this center of Syria, and put a garrison here. (II. Samuel viii. 5, 6.) Elisha the prophet of God once, at least, visited here, and was met by Hazael, to inquire whether Benhadad should recover from his disease. The king had such confidence in the man of God that he sent a train of forty camels from Damascus to meet Elisha. (II. Kings viii. 9.)

Day after day as I visited the different places and parts of Damascus and pressed through its crowded streets I could not but remember the wonderful conversion of Saul of Tarsus, which more than anything else makes the city one to be visited with interest. His idea of suppressing Christianity was only bounded by the utmost distance to which the persecuted followers of Christ had fled. He had done his worst at Jerusalem. But the breadth of his idea appears from his selecting the capital of Syria as the scene of more extended persecutions. He knew how to strike the centers of influence and power. His cruelty knew no bounds. He had secured the

martyrdom of Stephen, guarding the clothes of the men who thus stoned to death the first Christian martyr. (Acts vii. 58.) Some of Saul's associates had embraced Christianity; but the disciples were scattered everywhere. Young Saul, filled with enthusiasm for Judaism and burning with madness and rage against the followers of Christ, "breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord, went unto the high-priest, and desired of him letters to Damascus to the synagogues, that if he found any of this way, whether they were men or women, he might bring them bound unto Jerusalem." (Acts ix. 1, 2.) Nothing daunted his rage. The tenderness and helplessness of women made no appeal to his heart. Had he forgotten the look and cries and prayer and death of Stephen? The journey of one hundred and fifty miles was almost ended. The time of work was at hand. He had come near to Damascus. It was noonday. The great city spread out its beauty before him; but "suddenly there shined round about him a light from heaven: and he fell to the earth, and heard a voice saying unto him, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" It was not Stephen or the scattered disciples of the Lord or helpless women, but the Lord who answerd, "I am Jesus whom thou persecutest." Three days and nights blindness fell over his eyes, and he was without food. Passing one day from the "street which is called Straight" I saw two men slowly and carefully leading a poor blind man through

"STREET WHICH IS CALLED STRAIGHT."

the crowd; and so eighteen hundred years ago they led Saul of Tarsus staggering and blind to the city through the western gate. Here yet is the "street which is called Straight," down which he was led sightless to the house of Judas, while his heart and voice were lifted up to God in prayer. This long, straight street, about twelve feet wide, is no doubt in appearance much as it was when Saul looked upon it after three days of blindness, and the opening of his eyes while Ananias "putting his hands on him said, Brother Saul, the Lord, even Jesus, that appeared unto thee in the way as thou camest, hath sent me that thou mighest receive thy sight and be filled with the Holy Ghost." (Acts ix. 17.) It is the only street running directly through the city, and though called "Straight," it is not absolutely so, but compared with the others justly deserves its name. It runs through the entire city from east to west. The house of Ananias is yet shown to visitors. It is now a Catholic chapel, about thirty-five feet long and twenty-five wide, with an altar and a few rude benches in it. There was a great stir in Damascus, for Saul immediately "preached Christ in the synagogues, that he is the Son of God." (Acts ix. 20.) Here he increased in strength and confounded the Jews. But God, as he told Ananias (see Acts ix. 16), was as prompt as Saul, and so were the Jews. He must be shown how great things he must suffer for Christ's sake! The Jews took counsel to kill him. The fate he had selected for the followers of Christ was soon proposed for him. He must escape Damascus and find other fields of toil and study. Portions of the old walls of Damascus still remain, and I rambled outside the city to the place in the structure where tradition asserts "the disciples took him by night and let him down by the wall in a basket." (Acts ix. 25.) The governor and garrison of soldiers were seeking his arrest, and long afterward he told his Greek converts at Corinth that "through a window in a basket was I let down by the wall, and escaped." (II. Corinthians xi. 33.)

The remainder of the wall on the eastern side of the city is of heavy stone, the lower part being made of large, square,

dressed stone. The gate has a Greek lintel and behind it a Roman arch, as shown in our illustration. Was it here the

EASTERN GATE OF DAMASCUS.

new convert to Christ in the darkness of the night lifted up his soul to God in a new purpose to bear all persecutions for Christ's sake, and steadily preach Jesus to the end? What a change had come to him! What a life was behind him! What a career lay before him! It was doubtless from here that Saul went into Arabia, where he spent the greater part of three years. How this time was spent he does not tell us; but it is wisely conjectured that it was employed in the profounder study of the Scriptures as they relate to the Messiah, and in personal communion with God. (Galatians i. 17, 18.) The conversion of Saul was no less wonderful and divine than his illustrious and almost peerless life.

CHAPTER VII.

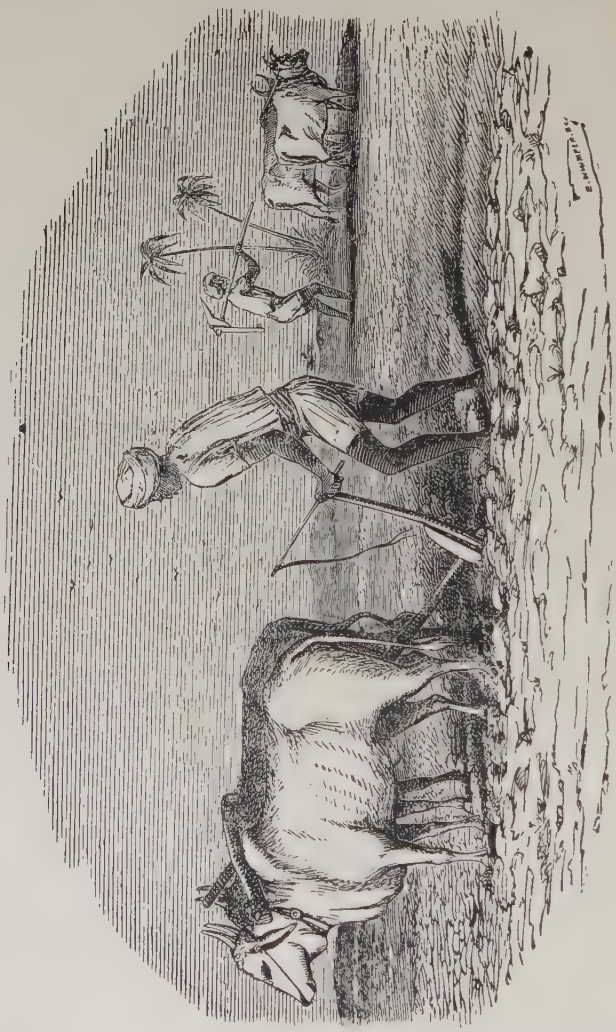
Leaving Damascus — Whited Sepulchers — Place of Saul's Conversion — Tomb of Nimrod — Over the Hermon — Plowing — Height of Hermon — Character of Hermon — Bible Allusions — Rain-Storm — View from Hermon — Cæsarea Philippi — History — Herod Philip — Salome — Banias of To-Day — Walls — Moats — Gate — Coins — Temple of Pan — Fortress — Christ at Cæsarea — His Discourse — The Transfiguration — Raphael's Transfiguration — The Lunatic Child — Woman Healed — Statue — Eusebius' Record — A Figure.

AFTER several days spent at Damascus our company turned their journeying toward Cæsarea Philippi. Our course lay south-west over the Damascus plain. Just outside the city we passed through a vast graveyard. Here as elsewhere the graves are all whitewashed, and show not only great care for the places of the dead, but forcefully and often reminded me of the words of Christ to the hypocritical Jews—"Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye are like unto whited sepulchers, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones." (Matt. xxiii. 27.) These whited sepulchers were adorned with myrtle and green branches of trees. Somewhere in this plain we passed the place where Saul was smitten down. Earlier tradition located the site about six miles distant from the city. No doubt the scene occurred close to Damascus. Passing out of the valley or plain we were in broken, hilly lands, and beyond the water-shed, and camped at *Kefr Hawar*, close by the banks of the Pharpar, which Naaman, the leper of Damascus, a long time ago preferred to "all the waters of Israel" when he received the instruction from the servant of Elisha to wash seven times in the Jordan. The Pharpar here is but a small stream flowing southward until it

enters the Meadow Lakes miles below. Just back of our camp, the first night, were three circular mounds, one of which is pointed out as the tomb of Nimrod, "the mighty hunter before the Lord." (See Genesis x. 8, 9.) Which is his tomb I could not ascertain. The stones in the poor-houses here show that they are from some ancient temple which once adorned the fabulous location. Close by our camp the Bedouin men, women, and children were husking corn far into the night. Women and children, half clad, came around our camp for *backshish.*

The next morning dusky shadows were creeping along over Hermon, and clouds were floating over its summit. Our dragoman looked long at the clouds and said, "I don't like them." All day our way lay over the slopes of lofty Hermon, on the top of which we saw here and there a patch of snow which the summer had failed to remove. Now and then we crossed rocky valleys, in which the people were preparing for the sowing of grain. There are no fences in all Syria; and in a little valley I counted twenty, and even thirty yoke of oxen plowing. The men or women plowing were barefooted, and seemed to stand it well over the stones. The stones are for a distance limestone, then basaltic, then volcanic. For miles, at a height of about six thousand feet above the sea-level, we traveled over beds of lava, or stone, thrown from volcanoes in the long ages past. Just to our right was the tallest peak of Hermon, ten thousand feet above the level of the sea. The mountain is cultivated far up its slopes, and over its huge form shepherds lead their flocks in the pasture season. There are a few large trees low down on the mountain, but farther up are great quantities of shrubs of the Syrian oak, almond, and other trees. Its summit is divided into three peaks,—two of nearly equal height, and one much lower. Ruins of ancient buildings are yet to be seen near the summit of the mountain, for once a Roman temple adorned it. The ancient Hebrews called Hermon, Sion. (Deuteronomy iv. 48.) And in the time of Joshua it was mentioned as the land forming the borders of the land yet to be possessed.

(Joshua xii. 1; xiii. 5.) The psalmist in portraying the blessing of fellowship and spiritual communion of the people of God remembered the "dew of Hermon;" and in the fall-



ARABS PLOWING.

ing mist of the lofty mountain which refreshes it like the rain, he saw the refreshing dews of the fellowship of brethren who "dwell together in unity." (Psalms cxxxiii. 3.)

All day long we journeyed along its slopes. When we had reached the highest point to which the way chosen led us, we found ourselves enveloped in clouds; and amid a tremendous wind and storm the rain poured down upon us, so that our horses turned around and refused to go farther. We coaxed them along down the great steep of the Hermon for several hours, until by and by the rain ceased for a time and the clouds were lifted, and our eyes caught far off in our front the first view of the valley of Banias, where rise the four sources of the Jordan, uniting to form the river in the valley above the waters of Merom. It was a grand sight. The plain lying beautifully between Hermon on the east and the mountains of Naphtali on the west, spreads out with the appearance of fertility, such as we had not seen after leaving Damascus. Then the streams forming the Jordan wound about tangled among the hills, and the waters of Merom miles away spread out like a fiery sheen in the setting sun, which was almost ready to disappear behind the mountains of Naphtali. Soon to our right were seen great olive-orchards, and above them the towering fortress-height, sheltered by lofty Hermon, from which the ruins of the ancient fortress looked grimly down upon us. Down over one winding rocky steep after another our horses were hurried along until we were on the table-land at the base of Hermon. Then winding around between great trees we soon were amid the ancient ruins of Cæsarea Philippi. Passing through the town we found a beautiful spot under a number of grand old olive-trees, where we alighted cold and wet and pitched our tents for the Sabbath. The "early rains" had begun, and all the night long, and Sabbath, Sabbath night, and Monday the rain fell in torrents. Half of our company were sick; and this cold rain and a day's delay was not very inspiriting. Here for the first I felt that my feet had come upon the soil made sacred by the footsteps of our blessed Lord. Here for the first time I came upon territory where certainly our Savior once visited.

Banias of to-day is known in the New Testament under the name Cæsarea Philippi. It was before that time known as

Paneas; and here the god Pan was worshiped and had a temple, built by Herod the Great, of white marble, in honor of Augustus. Herod Philip rebuilt or enlarged the city and named it "Cæsarea Philippi" in honor of Cæsar and himself; and though afterward honored by Agrippa II., it was under Herod Philip that it attained its greatest glory. He was a mild and gentle ruler; and if the records of history are to be relied upon, after living unmarried most of his life, when old he fell in love with and married Salome, the daughter of his half brother, Herod Philip, and Herodias. It was she who danced at the drunken feast of Herod Antipas when the imprisoned and heroic John the Baptist was at her request beheaded (Matt. xiv. 1–12), and his head brought in a charger and delivered to Herodias, whose adulterous sin in marrying Antipas he had rebuked. Salome was then a child perhaps not more than fourteen years old, and was soon married to Herod Philip, whose death occurred only a few years after his marriage. She then married her cousin, Aristobulus.

Banias of to-day tells only by ruined walls and partially-filled moats and fragments of broken columns any story of its former glory in the days of Philip, the tetrarch of Galilee. Its location is delightful, upon a kind of table-land from the Jordan valley or natural terrace of the mountain. It is one thousand, one hundred and fifty feet above the sea-level. Streams of water flow down from the valleys which slope away into the mountains until the rocky soil all about is made luxuriant with vegetation. Remains of broken columns which we found scattered quite south of the present town show that it once had an extended area. On the north and east are the great walls and remaining towers of drafted stones, outside of which runs a deep moat, once, no doubt, filled with water from the cave of Pan, which then must have flowed out of the great cave under the brow of the hill instead of from the pebbles and stones quite below it, as it now does. Three of these towers, built of immense stones, still remain. On the south the wall and ancient towers reveal the strength and glory of the city of Christ's time. A

gateway through the wall still remains and is in daily use. It leads out and across a great stone bridge which spans the chasm or moat outside the southern wall.

SOUTHERN GATE OF CÆSAREA PHILIPPI.

Some of the columns and carved pillars, no doubt of Philip's time, are built into this ancient structure. At different places about the old walls the Arabs were digging and sifting the dirt and *debris* in search of ancient coins, or "*antique*," as the boys called them as they came every morning and evening to our camp to sell them. Some of these coins were of great antiquity and very rare, while others were such as are quite numerous in various collections. Most of them were of copper; and how so large a number could have been lost is a wonder. Probably they were thrown away by the emperors whose superscription they bear for the amusement and profit of the poor on great occasions, and many of them thus remained unfound.

On Sabbath we climbed over rocks through the rain and visited the cave of Pan, which is a huge cavern almost hidden under a cliff of the castle hill. The mouth of the cavern has been greatly filled up by the fallen rock, so that the water finds its way out through the rocks some distance from the cavern. The water is beautiful, and clear as crystal, and forms at once the eastern branch of the four sources of the Jordan.

Just to the east of this spring once stood the Temple of *Panium*, scarcely a vestige of which remains. In the rocks are the votive niches which were once the altars of the temple. They are about four or five feet high, two feet wide, and nearly a foot deep, being concave in form, with a horizontal cut below. Above some of the niches the inscription in Greek is clearly visible, — "Priest of Pan." On a ledge of rock projecting as a cliff a little distance from the site of the Temple of Herod, now stands a little *weli*, or Mohammedan praying-place, which is the only sign of religious worship of any kind I saw at Cæsarea.

East of this fountain, and nearly one thousand, two hundred feet above the level of the site of the temple, is the ancient castle, nearly one thousand feet long and three hundred feet wide. Much of the castle is now in ruins, and its walls are fallen down. The greatness of the drafted stone, and the lofty eminence on the hill, on either side of which are deep valleys six hundred or more feet deep, show what a defense it was to the city in its time of glory! Its sight may have suggested to Christ the declaration to Peter, "Upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." (Matthew xvi. 18.) Thirty or forty rude mud-houses, with a few others constructed in part of the stones of ancient Cæsarea, are all there is of Banias. It would be difficult to imagine a more squalid, dirty set of beings, claiming to be human, than the half-clad women and children covered with dirt, who with the lazy men inhabit these dirty huts built where once stood the proud city of Herod, and where once Titus celebrated his victories over Jerusalem, with feasts and drunkenness, and cruelty and death to captured Hebrews.

Cæsarea Philippi is more interesting to the Bible student on account of the visit Jesus made here under the peculiar circumstances which gathered around him. The shadow of the cross which was ever before the eyes of Jesus, from his entrance upon his ministry to his dark betrayal and murder, was becoming more distinct. The hatred of the Jews daily increased. The heart of Christ became more and more ab-

sorbed and his life more perfectly surrendered to his mission. A great crisis was soon to overtake the little band of Galilean disciples which had followed him in his path of poverty, toil, and love. He must more fully unfold his character to his chosen disciples. To them and to those who should believe on his name he must disclose the mystery of godliness—God manifest in the flesh. They must understand his person and mission. "When Jesus came unto the coasts of Cæsarea Philippi he asked his disciples, saying, Whom do men say that I, the Son of man, am?" When told that some held him to be John the Baptist, some Elias, and others Jeremiah, he asked them, "Whom say ye that I am?" (Matthew xvi. 13.) Peter said, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." Here then Jesus more fully revealed himself as the Son of God, in all his divine nature. After this disclosure to his followers here at Cæsarea, Jesus began "to shew unto his disciples, how that he must go unto Jerusalem, and suffer many things of the elders and chief priests and scribes, and be killed, and be raised again the third day." (Matt. 21. xvi.) This was the great event in the life of Christ before his arrest. Here he was preparing his disciples for that which as yet they did not understand. Here he told them plainly that if any man would come after him he must take up his cross and follow him; and whosoever would save his life should lose it, and whosoever would lose his life for his sake should find it. (Mark viii. 35.) Here he also told his disciples plainly that he should come again to judge the world.

Thus filling up six days in teaching his disciples plainly of himself, he took "Peter, James, and John his brother, and bringeth them up in a high mountain apart and was transfigured before them; and his face did shine as the sun, and his raiment was white as the light. And, behold, there appeared unto them Moses and Elias talking with him." (Matthew xvii. 1–3.) It was up the slopes of Hermon, I doubt not, that Jesus led his three disciples; and on one of the lofty peaks upon which our eyes looked again and again, covered with clouds, that "a bright cloud overshadowed them: and

behold a voice out of the cloud, which said, This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased; hear ye him." (Mark ix. 7; Matthew xvii. 5.)

As I looked again and again upon Hermon towering above all the heights of Palestine, and searched the Scriptures closely, the conviction increased that it was within the folds of the bright clouds hovering over Hermon that our Savior was transfigured, and not in Tabor, as has often been conjectured. Where in all the world was it more probable that Jesus would find shelter for six days than here at the head-waters of the Jordan? He had come here to reveal himself to his disciples. During the "six days," he was here delivering his wonderful discourses, only a part of which is given us in the sixteenth chapter of Matthew. Besides this, does not Mark tell us plainly after relating the accounts of the transfiguration, and the subsequent casting out of the "dumb and deaf spirit" which the disciples could not cast out, that "they departed thence, and passed through Galilee"? (Mark ix. 30.)

Here then, along the stream which forms one of the chief sources of the Jordan, or beneath some olive-grove, the Savior disclosed to his disconsolate disciples the certainty, manner, and purpose of his decease at Jerusalem. Yonder in the shining clouds on Hermon he shadowed forth to his chosen three his supreme glory which was to follow. Here to beclouded intellects he showed the path out of sin and sorrow. Yonder in the bewilderment of shining glory on the mountain he presented the gateway to that glory which lies far beyond the peaks of Hermon. There is something sublimely fitting that these two revelations should in the ministry of Christ thus lie side by side,—the one at the head fountain of the renowned Jordan and the other in the lofty king of mountains,—only a few miles away. Here Peter voiced the belief of the disciples when he said, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of God." But in the glory of the Mount of Transfiguration yonder, Jesus showed to them in something of its fullness what this really meant. Here to the people who then lived within the walls, whose ancient ruins we have climbed over and around from

one end to another, Jesus showed the great truth that "whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life for my sake and the gospel's the same shall save it." To the people of this then royal capital of Philip, as well as to his disciples, he propounded that of all questions the most momentous, "For what shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" As some trembled upon the verge of faith in his wonderful words he declared, "Whosoever therefore shall be ashamed of me and of my words, in this adulterous and sinful generation, of him also shall the Son of man be ashamed, when he cometh in the glory of his Father with the holy angels." (Mark viii. 38.) Then in the mountain of transfiguration he manifested something of what that glory was and what it should be.

If Christ made but one visit to Cæsarea Philippi, it was an illustrious one. It was not alone in his wonderful words and doctrines, and in the disclosure of his divine character and mission, nor yet in his transfigured glory on the mountain, that his majesty and power were made known.

Raphael, in his masterpiece, which is the glory of the Vatican at Rome, in that inimitable picture, "The Transfiguration," places below the Redeemer, whose face shines with unearthly glory, and whose garments glow as the brightness of the sun, the group of astounded disciples who are seeking to cast out the lunatic devil from a poor tortured child, while the father of the child stands mournfully by. The glaring, torturous, piteous look of that child, whose great eyes gaze on the apostles, the deep solicitude of the father with his heart pierced through with painful love and desire, the bewildered, astounded countenances of the disciples and the look of the excited throng, are only surpassed and overshadowed by the wondrous glory and divinity of the artist's transfiguration scene, presented at the top of the picture. Such is the masterpiece of Raphael, and such is indeed the Bible record. For here at Cæsarea the wonder-smitten disciples saw more fully their own lack of strength and faith as they beheld the departure of the dumb spirit from the child at the bidding of

Christ, though it had refused to come out when they had commanded it to do so. (Matthew xvii. 14–21.)

Early tradition, and perhaps early history, relates that it was here at Cæsarea Philippi that the woman resided who was healed of an issue of blood which had afflicted her twelve years, by coming behind Christ and touching the hem of his garment. (Matthew ix. 20; Luke viii. 43, 44.) Eusebius has this record, "At the gates of her house on an elevated stone stands a brazen image of a woman on her bended knee with her hands stretched out before her like one entreating. Opposite to this there is another image of a man, erect, of the same material, decently clad in a mantle (diplois), and stretching out his hand to the woman. Before her feet, and on the same pedestal, there is a certain strange plant growing, which rising as high as the hem of the brazen garment, is a kind of antidote to all kinds of diseases. This statue, they say, is a statue of Jesus Christ, and it has remained even until our times; so that we ourselves saw it whilst tarrying in that city." (Eusebius, page 289.)

To-day desolate ruins, broken-down walls, half-filled moats, and broken columns and pillars of stone scattered everywhere, listen to the gurgle and ripple and murmur of the pearly streams flowing through oleander-groves and under olive-shades, down to the waters of the winding Jordan! Here the weary feet of our loving Lord once trod, and here he unfolded the glory and richness of his love which prompted him to begin a life at Nazareth, like the stream bursting from the cave of Paneas, which flowing down the valley of ceaseless toil, at last plunged, like the Jordan, into the sea of death. From that death rose the hope of eternal life to a dying race!

CHAPTER VIII.

Clouds Lifting — Leaving Banias — Dan — Golden Calf — Mound of the City — Samson's Foxes — Hasbany — Derdarah — Mountains of Naphtali — Kedesh — City of Refuge — Home of Deborah — Shepherds — Goats — Sheep — Bible Illustrations — Christ the Good Shepherd — Sheep-Fold Dividing the Sheep from the Goats — Skin Bottles — Incidents — Women Carrying Water — Hagar — Fat of Sheep — Bedouin Cloaks — Camp at Merom — Battle-Scene of Joshua.

DURING a stay of two days and three nights at Cæsarea it rained almost incessantly. Amid the rain and storm several of our company pushed out through the mud and examined all the places of interest. The rain was quite cold. Our horses and mules were sheltered in the great cave of Pan. In the evenings we gathered weeds and brush, and begged and hired some Arabs to carry us more; and with these our company kindled a fire in the midst of the camp, around which they gathered, as many as were able to be out, and talked of the promises of fair weather on the morrow. When Tuesday morning came the clouds were broken. What a glad company! Nearly one half of our company were really quite ill — too ill to travel. But all were ready for the saddle. Our wet, heavy tents and camp-equipage were put on the mules' backs, and we were off for the valley of the Jordan. All feared that the early rains (James v. 7) had set in; and if so, it was deemed quite well to be far away from lofty Hermon, whose cone piercing the skies seemed to ever invite the waters which produce the sources of the Jordan. And long as memory lasts our little company of pilgrim tourists will remember their introduction to Palestine at Banias.

Our first object was to see the ancient site of Dan, the most northerly city of Palestine at the time of its occupancy upon Israel's return from Egypt. The ride was down the plateau over steeps and rocks and through scrubby oaks which grow here, but only to a small size. However, some of these in a good camp-fire while at Cæsarea under the great olives would have chased the cold away from our hands and the dampness from our feet. The clouds were lifting from old Hermon, whose towering and dome-like form covered with snow we were leaving behind us, and we were promised a pleasant journey onward. The roads were very slippery. Down these hills our horses slipped and slid and climbed over the rocks wondrously. Here in a narrow path descending from the plateau to the lower valley we met a caravan of camels going toward Cæsarea. Probably they were going on to Damascus. What huge, ugly, kindly, burden-bearing creatures they are. One always looks at them with some degree of amazement. There one poor thing had slid down with its great load upon it. Effort after effort was made to get up, but it slipped down every time. Poor thing, it looked so pitifully. How this long company got up the hills is hard to tell. There were thirty camels, and they did not look as if they had enough to eat. Before us were the sharp, rugged mountains of Naphtali, a number of miles across the rough plain.

Soon we were at the fountain, or source of the Jordan, at Tell-el-Kadi. Here is a mound eight or nine hundred feet in length and one third less in width. On the top is a fine, large oak-tree, under which is a Mohammedan tomb. This is the site of the ancient Dan, mentioned in the account of Abraham's pursuit of the captors of Lot. (Genesis xiv. 14.) In Judges xviii. 27 it is called Laish. Our readers are familiar with the expression "from Dan to Beersheba." (1. Samuel iii. 20.) Beersheba was the southern town and Dan the northern city of Canaan. Thus the expression literally meant the whole land. During the reign of "Jeroboam the son of Nebat who made Israel to sin," an idol in the shape of a golden calf

was set up here, and the people of Israel came to Dan and worshiped it rather than go to Jerusalem to worship the true God! For he "made two calves of gold, and said unto them, It is too much for you to go up to Jerusalem: behold thy gods, O Israel, which brought thee up out of the land of Egypt. And he set the one in Beth-el and the other put he in Dan." (I. Kings xii. 28, 29.) The location of this city in the plain, richly supplied with abundance of water, is one of the most delightful that could have been chosen, and it comes before us in history under the name of Laish, not less than fourteen hundred years before Christ passed this way to Cæsarea Philippi. (See Judges xviii. 29.) It is now entirely uninhabited; and if the traveler cares to push through the cane-brake and groves of oleanders, he can thoroughly examine the mound containing the ruins of ancient Dan, with no interference from any one seeking *backshish*. From under this mound rises a vast stream of water, larger than that from the Cave of Pan at Cæsarea. This is considered to be the chief source of the Jordan. Farther on we came in sight of a thicket of oleanders, in which we discovered another stream springing up among basaltic rock. These streams unite a little lower down and form the *El-Leddan*, or Little Jordan as Josephus called it. Crossing the stream, which is easily forded, we had a fine view of the pasture-lands before us and southward down the Jordan.

JACKAL — SAMSON'S FOX.

Among the annoyances experienced at Cæsarea Philippi, and other places by night, was the howling or crying or screaming of jackals. Sometimes they came down close to our camp and woke up all the company, and kept up their hideous howling for

hours. I had much anxiety to know what kind of creatures they could be that made such a hideous noise, which is unlike anything from brute or human with which my ears have ever been saluted. Just after passing the ruins of Dan, one of these jackals, half like a dog and half like a fox, jumped up before us and leisurely scampered over the plain to the thicket of oleanders. It is seldom that they can be seen in the day-time, though they are abundant. The jackal is near the size of the American fox, of grayish color, darker on the back, and with a heavy, bushy tail. The screaming, howling, barking, piercing, wailing cries of these nightly creatures sounded as if some animals of perdition had surrounded our camp! The jackal is known in the Bible by the name of fox. Samson, when robbed of his Philistine wife, caught three hundred of these creatures and tied their tails together two by two, with fire-brands, thus destroying the corn of the Philistines by fire. (Judges xv. 4, 5.) I had no feeling of destructiveness to any one's corn-field, but should not have objected to those nightly visitants being served in that way. Are these foxes mentioned in the Bible? Yes, a number of times. Jeremiah, in his picture of the desolation of Zion, says his heart was faint and his eyes were dim "because of the mountain of Zion, which is desolated; the foxes walk upon it." (Lamentations v. 18.) Our Lord also mentions the fox in that sorrowful picture of his earthly poverty when he said to the scribe, "Foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head." (Matthew viii. 20.)

A ride of about two miles from Dan, across the plain over a stony road, brought us to a bridge which crosses the stream *Hasbany*, which is the longest source of the Jordan. In less than two miles more we crossed the *Derdarah*, a tributary of the Jordan. This route gave us a view of the four sources of the renowned river Jordan. The widest is about thirty feet, and the water is clear and beautiful.

Directly in our front were the mountains of Naphtali. Reaching the foot-hills east of the mountains we turned

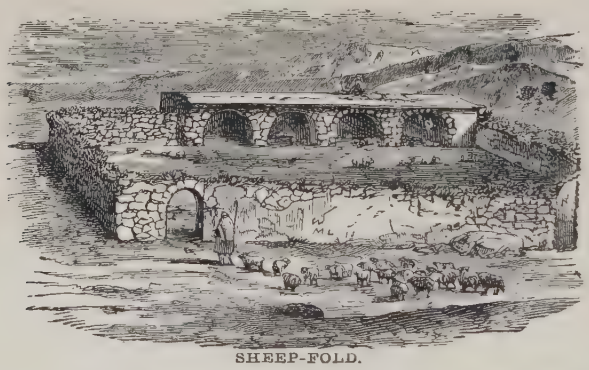
southward toward Lake Huleh, or waters of Merom. At this point we left the region of country over which in ancient times trade and travel passed from Damascus to Tyre on the Mediterranean coast. A few miles in our front, before turning southward, lay Kedesh, one of the most noted cities in northern Palestine in its early history. It was once the seat of a powerful Canaanitish ruler, but was possessed by Israel and given to Naphtali nearly fifteen hundred years before Christ bore our sins on the cross of Calvary. Joshua, according to the commandment of the Lord, which promised, "I will appoint thee a place whither he shall flee" (Exodus xxi. 12–14), set apart Kedesh as one of the seven cities of refuge. He thus appointed Shechem, in the center of the land west of the Jordan, Hebron in the south, and Kedesh in the north. East of the Jordan were Bezer, Ramoth, and Golan. (Joshua xx. 7, 8.) These cities were well located, and so situated as to be equally accessible from any part of the land. The roads to them were to be unobstructed, so that any one who had slain his fellow might escape to them before overtaken by the avenger of blood. God's government was provided so as to administer swift punishment upon the wicked. One having committed murder and effecting his entrance into Kedesh or any of the cities of refuge was free from the avenger, and was there given a fair trial. If the man-slayer was found guilty of willful murder he was surrendered to the punishment of death, but not until he had stood "before the congregation in judgment." (Numbers xxxv. 11, 12.) If the murder was committed by accident, then the congregation should "restore him to his city of refuge whither he was fled." There he should remain until the death of the high-priest under whose ministration he entered the city of refuge. If, however, he should at any time before the death of the high-priest be found by the avenger of blood outside of the city he was sure to be slain. (Numbers xxxv. 24–28.) This provision was not to protect the guilty, but to allow protection to the innocent and to afford opportunity for fair trial. That the refugee in the refuge-city must abide in the place

of safety until the death of the high-priest beautifully figures forth the necessity of the death of Christ in order to the salvation of the sinner. Up yonder hill to Kedesh doubtless fled many a hard-pursued man-slayer, seeking shelter from impending justice and death. Kedesh is scarcely less interesting on account of its being the home of Debora the prophetess, who judged Israel. (Judges iv. 6–9.) Among Bible characters she stands out as one of the unique. The courageous, noble, patriotic, eloquent wife of Lapidoth, not desirous of reaping a glory which might have been won alone by Barak, gathered Zebulun and Naphtali in this mountain city Kedesh, ten thousand men, with whom she and Barak went down to victory over Jabin's army, composed of nine hundred chariots of iron and hosts of Canaanitish warriors.

Our way lay southward along the west side of the Jordan valley. To our right rises the hill, or mountain country of Naphtali. The rain had made the path muddy, and all day long our ponies had hard wading. To our left lay vast fields of corn which the Bedouins were gathering. Now and then were to be seen flocks of sheep, goats, and cattle. Goats and sheep are pastured together. Sometimes several hundred sheep and goats are seen in one flock, herded by one shepherd. How carefully the stout shepherd cares for every member of his fold. How strikingly these scenes reminded me of numerous characters of the Bible and of many tender passages of Scripture. In one scene the Bible presents a kind of photographic view of everything one sees here in real life. David, the younger son of Jesse, at Bethlehem, and the second king over Israel, was a shepherd lad, and from his pastoral experience draws that unfathomable imagery of beauty and consolation, exclaiming, "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want." As one beholds the hills with the grass dried up by the scorching sun, he can appreciate the beauty of the continuing psalm, "He maketh me to lie down in *green* pastures." In this land so destitute of water in many of its parts, David must often have been compelled to lead his flocks for even miles to where fountains or streams of water furnished abun-

dant pastures. So he says, "He leadeth me beside the still waters." (Psalms xxiii. 2.) From the days of Abraham down to the present time, these valleys and hills and mountains have been pressed by the feet of the tender and watchful shepherd. So the psalmist says, "Give ear, O Shepherd of Israel, thou that leadest Joseph like a flock." (Psalms lxxx. 1.) Our Savior calls himself the good shepherd, saying, "I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep." "The hireling fleeth, because he is an hireling, and careth not for the sheep." "I know my sheep, and am known of mine." (John x. 11–14.) Lifting up his vision upon the widening world and the coming ages, Jesus saw the gentile races and exclaimed, "And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and there shall be one fold and one shepherd." (John x. 16.) No wonder the writer of Hebrews calls Jesus "that great Shepherd of the sheep," "brought again from the dead," "through the blood of the everlasting covenant." (Hebews xiii. 20.) From this careful and peculiarly tender pursuit of life in which the care and strength of the father in his home, and the tenderness and love of a mother among her children, combine in the fidelity of the shepherd who watches and leads his flocks by day and gathers them softly in the sheep-fold by night, the Apostle Peter would remind the minister of Christ of the peculiar work committed to his hands when he says, "Feed the flock of God which is among you," "and when the chief Shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away." (I. Peter v. 2–4.) To this day the shepherds go before their flocks, "leading them out," rather than going behind to drive them. Though the sheep and goats pasture together, at eventide the shepherd divides them and places them in different folds. So our Lord declares it shall be in the end of the world; for, "Before him shall be gathered all nations: and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats: and he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left." (Matthew xxv. 32, 33.)

In many places the sheep and goats are sheltered in ancient caves in the hill-sides. But we saw a number of sheep-folds which are in Syria and Palestine, the same as in the time of Christ. The sheep-fold is a low inclosure built of stone and covered so as to protect the flocks from thieves and wild beasts. There are small doors opening into this fold. It has a court in front, also surrounded by a stone wall. It was doubtless from this same structure that Jesus drew his illustration so familiar to the shepherds, when he exclaimed, "He that entereth not by the door into the sheep-fold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber. But he that entereth in by the door is the shepherd of the sheep." (John x. 1, 2.)



SHEEP-FOLD.

Most of the goats of Palestine are black, and very black, but some have spots of white on them. As I saw these black creatures here and there striped and spotted, I remembered the strategy of Jacob with his father-in-law, Laban, when the "spotted and speckled" of the goats and the cattle were to be his hire after the years of service for Rachel and Leah had been completed. (Genesis xxx. 32.) These goats of to-day are doubtless the same in kind that were owned by Jacob, three thousand six hundred years ago. The goat of Palestine now is of great value to the people for the milk produced, which is a large part of the sustenance of most of the people, and for the skins which are much used in many ways. The skins of goats fill the place of kegs, barrels, jugs, buckets,

churns, etc., in our country. These skins are removed from the animals as nearly whole as possible, and then tanned with the hair left on them. They are then sewed up entire, the head, and legs from the knees down, only being taken off. One opening is left, usually the end of one of the legs; and this is the "bottle" of the Bible record. Christ said, "Neither do men put new wine into old bottles: else the bottles break, and the wine runneth out." (Matt. ix. 17.) While the skins are new they are not only strong, but elastic, and can endure the fermentation of wine; but when old they become harder and more brittle, and the ferment of wine would quickly burst them, destroying both bottles and wine. These large goat-skin bottles are used to carry water from the fountains to the towns and villages. The women tie several of them together across the back of a camel and thus they are carried to town. I often saw two of them carried in the same manner on a donkey. They are scarcely less frequently carried by the women. As I often looked upon some barefooted woman, poorly dressed, bearing one of these huge leathern bottles on her shoulder, there came to mind the pitiful and sad scene which occurred at the tent-door of Abraham, nearly four thousand years ago, when he dwelt in the valley of Mamre, and sent Hagar and her child away into the wilderness. I thought I could see Abraham lifting to Hagar's shoulders one of these bottles filled with water, and then watching her turn away in the morning twilight toward the wilderness of Beersheba. For "Abraham rose up early in the morning, and took bread, and a bottle of water, and gave it unto Hagar, putting it on her shoulder, and the child, and sent her away." (Genesis xxi. 14.) It is not a little amusing to see one of these bottles when filled, looking like a large, fat, black hog, lying on the ground or suspended in the air, while a woman beats, kicks, and rolls it about in a terrible manner. One of our company noticing such a curious performance asked what it meant. He was not a little surprised when he was informed that the woman was churning. The milk is put into this bottle and pounded until the cream is converted into butter.

The sheep of Palestine are about the ordinary size, and of the ordinary appearance and wool coating, except that they have long, broad, heavy tails of fat, which usually are about four inches wide, and sometimes a foot long. This heavy, fatty tail seems to be quite burdensome to the sheep; but it is of great service, as it is rendered and used in the place of lard. This fat with olive-oil is the supply of fat for all culinary purposes. In the arrangements made with Israel for a peace-offering the priest was instructed to take with the kidneys and other portions of the lamb offered, "the fat thereof, and the whole rump, it shall he take off hard by the back-bone," (Leviticus iii. 9,) for an "offering made by fire unto the Lord." Doubtless this "rump" was the fat tail.

The flesh of the sheep is much used as food, and the skins are tanned with the wool and used for cloaks. In the towns we passed and the companies of men we met I saw many of the cloaks of sheep-skin, and also of goat-skin. The Bedouin cloak is universally worn by the people who dwell in tents. They are also made of cotton and camel's-hair, and are of fanciful, striped colors. The common people wear the simple black and white striped cloak. This is their clothing by day and their covering and bed by night — and so it was thousands of years ago. In the laws given by Moses it was particularly specified that if this cloak were taken as a pledge or security of a neighbor, it was to be returned by the time "that the sun goeth down;" and this because it was his covering, and his raiment for his skin, in which he should sleep. (Exodus xxii. 26, 27.) This is no doubt the same kind of a garment called a mantle, worn by Elijah and subsequently by Elisha, with which both these prophets smote the waters of the Jordan and they divided asunder.

SYRIAN SHEEP.

Amid such hourly and almost constant reminders of the fact that we were in the land of the Bible, and that about us on every side were facts and features which proved that the Bible could have been written amid no other surroundings, we slowly turned our faces southward, journeying along at the base of the mountains of Naphtali. To the right in the rocky steeps of the hills are great rock-tombs which evidently were prepared ages ago. Some of them are so large that they are used as shelters for sheep and goats. In the valley are to be seen mounds which are ruins of cities. After passing the corn-region in the upper valley, we found the region above and about the waters of Merom, or Bay of Huleh as it is sometimes called, a vast swamp covered with cane, oleanders, and rushes. This entire valley is occupied by the Bedouins, who are a wild, gypsy-like people. They do not build houses but live in tents. We passed several camps of these people. One of these camps contained not less than two hundred tents. Some are made of rushes or reeds, others of cloth made of the hair of goats. They are nothing more than a few stakes driven into the ground and small poles put on them and the cloth or rough mats spread upon them. They contain separate compartments for the women, who seem to live outside of them more than in them. The dirty, half-naked children came after us for *backshish*. The men are strong and handsome. The women, unlike those of most countries, are ugly, though stout-looking. These camps are usually at considerable distance from water, and the women are employed much of the time in carrying water and in washing their clothes. Besides the goat-skins, the women also use great earthen jars, holding several gallons of water, carrying them always on their head, with a little pad on the head to keep the water-pot from hurting the head or to help balance the jar.

In the evening we found our camp pitched beside the waters of Merom, at the north-west border of the lake on the bank of a pretty stream coming down from a number of fountains in the adjacent plateau of hills. The lake is triangular in shape, about four miles long and over three miles in width

at the widest place. It is about two hundred and seventy feet above sea-level, and abounds with water-fowls, large numbers of pelicans and wild ducks finding shelter in the papyrus, which forms a perfect jungle about portions of the lake. These ducks are coarse, and regarded as very poor food, though some of the Bedouins followed us with a half dozen or more of them, trying to sell them to us. As we got off our horses, tired from the long ride of the day, and sat down in our tent-door, two burly Bedouins, well armed with shot-guns, sat on the opposite side of the little brook watching our camp suspiciously. I was reminded that it was just here by these waters of Merom, and no doubt close to these springs, that the hosts of all the people under Jabin, King of Hazor, Jobab king of Madon, and the kings of Shimron, and Achshaph, and those north of Hermon, and those of the south and west, the Canaanites, Amorites, Hittites, Perizzites, and other people were assembled and camped with horses and chariots, even in numbers as the sands upon the sea-shore. (Joshua xi. 1–5.) Here all these kings were met and pitched together to fight against Israel. Here on this plain Joshua, encouraged by the Lord, came against the mighty hosts by the waters of Merom and fell upon them suddenly; and the Lord delivered them into the hands of Israel, who smote them and chased them until there were none left; and upon these plains Joshua houghed their horses and burned their chariots with fire. (Joshua xi. 6–9.)

I took time to examine a rude mill, situated a distance up the stream, and early sought rest in the tent, still wet from the previous rains.

CHAPTER IX.

Leaving Merom — Gazelle — Stork — From Lake Huleh to Sea of Galilee — Khan Yusef — View of the Sea of Galilee — The Scene of Jesus' Labors — Chorazin — Capernaum — Ruins of a Synagogue — Christ's Woe on the Cities — His Boundless Invitation.

ON the morning of the 9th of November our company started early from our camping-place by the waters of Merom, for the "sea-side," where we hoped to camp by the Sea of Galilee. At the first there was a drizzling rain; but in a few hours the clouds were lifted, and the sun soon dried our wet clothing. To our left the lake lay in full sight for a good while. The plain is now fertile as we go on southward. Great quantities of sweet-fennel, almost as high as our heads when on horseback, grow in many places. A beautiful gazelle was chased up before us as our dragoman headed the way across field after field. Some of our company impulsively gave the gazelle a chase, but it was soon out of sight. I saw a number of them in different parts of Palestine. They are the same in color and form as the American deer, though somewhat smaller and more slender. They have been found here in all historic times, and are known in the Bible by several names. They always reminded me of the description of Asahel, the son of Zeruiah, who "was as light on foot as a wild roe." (II. Samuel ii. 18.) He must have been much more fleet than our horses, for these gazelles were always soon beyond our reach.

Farther on we came quite close upon a half dozen storks. What fine-looking birds they are! They are as large as our American turkey, very neat, with beautiful white breast and head and black wings. The psalmist speaks of the stork as

having the fir-tree as the place of its nest. (Psalms civ. 17.) In ancient Ephesus I saw the nest of one of these storks upon the height of an old ruin.

STORK ON A RUIN.

The journey down the valley of the Jordan is a delightful one. The distance from Lake Huleh to the Sea of Galilee is about eleven miles, direct, and the width of the valley here is probably six miles, though broken by hills some miles below the lake. After riding two hours we came upon stony hills projecting from the mountains into the valley. Close to our right rise mountain ridges high and sharp. By ten o'clock we were at *Khan Jubb Yusef*, where there are large walls and old ruins, and a large reservoir in ruins. This place has its name from a tradition of the Arabs that it was here that Joseph was thrown into a pit by his brethren. After examining the buildings we rode aside some distance up a steep hill to see the pit into which Joseph was thrown. It is a large cistern or well cut deep in solid rock. Of course it is well known that in those early days the Hebrews kept their flocks in the south of Palestine and not here above the Sea of Galilee.

In a few moments more we had ascended another rocky ridge, when in the distance before us I caught my first view of the Sea of Galilee, nestled between the mountains. The clouds had dispersed, and the waters of this lake, hallowed by so many sacred memories, glistened like a sea of glass before us. It seemed but a mile or two away, so clear was the atmosphere. Almost the entire form of the lake was in sight at a single glance. To our right were the rugged hills of Galilee. Scanning closely the hills to the right of the sea far around its side, we could readily discover the towers and wall of Tiberias. To the left, or east of the sea, the mountains of Gadara towered up more abruptly, and to the height of almost

two thousand feet. A soft stillness brooded over the waters of the hallowed sea. Not a boat was in sight. What a quiet contrast with the teeming throb of life about this sea the last time Jesus was here in person, after his resurrection from the dead. I can not describe the emotions of my enraptured heart, when, indeed, I saw the Sea of Galilee not in a picture, not in a fancy dream, but there in all its real loveliness, and tender, hallowed memories spread out like a sea of glass. Scarcely a ripple appeared on its smooth bosom sparkling in the full splendor of the noonday sun. We hurried the speed of our horses, passing by the ruins of ancient Chorazin, where once mighty works of Christ were performed. The curse fell upon it, and now its desolate ruins remain the mementos of the woe which befell it in the times of its sorrow. (Matthew xi. 21.) It is now a desolate mass of basaltic, rocky ruins, almost three miles distant from the Sea of Galilee. This route from *Khan Jubb Yusef* is a romantic and often even a wild path. The eye is surprised at the great quantities of honey-combed limestone rock, which pile up in tremendous hills. Slowly over rough paths we hunted our way down steep descents, until we had reached the lands bordering on the northern edge of the Sea of Galilee. Though we passed over several miles of rough basaltic stones, mingled with round, weather-worn limestones, we found the land just north of the lake sloping gently down to the shore composed of rich soil, though thickly intermingled with stone.

There is no place in all the Holy Land where such a crowd of memories and emotions rush upon the soul as beside the Sea of Galilee. There are places of deeper pains and sorrow; there are spots where wild battle-scenes come to the imagination; there are scenes of deeper isolation; but here as nowhere else the mind mingles in the sweetest memories of the life of our loving Lord. Here the Savior found the sphere of his wonderful mission. Driven from his native Nazareth, and too much hated by the proud religionists of Jerusalem to labor there, he chose the shores of this sacred water and the cities and country lying around this inland sea as the field

of his ministry and the scene of his many wonderful works. Here, pressed by eager throngs, he sat in a boat on the water's edge, while the narrow plain and abrupt hill-sides were crowded with the peasantry of Galilee, eager to listen to the sweet, tender words of love, power, truth, and salvation brought from the Father and dressed in the simple language of the peasantry, and imaged forth with rapturous beauty in all the facts of nature and life surrounding them. The fields, the flowers, the sower as he went out into the plain of Gennesaret, the mountains and valleys, were all made to speak the wonderful words of life. The shores of this little sea were

SEA OF GALILEE FROM THE NORTH.

crowded with cities, containing an immense population. These were the common people, and were perhaps better prepared to hear and receive the new gospel than any to whom Jesus could have spoken. Their religious prejudice was less intense, and their life was more retired than that of the southern or more western coasts of Palestine. The retirement and artlessness of this place and its people are all in keeping with the spirit of the Master. The place was free from the memories of conflict and battle. The population embraced men of various occupations and callings. It opened to Jesus all classes of the people, but chiefly those to whom he had most to reveal. And yet the heart feels an oppression of solitude along the shores of this sweet water. Jesus must have often

experienced a sense of awful loneliness in the years of his earthly life. There were only a few who understood him and his character, or sympathized with his wonderful ministry to man. This solitude in the life of Christ is deepened by these hills which tower up around the paths and valleys and cities in which he walked and toiled and taught the sorrowing and suffering sons and daughters of men. Standing by the placid waters of this miniature sea over which Jesus often was driven along by the wind in a little sail-boat; looking over this bosom of water nestling down between mountain ranges from which tempests and storms swept against the poor fishermen until the waves went over them and their vessels were filled with water; listening as if seeming to hear again the voice of the Master saying to the winds and waves, "Peace, be still," when there was a great calm; lifting the eyes to that plateau, or table-land, north and east of the lake where he fed the hungry thousands with a few thin barley-cakes and fishes; climbing over the ruins of the ancient synagogue into which Jesus so often entered and where some of his marvelous miracles were wrought, one experiences a profound sense of the real life of Christ on earth which comes to him nowhere else on the globe. Every wave of the sea stealing out on the gravelly beach, every whisper of the wind floating down from the hill-sides, has a voice which speaks tenderly to the soul as one stands beside the Sea of Galilee and reads the simple story of the evangelists as they tell of the life of Him who hallowed these shores with his divine presence and ministry.

Deeply interesting and tenderly impressive as is all about the Sea of Galilee, there are few places where the specific location of cities is in greater uncertainty. Tiberias and Magdala, with Bethsaida Julius on the east of the Jordan, are the only cities about the sea the location of which is determined with certainty. The precise location of Chorazin, Bethsaida, and Capernaum, in which the mighty works of Christ were wrought, is much disputed, and learned persons who have given all possible attention to the consideration of all the information coming down to us from ancient times find not a few objec-

tions to determining the location of Capernaum at any of the sites believed by some to be authentic. Into these arguments I have no disposition to enter, nor does it come at all within the purpose of this volume.

I could not find sufficient reasons to depart from the more generally received opinion that *Tel Hum*, nearest the mouth of the Jordan, is the site of ancient Capernaum. We took lunch one day at *Tel Hum*, amid the ruins of the supposed site of Capernaum, the head-quarters of the Savior during his ministry, called our Lord's "own city." (Matthew ix. 1.) This was the Lord's dwelling-place, for we are told that "leaving Nazareth, he came and dwelt in Capernaum, which is upon the sea-coast." (Matthew iv. 13.) Here are the ruins of an old church, built largely of material which long ago formed some other structure. A hundred yards or more distant from this building, which stands close to the edge of the

RUINS OF A SYNAGOGUE—CAPERNAUM.

sea, are the ruins of an ancient synagogue of considerable extent. The granite-stone columns, pedestals, and fragments of marble columns and pillars which are scattered about in confusion, show it to have been long ago a structure of much importance. The foundation remains well preserved, and shows its size to be fifty-seven by seventy-five feet. The building fronted to the south, and three doors opened into as many divisions of the synagogue.

It is altogether probable that these are the ruins of the synagogue built for the Jews by the centurion in whose behalf the elders of the Jews came to Christ asking the healing of his servant. They pleaded the Savior's help, saying, "That he was worthy for whom he should do this: for he loveth our nation, and hath built us a synagogue." (Luke vii. 4, 5.) I could but remember how vastly the worthiness of this centurion exceeded that of those who commended him; for he was himself a deeply-humble man and a mighty believer in the power and divinity of Christ. All around Capernaum are black ruins, which tell of the greatness and splendor which once were here. Yet so desolate are these that much dispute is held as to whether indeed this be the real site of ancient Capernaum, or of some other city. There are only a few rude houses six or eight feet high, with stone and mud walls, and flat mud-roofs. A number of half-clad Arabs were upon these roofs fixing the mud, which the women and children were carrying to them. Of course this business was being carried on with the hands and the feet! Two Mohammedan tombs, large enough to contain many dead, stand at the north of the town. Upon visiting these we found a number of half-grown children, of delicate features and pleasing countenance, around the tombs, who saluted us with the usual plea for *backshish*.

Close to the spot where our company took lunch is a solitary palm-tree, the only green thing in all the ruins of Capernaum! How could we forget the ministry of Jesus here? How often he came in from the hill country of Galilee and found shelter in the house of Simon Peter, and a little rest from the wearisomeness which must often have oppressed him! If this be indeed Capernaum, then these ruins are those of the synagogue into which Jesus so often entered. Here at his words unclean spirits cried out and departed from those they had long held in bondage. These ruins closest to us doubtless are on the site of the house of Peter. Once all about it the excited throngs passed here and there to see the wonderful young man from over at Nazareth, and to behold his miracles, while there on the top of the house the friends of a poor palsied

man tore up the tiling and let the invalid down through the hole in the roof to where Jesus was, to be healed by his tender words, "Son, thy sins be forgiven." "Arise, take up thy bed and go thy way into thine house." (Mark ii. 1–12.).

I find the following in my diary of events and travel: "How can I get away from Capernaum and the memories which mingle here? Was not this the home of our Savior during the three years of his ministry? How much he did, how much he taught, how much he must have suffered in spirit here! And just a few feet away from where I am sitting on the ground is the edge of the beautiful Sea of Galilee. There are wild fowls, at which some of our company fire a few harmless shots. In these placid waters beautiful fishes skip and float and play; and just here Peter once cast a hook to catch a fish in whose mouth was a coin sufficient to pay the Roman tribute exacted of Peter and his illustrious and heavenly Master. Was there ever a life on earth so poor as that of Jesus? Was there ever a life with such resources as his? What a privilege to be here amid these memories of our Lord! And yet how sad the solemn history which followed the illustrious life and deeds of Jesus here; for with all the gracious words of his which come to us from Capernaum, who can forget those words of awful woe and warning? And here amid the desolate ruins of Capernaum, these words come up with ponderous force: 'And thou, Capernaum, which art exalted unto heaven, shalt be brought down to hell: for if the mighty works which have been done in thee, had been done in Sodom, it would have remained until this day. But I say unto you, That it shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom in the day of judgment, than for thee.' (Matthew xi. 23, 24.)

"Jesus the Savior had become the Judge of those who would not receive him as their Redeemer and Lord. These desolate and deserted shores, and these lone, blackened ruins around me are such a comment on the woe pronounced by Christ as I had not thought to see. Here where eager thousands pressed close after the loving Son of God, now only the bare feet of wandering Bedouins come in their solitary tread! Here where

wondrous throngs of living hearts were touched by the sweet words of Jesus, now are only the black ruins of cities centuries buried in forgetfulness! Awful judgment has been here, and swept away the tide of life and love and prosperity, and has left only the darkest ruins, desolation, solitude, and reigning silence and death, amid which I gather up the memories of a once balmy and glorious day. No wonder that the bitter woe of Christ against Chorazin, Bethsaida, and Capernaum, as he, looking down the vista of years, saw its accomplishment, broke down his heart and caused it to brood once more over the doomed cities. It was more than Jesus could endure. And with the fearful doom and destiny rising before his vision, he gathered their miseries, their woes, and their sins to his own sorrowing heart once again, and stretching out his arms of boundless compassion he exclaimed, 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.' (Matt. xi. 28-30.) Who could stay away from the bosom of such a Christ! I see him now as never before, with eyes, and tears, and words, and welcomings filled with the love of ten thousand impassioned hearts, all in one. He holds back the tide of every sorrow and every sin with one arm, and with the other he draws me to himself. By the toils of his life about this deep sea, by the sweat of blood in Gethsemane, by the dying throes of the cross, by the ceaseless, burning, throbbing love of his heart which beat on for me through it all, and still pleads for me before the Father's throne, he draws me out of myself and into his bosom! What soft whisper, deep and delicious like a zephyr from the throne of God is this that sweeps through my own bosom, and there with ten thousand voices echoes, '*Come unto me!*' Behold, it is the voice of Jesus. My Lord and my God! Thou hast been standing here, but I 'knew not that it was Jesus.' Behold thou hast said, 'Come and dine;' thou hast given bread even unto me."

CHAPTER X.

Leaving Capernaum — Safed — City on a Hill — Springs — Papyrus — Bethsaida — Bethsaida Julius — Plains of Gennesaret — Lessons of the Land of Gennesaret — Oleander Groves — Magdala — Tomb of Mary Magdalene — Ride along the Lake — Tiberias — Bed-Sick — Home of Herod — Iniquity of the Palace — City of Jewish Honor — Mishna — Ancient City — View of the Sea — Size of the Sea of Galilee — Storms — Mountains around the Lake — Steep Place — Bath in the Sea — Fishes — Leaving Tiberias — Last View of the Sea of Galilee.

FROM Capernaum our way lay along the north-west shore of the Sea of Galilee. Far up to the right in full view lies Safed, upon the slope of the mountain, towering over all the cities of Galilee. It is not mentioned in the Bible narrative, and whether or not Christ ever visited it is not known. It lies at a distance of about ten miles north-west from Capernaum. Nearly all the cities, towns, and villages of the entire land were built upon some lofty elevation. Our Savior, in his wonderful discourse on the mountain just west of the Sea of Galilee, said to his disciples, "Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on a hill can not be hid." (Matthew v. 14.) Whether Safed yonder was in his thought in that beautiful illustration we can not tell; but surely from his position on the mountain it was in full view, and would readily lend marvelous force to his words as they fell on the ears of his disciples. It stands on an eminence of three thousand four hundred and fifty-five feet above the bosom of the Sea of Galilee, and as I gazed upon it again and again seated on its lofty throne, those beautiful words of Christ came back over and over again, "A city that is set on a hill can not be hid;" and then as never before I saw the beauty and force of those utterances of the Savior. Safed

has an important position in the history of the Jewish wars as well as the crusades.

A ride of about a mile from Capernaum brought us to a beautiful spring, of which all were inclined to drink. The water, beautifully clear, we found to be pleasant, though a little saltish and tepid. Near by we found a number of springs. Large quantities of papyrus grow here. It is a kind of reed growing to a height of eight or ten feet. It has a naked, triangular, soft cellular stem, almost as thick at the lower part as one's wrist, but tapering to the top and crowned with a cluster of long, sharp-keeled leaves. The papyrus is rarely to be found anywhere else in Palestine. The ancient Egyptians manufactured a kind of paper from its inner bark, which was of great reputation in ancient times. Some specimens of the papyrus used for writing by the Greeks and Romans and exported from Egypt in great quantities, are yet in existence. A quarter of a mile farther west we came upon extended ruins surrounded by springs and swampy groves of papyrus which mark the traditional site of Bethsaida, which was the early home of Peter, Andrew, and Philip; for John tells us that "Philip was of Bethsaida, the city of Andrew and Peter." (John i. 44.) Here these illustrious disciples of our Lord were born and reared, unconscious of the place they were to have in the salvation of the world. Beside these springs of water, and even this place occupied by these ruins, Jesus often walked.

We reached Bethsaida by riding a long distance through a channel cut in the solid rock on the hill-side. Much of the way it is about six feet deep and about four feet wide. It was probably an aqueduct to carry water to the plain at some remote period. A rude mill built of ancient ruins is turned by water from the springs.

There was another Bethsaida. This one on the west side of the sea and close by the borders of the plain of Gennesaret, is not to be confounded with Bethsaida Julius, situated on the east of the Jordan, and to the north-east of the Sea of Galilee. It was enlarged and adorned by Philip the tetrarch, and named after Julia, the daughter of the emperor. It was close

to this Bethsaida that Christ fed the five thousand of the weary multitude with five loaves and two fishes, in "a desert place belonging to the city called Bethsaida." (Luke ix. 10.) Into the same city the people brought unto him a blind man, beseeching that he touch and heal him. Jesus led him out of Bethsaida by the hand and healed him with the touch of his moistened fingers, bidding him not to return to the city, but to "go away to his house." (Mark viii. 22–26.) It is hard to turn away from Capernaum and Bethsaida, while the memories of the love and life and miracles of Jesus linger in the heart. Of the thirty-six miracles wrought by the Master, eight at least were performed at Capernaum and four at Bethsaida. It was here that the blind opened their eyes at his bidding, the lame walked and leaped at his command, dumb devils were cast out by his power. Great draughts of fishes were taken when he directed the nets. The palsied forms were made sound, as he spoke tenderly the words of healing. The unclean spirit in the synagogue was rebuked by the Master and came out of the man. The dead daughter of Jairus there at Capernaum was brought back to life when Jesus took her by the hand. And there the "withered hand" was at his word restored whole as the other. Was it not here at Bethsaida that Jesus showed us how to regard the grandmother in the home, by destroying the raging fever from which the mother of Peter's wife was dying, by kindly touching her hand? Here amid these memories I realize as never before that Jesus "himself took our infirmities, and bare our sicknesses." Here after his resurrection from Joseph's tomb he communed with his disciples as he had done aforetime, in the same body in which he now appears to the saints above, and in which—oh, blessed thought,—we shall by and by see him eye to eye and face to face. Yonder in the heavens to which he has gone our life and all its scenes shall be as real as this plain and these surrounding hills and this deep, lovely Sea of Galilee, on which the feet of Jesus once miraculously walked to his disciples.

From Bethsaida, on the west side of the sea, we rode across

the plains of Gennesaret, a most delightful expanse of level land stretching around the borders of the lake for three miles, and extending away from the water almost two miles at the widest point. Great flocks of cattle, sheep, and goats feed on the plain and shelter in the groves of oleanders. This is "the land of Gennesaret," into which Jesus and his disciples came that terrible night when the disciples "in the midst of the sea" were tossed by the contrary winds unto the "fourth watch of the night," after which Jesus came to them walking on the crested waves of the storm-driven sea, saying, "It is I; be not afraid." (Mat. xiv. 27; 34.) From this whole region the sick were carried on beds to Jesus as soon as they heard that he was come, "and whithersoever he entered, into villages, or cities, or country, they laid the sick in the streets, and besought him that they might touch if it were but the border of his garment: and as many as touched him were made whole." (Mark vi. 56.) This plain is one of the finest spots in all Palestine. To it the "sower went forth to sow," as described in the parable of our Lord uttered at Capernaum. (Matthew xiii. 1–23.) In it the tares sprung up amid the wheat until the servants of the householder wished to go and gather them up. (Matthew xiii. 24–30, and 36–43.) It was here that the husbandman put in the sickle because the harvest was come. (Mark iv. 29.) In this beautiful plain sprung up the "grain of mustard-seed, which a man took, and sowed in his field," which grew so luxuriantly that it became a tree in which the fowls of heaven took shelter, though that seed was the smallest of all the seeds sown in this fertile plain. Thus did Jesus here admit to his disciples that the kingdom of heaven and the influences of grace were small in their beginning, but showed them that the principles of life and growth would make them the protection of the nations of the earth. (Matthew xiii. 31, 32.) Doubtless it was thus from this beautiful land of Gennesaret that the Savior drew those blessed parables so full of precious instruction. Now groves of oleanders in full and beautiful bloom appear on either side of the way for a great distance as we ride along a little way from the sea. I plucked some of

their beautiful clusters of bloom and rode on to Magdala, just at the southern end of the plain. Magdala nestles close under the steep hills which project down by the water's edge. This is the home of Mary Magdalene, to whom Jesus first appeared after his resurrection, and to the statement of which fact, as if to encourage all despairing sinners, Mark appends the words, "Out of whom he had cast seven devils." (Mark xvi. 9.) It was she, also, who with Joanna, the wife of Chuza, Herod's steward, and Susanna, ministered unto Jesus of their substance, in times of his earthly need. (Luke viii. 2, 3.)

Immediately after the feeding of the four thousand on the east side of the lake by Jesus, with the seven loaves and five fishes, and the sending of the multitude away, "He took ship and came unto the coasts of Magdala." (Matthew xv. 39.) It is known, also, under the name of "Dalmanutha." (Mark viii. 10.) It is now known by the name of *Mejdel*. Close to the town in a level spot of land is a square stone structure which it is asserted marks the grave of Mary Magdalene. Who can tell? It is of course of rude modern structure. I examined it carefully and found it substantially built of stone, and about ten or twelve feet square. The town is of but little importance, and a dozen children, mostly half naked, came out calling for "*backshish*." Two of them, about twelve years old, were entirely naked. Not more than twenty huts compose the present town of Magdala. Just before reaching it, as we rode along the shore of the sea, we saw three fishing-boats, one or two of which we tried to hire, with a view of making the journey by water to Tiberias, where we were to camp; but we could not effect a contract with the fishermen, and so continued our way on horseback along the western shore of the sea. Sometimes we were down in a narrow plain close to the sea, and then again we climbed winding and narrow paths far up the rugged hills which project down to the sea. Thus as the sun was sinking below the hills of Galilee, our eyes would sometimes look back upon the groves of oleander toward Bethsaida; then upon the rocky steeps to our right, cut and carved full of tombs; then far across the sea

to the hills of Gadara on the eastern side as their grayish shoulders were bathed in the rays of the setting sun. Then all the time here lay close to us on the left the calm sea, over whose shining bosom little waves and ripples played, while winding through the midst of the sea appeared the tortuous course of the Jordan, the waters of which flow through the sea without commingling with it. Here and there the forms of clouds, which seemed like photographs, rested calmly on the bosom of the water. Here on this beautiful sea, shut in by these surrounding hills, the Savior often rode with his disciples passing from one shore to the other. On these shores and heights the multitude thronged with eagerness to hear his wonderful words as he sat in a ship and spoke to the crowd upon the shore. (Matthew xiii. 2.) And once here, when the affrighted disciples woke the Master who lay asleep in the hinder part of the ship, he calmed the mad billows by his gentle voice. And once when their boat was tossed hard and long by the storm and waves, Jesus came to them walking on the crested water, one foaming billow after another bearing up the holy feet of the Son of God until the disciples knew it was their Lord. The surroundings of the Sea of Galilee are not so beautiful as those of some of the lakes I visited, but they are striking; and there is an air of beauty baptized in sacredness which makes this spot enrapturing to the lover of Jesus.

A ride of four miles from Magdala along the sea of Galilee brought us to the ancient city of Tiberias, now called *Taberiyeh*. We rode through its northern gate and along one of its narrow, dingy streets to the southern end of the city passing out into the plain below, and pitched our tents on a pretty, level spot of land on the shore of the sea a quarter of a mile south of the town. In all our journeying in the Holy Land, no such delightful spot was enjoyed. We were free from the fleas which inhabit Tiberias, and had before us the placid, calm blue Sea of Galilee.

In the evening as I came into the tent from a walk about the sea, I saw that instead of my usual bed I had a pallet

on the ground. Somehow a bedstead had been broken that day. Joseph came with sad jestures, saying, "Bed sick, bed sick!" I replied that he should give "bed medicine; much medicine." He only answered, "No, bed bad sick; bad sick!" And so the bed was sick; and after wandering along the pebbly shore of the hallowed sea till far into the night, picking up a shell here and there, and turning over many hallowed thoughts and sacred memories of Him who once walked in Galilee, I was glad to sink to rest on the little pallet on the ground, assured that Jesus was not far away.

Tiberias was built by Herod Antipas, who murdered John the Baptist, and named it in honor of the Emperor Tiberius. Here Herod in his luxury and pride lived in adultery with Herodias, his brother Philip's wife, while the heroic messenger John the Baptist, bold to preach repentance, declared that this marriage was unlawful and wicked. Only those who have peculiar grace from God appreciate that most royal of all friendships which points out to us our faults; and Herod, filled with anger, imprisoned John in the Tower of Macharus, east of the Jordan. And here at Tiberias, in the royal palace, Salome, the daughter of Herodias, danced at the birthday feast of Herod, to his pleasure, until his rash oath was fulfilled in the murder of the noblest prophet of God to appease the wrath and revenge of Herod's incestuous wife. And here to Tiberias John's "head was brought in a charger, and given to the damsel: and she brought it to her mother." (Matt. xiv. 11.) Herod and Herodius were afterward banished to Spain by the emperor for conspiracy, where they died in friendless exile.

Tiberias is now a walled town containing about three thousand inhabitants, more than half of whom are Jews, while the greater part of the others are Greeks and Catholics. Its walls are about twenty feet high and seven feet thick, but in many places are fallen down, having been greatly injured by the earthquake of 1837, in which the entire city was well-nigh demolished and almost one half of its population destroyed. There are four gates to the city—one on the north, one on the west, and one at the south, while a fourth, on the east side,

opens upon the sea. The wall on the east side is built directly upon the sea-coast. Not less than eight strong, round towers strengthen the stone walls. Tiberias, after the time of Christ, became a noted city in the history of this country. Josephus fortified it strongly in the wars he conducted, though the city was peacefully surrendered to Vespasian, who therefore allowed the Jews thereafter to reside here undisturbed. The Sanhedrim was ultimately brought here, and about A. D. 200 the renowned Jewish school, or Judah Hah-Kadosh, committed to writing and published the ancient Jewish traditional law known as the Mishna. Many learned rabbis lived here, and the tomb of the Jewish writer Maimonides, of the twelfth century, is still pointed out in the Jewish burial-ground a mile west of Tiberias. A mile south of Tiberias are the celebrated hot springs which burst from under the hills a hundred paces from the sea-shore. The temperature of the water is one hundred and thirty-seven degrees. The place is a great resort for persons who seek the baths connected with the springs. The ancient city of Tiberias, no doubt, extended as far south as these springs. We found traces of ancient ruins all along the plain in which we were camped, which is from six hundred to one thousand feet wide. The Tiberias of to-day is an uninviting, dirty, squalid town, of which one soon sees quite enough. One of our company was quite ill while here. We sent to town for a Jewish doctor. A short, chunky, black-eyed doctor came to our camp and administered large doses of medicine. Our company had exhausted our supply and were anxious to have some other dependence on which at least we could place our hopes. The little doctor was quite sanguine, and gave many good promises that the patient would be better in the morning. Quite as he promised, our patient was much better when morning came. The doctor was also much better off upon our leaving; for he had the shrewdness to make a liberal charge, which though quite unreasonable was cheerfully paid.

Here and there through the city a stately palm rears its lofty head. So far as is known, Tiberias was never visited by

our Lord, and yet it is the only city of his day on the Sea of Galilee which remains as a city to greet the anxious traveler. Probably the occasional residence of Herod here, with the conditions of gentile society, prevented the Savior's feet from ever treading its streets. Was our Master afraid of the murderer of John the Baptist? Herod heard much of Christ, and was anxious to behold some miracle performed by him (Luke xxiii. 8); but though the Lord stood before Herod at Jerusalem at the time of his trial, and was questioned "in many words," yet "he answered him nothing." He was one, at least, of all Jesus met to whom he would not utter his gracious words. (Luke xxiii. 9.)

The view of the Sea of Galilee, sometimes called the "Sea of Tiberias" (John vi. 1; xxi. 1), and in the Old Testament "Chinnereth" (Numbers xxxiv. 11; John xii. 3), from the hill above Tiberias is delightful. The lake is, according to Lieutenant Conder, twelve and a half miles long, and at its widest point six miles. The greatest distance across it is almost opposite Magdala, while it becomes narrower at the south. Its level is six hundred and eighty-two feet below the level of the Mediterranean Sea. It gradually deepens from the shore on either side, and at its greatest depth as measured by Lynch, is one hundred and sixty-five feet. As in ancient times, so now, furious storms often rush down from the mountains upon the lake in a most fearful and terrific manner, greatly endangering the safety of any ships which may be on its waters. (Luke viii. 23.) Recent travelers have experienced these sudden storms; but during our visit there was a perfect calm, even as when the Master "rebuked the wind and the raging of the water: and they ceased, and there was a calm." (Luke viii. 24.) On the east of the sea the mountains are somewhat higher and more abrupt than on the west, reaching a height of about two thousand feet. A narrow plain skirts the sea, setting the hills back a little way from the shore. Almost directly opposite Tiberias, on the eastern side, the mountain projects to the edge of the sea, and modern travelers identify this, with much and reasonable assurance,

as the place where, "Behold, the whole herd of swine ran violently down a steep place into the sea, and perished in the waters." (Matthew viii. 32; Mark v. 13; Luke viii. 33.) On the west side of the sea the hills rise more gradually and not to so great height as the mountains of Gadara.

On the morning of November 10th I arose early from my pallet and sought again the sea-shore. Taking a bath, I found the water warm and exceedingly pleasant. The gravelly beach, sprinkled with shells, slopes gently down to the water's edge, and for a great distance one can wade out into the sea

VIEW OF THE SEA OF GALILEE FROM TIBERIAS.

before it becomes deep enough to swim. The sea abounds with fish, which are caught in great numbers about the upper or northern end, where they are fed by the Jordan. We purchased a handsome mess of fish caught from the sea, by the "fishermen of Galilee," but have often eaten quite as good in America.

From the Sea of Galilee we determined to hasten our course westward to Nazareth, the childhood home of Jesus. We rode through Tiberias northward a little way, and then ascended

the hills toward the west. Some time before reaching the Mount of Beatitudes, we had our last view of the Sea of Galilee. Its smooth, broad, blue surface, nestled between the hills and mountains, sparkling in the rays of the ascending sun, lay like a mirror, reflecting in its bosom the memory of the walks, miracles, love, and sorrow of Jesus, who once trod its shores, and whose teachings and miracles make it the most hallowed sea of the world. Driven from his native city, Nazareth, he crossed these hills into the cities which lay upon the shore of the sea, and here began his wonderful ministry. Calling his disciples from among the fishermen of Galilee, he by day and night, on land and sea, among the living and the dying and the dead, by his teachings, his miracles, and his love, showed himself to be the Son of God. Was it not here that he came again after the mystery and agony of death were past and he had risen from Joseph's new tomb, to meet his disciples who in their sorrow had gone back to their old homes and former employment! John adds a chapter to his gospel on purpose to tell the tender, touching story of Christ's appearance to Peter, Thomas, Nathaniel, James, and John on the water, where they toiled all night but caught nothing. There by the shore the disciples stood around the fire on which were the bread and fish which they received from the Master, "knowing that it was the Lord." (John xxi. 12.) There were other scenes awaiting me, yet it was with a sad heart that I turned my eyes from the Sea of Galilee! Nowhere else should I mingle again with such memories; nowhere else touch the paths so often trod by the footsteps of my loving Lord. Not even the view from Mount Olivet touched my heart to such tenderness as I felt when the theater of the Master's toil and teachings lay in such soft and mellow beauty before me. I sorrowed to turn from the last look of the Sea of Galilee, for upon its bosom, overspread with such hallowed memories, I should never look again!

"Oh, Galilee! sweet Galilee!
Where Jesus loved so much to be;
Oh, Galilee! blue Galilee!
Come sing thy song again to me!"

CHAPTER XI.

Mountain of Beatitudes — Women Riding — Cana of Galilee — Christ's First Miracle — Nobleman's Son Healed — Water-pots — Well — Women Washing — Jonah's Town — Tomb of Jonah — First View of Nazareth — Child-home of Jesus — Population of Nazareth — Dress of Women — View from the Hill — Grotto of Annunciation — Synagogue — Jesus Rejected — Brow of the Hill — At the Well — Bake-oven.

AFTER about an hour's ride from Tiberias we came upon a table-land or plateau, on which in July, 1187, the Franks were defeated in a fearful conflict by Saladin. Rising above the plateau is a loftier hill, which from its peculiar shape has been called the Horns of Hattin. Since the time of the crusaders, this has been traditionally regarded as the mountain upon which Jesus preached his wonderful discourse. (Matthew v. 1.) I was compelled to regard much that I had read about the adaptation of this location to the discourse as quite fanciful, yet doubtless it was somewhere upon one of these tallest points that Jesus delivered that most wonderful of all his discourses.

For three hours we rode over hills and valleys poorly cultivated. On our way we met a royal train traveling across the country. The pasha rode ahead, attended by his guards, while some distance behind came a great camel with a kind of frame and covering almost as large as a buggy-top upon its back, in which two nicely-clad ladies sat side by side, perched away up in the air. Our ride brought us to Cana of Galilee, the native town of Nathanael (John xxi. 2), and the place honored by Christ in his attendance upon a marriage feast, and by the performance of his first miracle (John ii. 1). "And the mother of Jesus was there." She had only

a little more than three miles to come from Nazareth. It was also to this place that the nobleman from Capernaum came to meet the Savior, having heard that he was come from Galilee, and asked him to "come down and heal his son: for he was at the point of death." (John iv. 47.) Here the Savior healed the lad by the simple words, "Thy son liveth." So great and immediate was the cure, though Christ was many miles from the afflicted youth, that the nobleman on his way returning to Capernaum, met his servants coming with the blessed tidings which were an echo of the Savior's words, "Thy son liveth." (John iv. 51.) This is the only instance of a miracle by Christ performed when he was at so great a distance from the object of his compassion.

Cana is now known by the name *Kefr Kenna*, and is situated on the western slope of a hill, having about forty or fifty stone houses, whitewashed so as to present a tasteful appearance. A Greek church twenty-five by fifty feet and fifteen feet high, near the lower edge of the town, claims to occupy the site of the dwelling where the marriage attended by Christ was held. By the door on the south side is the half of a Corinthian capital in the wall, while in a niche in the wall hangs a little bell. The room within is a rude chapel, at one side of which stand two old stone mortars, holding about eight or ten gallons, said to be the identical "water-pots of stone" (John ii. 6) in which the water was turned into wine. If one were disposed to accept the tradition, he would at once find trouble in the smallness of these stone pots. John tells us that they hold "two or three firkins apiece"—from eighteen to twenty-five gallons each,—while these are only half the required size. They are filled with water and used by the Greek priests for the immersion of children. Below the town a little way is the village spring. Near it is a large stone sarcophagus, into which women were pouring water while donkeys and cattle stood by drinking. From the spring a channel is walled up with stone, having a stone bottom through which the water flows slowly from the spring. In this channel and quite up into the spring women and children were engaged in washing their

clothes, while others were filling their jars and bottles with the water and carrying it away to their homes. The washing is done by putting the clothes in the water and getting on them and tramping them for awhile, and then laying them on a stone and pounding them with another smooth stone with all the might. Stout, ugly women and poorly-clad children were busy washing in this miserable manner. It is not at all to be supposed that clothes washed in this way are ever made clean.

A little way from "Cana of Galilee" (there is another village twelve miles north of Nazareth called *Ku-na-el-Jilil*,—Kana) we took lunch in a splendid orchard of olives, palms, and oranges. I was much surprised by a visit from a girl, probably fourteen years old, who came into the orchard from an adjoining dwelling and begged us for an English book. Upon examination we found that she could read English a little. Upon our questioning her she told us that she had been in the mission-school at Nazareth a short time, and had learned to read English. She could also talk a little English. Two miles from Cana we came to *El Meshhed*, the native town of Jonah, called Gath-hepher (II. Kings xiv. 25), and mentioned in the time of Joshua as belonging to the tribe of Zebulun. (Joshua xix. 13.) It is a pleasant town, much the same as Cana. We rode off to the left of the road a short distance to a stone structure, some ten or twelve feet square. One side of the structure is open and the tomb within is neatly whitewashed, while close by is a lamp kept constantly burning. This, we were told, is the tomb of the Prophet Jonah. He has several other tombs in this country.

Contented with a very short time at the tomb of Jonah, I reined my horse and hastened over the hills of Galilee, a mile farther on, when suddenly, looking southward and westward, a half mile away, in a kind of cove, full in view lay Nazareth, the early home of our Lord. Its narrow, winding streets and neat white dwellings with flat roofs, mounted with little domes looking like great inverted saucers, presented the most beautiful little city my eyes had looked upon

VIEW OF NAZARETH.

in the Holy Land. I was probably near the same spot from which Jesus last saw his childhood home, when driven from it by the wicked Jews among whom he had grown up to manhood, subject to his parents. For a good while I stood gazing upon this little city nestling against the hill before I could realize that the home of Joseph and Mary really lay before me. Then we slowly descended the winding road, passing by great cacti fences and hedges, and sought our tents, close beside the Virgin's Fountain, beneath some old olive-trees, on a beautiful level spot of land.

There is no place where it is so difficult to fully realize that Christ was a little child as when one climbs up and walks through the steep, narrow, crooked streets of Nazareth, where was the home of Mary, the mother of Jesus, and where Jesus himself had his home for nearly thirty years. The town is not large, and I had time to trace out almost every street of the place where Christ spent most of his time while on earth. Can it be that Jesus once lived here, and here with his reputed father worked at the carpenter's trade? Can it be that about these streets, thronged with women and children, the child Jesus, with Mary his mother, often walked and talked, much as these do now? It cost me an effort to realize this. But such is the truth. God was walking among men when they knew him not. Humanity was having given to it a dignity which was before unknown. Nazareth, the despised town of Galilee, was the earth-home of the Lord's Christ.

The hills about Nazareth form almost an entire circle, broken here and there by declivities. The valley lying within this circle contains Nazareth. This little valley, perhaps almost a mile wide, is itself somewhat undulating. To the north of the circle, and far up on the slope of the northern and highest part of the hill, lies the town resting in the sun-light, which shines directly in its streets against the hill all the early part of the day. The great green cactus, forming strong fences here and there about orchards of olive and fig trees, presents a charm and beauty of frame-work around the white walls and houses of Nazareth. After looking at towns composed of

rough stones, or of houses of mud, for days, the white buildings of Nazareth shone in the sun with real beauty; and with the first sight I felt to exclaim, "A beautiful city—a fitting home of quiet for our Lord on earth before entering upon his ministry!"

The present Nazareth doubtless occupies the same site as the city of Christ's time, though it must be much smaller now than then. At present it has nearly six thousand inhabitants crowded together in a small area. Of these two thousand are said to be Mohammedans, while two thousand five hundred are orthodox Greek Christians. Besides these there are about two hundred United Greeks, eight hundred Latins, eighty Maronites, and one hundred Protestants. While a few of the people are craftsmen, most are farmers, and cultivate the hills around Nazareth or go farther south a few miles to the great plain of Esdraelon, where there is abundance of land. The houses are of stone, almost white, and are so closely crowded together that the town is scarcely a fourth of a mile in length or breadth. Yet so crooked and narrow are the streets that a stranger would easily be lost in them. There are but few streets more than barely wide enough for two persons to pass on horseback in meeting each other. Walking through the city, I was afraid of being trodden under the feet of the camels passing with their burdens. When riding, I had a constant fear lest the horse should run on some of the women and children which throng the streets. The streets, like all towns in this country, are extremely filthy. The people live in the simplest possible manner. Some, indeed many, of the houses can hardly be said to have doors. They have openings, two and a half by three feet in height and width, through which the families creep when going in or coming out. They spend much of their time out of doors, and sit along the streets, on the corners, or in places of resort in and about the town. The clothing of the people is exceedingly simple—though Nazareth may boast of a peculiar taste in dress. The women usually have a single gown of bluish or bright-colored material on them, tied around with a string about the waist, while a

handkerchief tied up peculiarly forms the dressing for the head. About their necks and wrists are heavy strings of beads and bracelets, presenting a peculiar ornamentation to a person so thinly clad, while the feet are often entirely bare. This peculiar gayety of dress may be a tribute to a greater beauty of face and form than the women possess in other parts of Palestine. Still, I must assure the reader that the beauty of the women of Nazareth is rather in contrast with the women

ORIENTAL DRESS.

of the land than from an absolute loveliness. Everything is reversed in this land. While in other countries the men are ugly and women pretty, here the men are handsome and the women are ugly. And who that looks upon their sad state wonders that this is so!

This unique city of Nazareth lies about one thousand two hundred feet above the level of the Mediterranean, while the hill back of it towers nearly six hundred feet higher. Just as

the sun was setting I climbed this eminence to secure the view which its height affords. This is one of the fairest views to be obtained in all Palestine. Southward is the great plain of Esdraelon stretching across to the hills of Samaria. Thus looking southward Little Hermon stands in full view, and at its base the city of Nain. To the left, a little way from Little Hermon, is Mt. Tabor rising like a great dome. Beyond Little Hermon is Gilboa, set in the south-eastern portion of the great plain of Jezreel, with the summer capital of Samaria once crowning its western slope. Nearer in the plain, just west of Little Hermon, is Shunem, where the Shunammite woman, with her husband built a little chamber for Elisha, the prophet of God, in which he might rest. To the right, beyond the plain, lies the long range of lofty Carmel, where Elijah met alone the four hundred and fifty prophets of Baal in awful conflict. Looking northward the eye rests on the hills of Galilee, and farther east the city of Kadesh — the city of refuge; farther north are the lofty Galilean mountains, standing like a guard, while still farther north, presiding in majesty over all, is the snow-crowned dome of Hermon.

To this eminence no doubt Jesus often repaired. Nowhere else in all Palestine could his eyes behold the theater of so many tragedies of the history of the people to whom he was to offer eternal life. Over the plains and mountains surveyed from here, Joshua and the hosts of Israel had fought. From Tabor, Barak had burst forth upon the army of horses and chariots. There, too, Saul and Jonathan had fallen in Gilboa. And Gideon and Jehu and others won their battles in these plains southward. How must Christ not have put in contrast with all this the manner of his own public life soon to begin, and to be continued amid poverty, reproach, and rejection by his own people — one flame of loving labor for men to be put out at last in the darkness of a crucified death. How different the sheen of glory he was to spread over this land. His conflict was to be a lone grappling with the powers of darkness. Not in the plain of Esdraelon, or on the mountains of Tabor or Gilboa, nor yet here in Nazareth or more distant Samaria

or Carmel, but over the hills to the Sea of Galilee he was to be driven and there find the field of his wonderful ministry.

Nazareth of to-day is not without its sacred places to which the visitor is shown. A pleasant-faced monk showed us behind the Church of the Annunciation the little rock-cut grotto in which the virgin resided, and in which it is asserted the angel announced that she was to become the mother of the long-promised Messiah. (Luke i. 28.) This spot has been shown as such for the last twelve hundred years at least, though the present church was erected in A. D. 1730. Passing through the church and down a flight of steps we were taken by the monk through the vestibule and through the outer grotto by a dark passage twenty feet long in the solid rock, to the chamber of angular shape cut in the rock just high enough to be touched by the hand as I stood under the highest place. This is said to have been the dwelling-place of Mary. How this really is I can not tell. But somewhere here Mary lived and reared with tender love the child Jesus, who "increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man." (Luke ii. 40, 52.)

One of the most interesting places of Nazareth is the synagogue in which Christ is said to have taught upon his visit here after entering upon his ministry. The location of this site is traced back in history as far as the year A. D. 570. From the scene of the temptation "Jesus returned in the power of the Spirit into Galilee." "And he came to Nazareth, where he had been brought up: and, as his custom was, he went into the synagogue on the Sabbath-day, and stood up for to read." (Luke iv. 16.) No doubt he had been long accustomed to come with Mary and Joseph to this place of worship. Here he had doubtless been a reader for the people. But a new era had dawned. His great mission had begun. He read from the sixty-first chapter of Isaiah, "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised,

to preach the acceptable year of the Lord. And he closed the book, and he gave it again to the minister, and sat down. And the eyes of all them that were in the synagogue were fastened on him. And he began to say unto them, This day is this scripture fulfilled in your ears. And all bare him witness, and wondered at the gracious words which proceeded out of his mouth. And they said, Is not this Joseph's son?" (Luke iv. 18–22.)

The crucial moment had come, and Jesus was ready. Nazareth would disown the Lord and dishonor its own history. "Is not this Joseph's son?" But Jesus was prepared for the rejection. "No prophet is accepted in his own country," was his reply. If he be rejected at Nazareth, others will hear the gospel he brings. He tells the people of his own city how God chooses those who hear him. The widow of Sarepta was chosen to shelter Elijah rather than any widow of Israel. Naaman, the Syrian, was cured of his leprosy, while many lepers in Israel were unsaved. It was enough. The people were filled with wrath. They "rose up, and thrust him out of the city, and led him to the brow of the hill whereon their city was built, that they might cast him down headlong. But he, passing through the midst of them, went his way." Tradition has long since located the "brow of the hill" one mile and a half south of Nazareth. It is a tremendous precipice; and while there are other precipitous heights close to the city which modern travelers have preferred to this one, on account of their nearness to the city, in looking upon the entire surroundings and the full record of the Gospels, I felt inclined to accept the more recently rejected traditional site. The evident intent of the people was to murder Christ; and there is no place in all the hills about Nazareth which such purposes would choose, like the one which tradition points out, a mile and a half south of town.

Nazareth sheltered the infant Jesus, with his mother and Joseph, when he came from Egypt, passing from under the dominion of Archelaus in Judea to that of Herod Antipas in Galilee, but it rejected the Messiah Jesus when he came

anointed by the Spirit of God to preach deliverance to the captives. If Antipas cared not to hunt the life of him who had been declared born "King of the Jews" in Bethlehem of Judea, the people of Nazareth would not have Jesus to open their eyes to the light of that kingdom of grace which is eternal life. And thus it is until now. Many a Nazarite heart to which Jesus tenderly comes, coldly and cruelly rejects him and thrusts him away.

Our camp was pitched near to the "Virgin's Fountain," a little north-east of the town, over which a church is built. Some distance below the spring is a fountain to which the water is conducted by a channel, where from metal spouts women and maids, and even children, fill their great earthen jars with water to bear away to their homes in the town. In the evening the number coming out for water is much the greatest. As I stood watching the gayly-dressed maidens bearing away the water on their heads or shoulders in great earthen jars, one of our company approached a damsel and asked that she give him to drink. She most politely and kindly lowered her jar to her knee and invited him to drink from the mouth of the vessel, which offer he as kindly accepted, as she held the vessel up so that he could drink. The scene reminded me of the servant of Abraham, when he met Rebecca, afterward the wife of Isaac, at the well in Mesopotamia. "Behold, I stand here by the well of water; and the daughters of the men of the city come out to draw water: and let it come to pass, that the damsel to whom I shall say, Let down thy pitcher, I pray thee, that I may drink; and she shall say, Drink, and I will give thy camels drink also: let the same be she that thou hast appointed for thy servant Isaac." (Genesis xxiv. 13, 14.) In the same manner did Jesus say, "Give me to drink," to the woman at the well of Samaria. (John iv. 7.)

Toward evening the crowd of women, old and young, pressed and thronged this sacred well. It is indeed the only well or spring in Nazareth, and is probably the only one the town has ever had. This being true, it is not hard to suppose

that the virgin mother of Christ and the child Jesus were among the throngs which at even-time more than eighteen hundred years ago pressed to this same fountain for water to supply their humble home. But it was hard for me to realize that He once trod these streets and stones amid a throng, barefooted and in childish life and simplicity, such as came and went as I stood beside the Virgin's Fountain. When Jesus offered the water of life to the people of Nazareth they turned the cup of salvation from their lips.

One day I saw a woman with a kind of pan filled with dough, which she was carrying along the streets on her head. Upon making inquiry, I learned that she was carrying it to the village bake-oven to have it baked. I subsequently witnessed the same scene in many places. The American cooking-stove is unknown in Palestine. Now as in olden times the facilities for cooking meat and baking bread are poor indeed. In the Old Testament times cakes were baked on a stone or earth heated with a few coals. In Egypt, and even in Palestine, bread is now frequently baked in that manner. Indeed, in Egypt many of the poorest are content to lay their cake on a flat stone heated by the sun, and thus have the cake baked. I tried these sun-dried cakes in Palestine, but found them poor food. The American traveler, fortunately, can, in almost every town, purchase bread baked by Jews or Europeans which somewhat resembles American bread. But it is extremely sour: and many were the longings of our company for some "home-made bread." In the time

VILLAGE BAKE-OVEN.

of Christ the baking was sometimes done with a jar or pitcher by heating it with grass and sticks placed on the inside, the flat cakes being stuck upon the outside. It was to this custom of heating ovens that the Savior referred when he spoke of the "grass of the field, which to day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven." (Matthew vi. 30.) Now the village bake-oven, well shown in our illustration, is the resort of the villagers. It is sometimes heated with grass, sticks, vines, and brush, but more frequently with dried dung. In all the towns of Palestine and Syria—even in Nazareth—the walls of the houses are literally plastered over with the dung of all kinds of animals, made out into little cakes from three to six inches in diameter. They are put up in this manner to dry, and are used to heat the ovens to bake the bread. I should say that the largest part of the people in this land use this kind of fuel, while a few of the more wealthy have wood and charcoal. The fuel referred to above is not, according to American tastes, well adapted to such use; and its preparation, to say it softly, causes the towns to present a horrid and sickening appearance. I shall never forget the feelings of disgust experienced when I first saw the houses there literally covered over with cakes of dung stuck up against them to dry.

I loved Nazareth because of its shelter afforded to the Savior of the world during nearly all his earthly sojourn. I would fain remain longer to behold some new views of the life of this Galilean town, which is now so much like it must have been when Jesus abode here. But Jesus has a heavenly home. It is built on the mountain of God. To its divine retreat he invites the pilgrim not for the night alone. In his heavenly home there is no night, and the fountains are full and free. There the mansions are. There the weary are at rest.

CHAPTER XII.

Storm at Nazareth — Singing of Birds — Leaving Nazareth — Hills of Galilee — Path of the Holy Family — Plain of Esdraelon — Little Hermon — Carmel — Battle of the Gods — Elijah — Ahab — Jezebel — The Famine — The Prayer for Rain — God or Baal — Hermits of Carmel — Nain — Tabor — Shunem — Elisha's Chamber — Raising the Widow's Son.

I SHALL not soon forget the fearful wind-storm which in the night threatened to tear our tents from their places as we lay at Nazareth. Had it not been for the diligence used in fastening the stakes and tightening the cords, we should have suffered severely from the storm. When the morning came the storm was passed; the delicate song of birds made the air resonant with the sweetest music that could have fallen on our ears tortured with the midnight storm. In the branches and flowers of the cacti, and in the green boughs of the olive-trees, these sweet songsters build their nests. So even now, as in olden times, at Nazareth the "birds of the air have nests," though this people anciently refused Jesus a place where to lay his head.

From Nazareth, seclusively nestling between the surrounding hills of Galilee, our course was chosen southward toward Samaria. Once out of the little valley of Nazareth the way southward and eastward was down precipitous steeps and along the brow of rugged hills. For almost a mile down toward the plain of Esdraelon, the way was so rough that it was almost impossible to make it on horseback. I led my horse down over the steeps and rocks, over which he must sometimes jump down two feet and more, perpendicularly. From the hills south of the town I looked for the last time on the white

dwellings of Nazareth, the childhood home of our Savior, and then turned to the south to behold the beautiful plain stretching out fourteen miles southward and far away to the sea, while the towering form of Carmel gracefully lifted its heights beyond the plain until its bold brow appeared abruptly broken off by the great waters of the Mediterranean. What an inspiring scene! Then, too, I was traveling down the same steeps which the child Jesus descended eighteen hundred years ago with Mary and Joseph, when on their journey to distant Jerusalem, to worship God! Up these steep hills the holy family, wearied by their long journey from Egypt, slowly climbed to take up their abode in the despised Nazareth! This was always the direct road southward.

Slowly and thoughtfully I descended to the edge of the plain. Esdraelon is a vast, triangular-shaped, level tract of land of great beauty and fertility. From the hills of Galilee north of Little Hermon to the sea, the north-western side of the plain is about sixteen miles long. Across the plain where Little Hermon and Gilboa break it up at the east end, it is fourteen miles wide. On the south side of the plain along the base of Mount Carmel, it is about twenty-five miles long. The prophet once united Carmel and the plains of Sharon as symbolizing the beauty to be expected in the coming kingdom of the Messiah. (Isaiah xxxv. 2.)

The plain of Esdraelon, spreading out like a picture of beauty with the hills of Galilee on the north and Carmel on the south, and Little Hermon, Gilboa, and Tabor on the east, presents a field of illustrious history. It is the scene of battle-conflict, such as one's eye nowhere beholds in all Palestine. Carmel, breaking away from the hills of Samaria, stands the lone reminder of the conflict of the old Prophet Elijah with the wicked Jezebel and Ahab. The mountain is about fourteen miles long, but does not possess peculiar boldness from its height so much as on account of its position, running really across the land, and because of its abrupt breaking down at the sea. Its greatest height is only about one thousand seven hundred and forty feet (Conder), while close to the sea it is

five hundred and fifty-six feet. On its northern side along the plain of Esdraelon it rises very abruptly. Tradition, with much plausibility, locates the scene of Elijah's conflict, or fire-test with the prophets of Baal, near the eastern *terminus* of the mountain. This peak, called *El Mahrakah* (Place of Burning), one thousand, six hundred and eighty-seven feet high, forms the south-east extremity of the main mountain-range. Below the peak some distance is a plateau of land with olive-trees, above which are shrubs and bushes. The greater part of the mountain is overgrown with small shrubs and trees. At the edge of this plateau is a well which contains water nearly all the year round. Some distance above is a reservoir thirty-five by twenty feet, six to eight feet deep, cut in the rock near a little chapel of modern date. For the last century this has been regarded as the place of Elijah's contest. Near the base of the mountain, fourteen hundred feet below, is the brook *Kishon*, where Elijah slew the prophets of Baal. (I. Kings xviii. 40.) The plateau of the mountain would afford a place for the gathering of the people, and from the well the twelve barrels of water with which the sacrifice and altar were flooded could easily have been obtained. From the summit of the mountain the sea is plainly visible, and to that point the prophet's servant doubtless went, while Elijah remained a little below in prayer, and saw rising "a little cloud out of the sea, like a man's hand," until the heavens became black, and the dusty and parched Carmel welcomed the clouds and delicious rain, which for three years and a half (Luke iv. 25) had refused to come with its benediction over all the land. (I. Kings xviii. 44.) That was an awful day on Carmel. Ahab had become the tool of the heathen Jezebel whom he had married. Idolatry had taken the place of the altars of God. Upon Carmel the altar of the Lord had been destroyed. The children of Israel had forsaken the covenant made with their God—thrown down his altars and slain the prophets of Jehovah with the sword. (I. Kings xix. 10.) Elijah the Tishbite, the old prophet of the Most High, had been driven out of Samaria to find shelter under

the cliff of the Judean mountains, by the brook Cherith, where the ravens brought him bread and flesh in the morning and bread and flesh in the evening; and he drank water out of the brook until after awhile it was dried up because there were no rains in the land. He had then been sheltered for a long time in the home of the widow of Zarephath, feeding upon her unwasting barrel of meal and cruse of oil which failed not all the years through. But "the heavens were shut up," and a pinching, scorching famine stalked in every valley and haunted every garden. The God of heaven was exceedingly angry. Appearing to Elijah, who for three years had concealed himself from the king, in the coast of Zidon, the Lord said, "Go show thyself unto Ahab; and I will send rain upon the earth." Now there was one secret disciple of the Almighty in the house of Ahab, Obadiah, who was the trusted master of his house, who had fed with bread and water one hundred prophets of the Lord, in a cave, while Jezebel had decreed that all should be slain, for he "feared the Lord greatly." Obadiah searching for some food or fountain of water or pasture-land for the beasts in one direction, while Ahab went in another, was met by Elijah and became the unwilling bearer of tidings to Ahab that the old prophet wished to meet him face to face. Ahab, the wicked king, and the old prophet of God, clad in his mantle, confronted each other — the one the advocate of the God of Abraham, and the other the follower of Baal. "Art thou he that troubleth Israel?" was the taunting and greeting Elijah received from the king. The prophet was ready for the contest. He thrust Ahab's sins upon him with the awful charge of his departure from God to follow Baalim. The challenge is made and accepted. Four hundred prophets of the groves, and four hundred and fifty prophets of Baal, attend Ahab and the elders of the people to yon height of Carmel! Elijah is alone, and appears to Israel on the mountain and pronounces the solemn sentence, "How long halt ye between two opinions; if the Lord be God, follow him; but if Baal, then follow him." "The God that answereth by fire let him be God." Baal must be

tested first. The priests of Baal employ all the morning. Their bullock and wood lie untouched by fire till noon. At full noon the burning sun-god stands up above Carmel, and the hot winds come over from the east and every moment threaten to kindle the fire. Hundreds of priests cry with pleading prayer, "O Baal, answer us!" When the sun threatened to kindle the flame, Elijah, advancing to the throng, hurled into the company the bitterest shafts of irony, "Cry aloud: for he is a god; either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is in a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth, and must be awaked." They jumped up and down on the altar, the lancets and knives were thrust into their bodies and drawn over their foreheads until the blood flowed down over them, but no spark from the sun kindled a flame on the altar. All the day has passed, but there is "neither voice nor any to answer, nor any that regardeth."

The sun was sinking over the mountains of Samaria when the people came near and beheld the old prophet repairing the altar which long before had stood on Carmel. Twelve stones after the twelve tribes of Jacob composed the altar again courageously built by the Tishbite. The wood, the sacrifice, the trench, the twelve barrels of water drenching the whole with a flood, challenged the answer of fire. It was an awful hour for the old prophet. Would the heavens be shut up against his prayer as they had refused to hear the prayer of the parched earth for rain? The time of the evening sacrifice has come. The work must be thorough in every particular or a failure entire. It is a decision and battle between the gods. Hear the prophet: "Lord God of Abraham, Isaac, and of Israel, let it be known this day that thou art God." The suspense is only a moment. There is a spark,—a flash,—a flame. The top of the mountain glows and glares with the intense heat. Sacrifice, altar, stones, and water in the trench are consumed as stubble, while Elijah looks complacently upon the scene. Carmel trembles, and the whole mountain, filled with the throng of Israel, is a place of worship. The assembled thousands fall on their faces and cry, "The Lord,

he is the God; the Lord, he is the God." The Lord of hosts wins a great victory. No battle of Gideon or Barak or of Napoleon of later times, which stained the soil of Esdraelon with human gore, compares with the victory won by Jehovah on yonder heights of Carmel. The triumph needed only to be baptized with an abundance of rain. God had mercy upon the fields and flocks and upon his famishing, rebellious people. But the era of prosperity and the showers of refreshing rain must come in answer to the prophet's prayer; for God would show the people that he had sent Elijah, and that he was the divine spokesman to Israel. The prophets of Baal had been slain, and their carcasses lay in the bed of the brook Kishon, below, waiting the flood to wash them away, when "Elijah went up to the top of Carmel; and he cast himself down upon the earth, and put his face between his knees" in wondrous prayer, while his servant seven times went a distance on the mountain, coming and going, declaring there was no sign of rain, until at last he said, "Behold, there ariseth a little cloud out of the sea, like a man's hand." "Prepare thy chariot, and get thee down, that the rain stop thee not," was Elijah's order to Ahab. The heavens grew black with clouds and wind. The parched earth drank in the mellowing shower. Thirsty cattle and herds and flocks drank of the falling floods. The hills leaped for joy, and the forests of Carmel clapped their wings with gladness. The plains of Sharon and Esdraelon shouted for thankfulness. Ahab's chariot drove with the storm in mighty haste, while the prophet of God with majestic mien girded up his cloak and garments about his loins and for sixteen miles ran as a servant before the chariot of the king, even to the gate of Jezreel. From that day until now Carmel stands sacred as the scene of this awful conflict and tremendous victory. Two hundred years later, in the days of Micah, the people of God dwelt solitary in the wood in the midst of Carmel. (Micah vii. 14.) It became a hiding-place for the people. (Amos ix. 3.) Eight hundred years before Christ, and early in the Christian centuries, Carmel was the resort of the hermits. In the thirteenth century the cru-

saders adorned it with temples and monasteries, the ruins of which remain. Nearly a century ago (1799) the sick of the army of Napoleon were sheltered in the monasteries, now destroyed; but upon his retreat they fell into the hands of the Moslems and were cruelly murdered. Lieutenant Conder says, "Carmel is remarkable for the profusion of its flowers. In November we found on its sides the *cytisus*, crocus, narcissus, the pink cistus, and large camomile daisies, the colocasia, and the hawthorn in bud. The Judas-tree I have also twice found in remote parts, and in the spring, wild tulips, the dark-red anemone like a poppy, the beautiful pink phlox, the cyclamen, little purple stocks, large marigolds, wild geranium, and saxifrage, with rock roses of three kinds—pink yellow, and white." (*Tent-Work in Palestine*, page 95.)

From the northern edge of the plain of Esdraelon, entered from Nazareth, we rode about five miles south-east across the plain to Nain, situated on the northern slope of *Jebel Dehu*, or Little Hermon, two miles from its western *terminus*. Two miles farther east, across a gap or break in the mountains, is Endor, a miserable little town of about one hundred and fifty people, so filthy that no one would care to visit it were it not for the fact that in one of its caves once lived the witch to whom Saul in the night of his agony, forsaken of God, resorted to ask her to summon back to him the dead Prophet Samuel, whose admonitions and warning he had so wickedly disobeyed. (I. Samuel xxviii. 4–25.) It still has its original name, pronounced by the Arabs *Endur*.

Nain is a small, dirty town, built of stone, with here and there ruins of former greatness. This is the city at whose gate Jesus raised the widow's son from the dead, as the funeral *cortege* was on the way to the burial. Luke tells us that "when He came nigh to the gate of the city, behold, there was a dead man carried out, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow: and much people of the city was with her." (Luke vii. 12.) Jesus had come from Capernaum, a distance of twenty miles away, that day; and we may well imagine that it was nigh unto evening. The sun hung over Carmel when

the Man with a seamless coat, after a journey of twenty miles on foot, commanded the bier to halt as it was near to the burial-ground. His tender words dried the tears of the widow, and His power gave back from the dead her only son into her fond arms. The course of the old wall can be readily traced, especially on the west of the town; and no doubt the present path, through a declivity in the elevation, leading into a little valley outside of the town, lies on the same spot of the way out which they carried the dead man. Just a little way across the valley, a few hundred paces, are a number of tombs cut in the rock, which remain to this day. No doubt here was the burial-place to which the young man was being borne when the Savior met the sorrowful company and reclaimed from the arms of Death the only dependence of a widowed mother. There are few places in all the Holy Land where I found my heart more tenderly touched than when standing, as I supposed, just at the position of the gate of Nain where this miracle was wrought, and reading Luke's record, given so concisely, and yet so full. The record is a marvelously concise and interesting narrative. As I stood reading the wondrous story upon the spot where more than eighteen and a half centuries ago Jesus for the eighth time, so far as we have the record, wrought a miracle,—but this the eighth time entered the realm of death and for the first time showed his power over death and hell,—I felt a strangely new appreciation of Jesus. (Luke vii. 11–15.) Behind me were the ruins of the ancient Nain, about me the dim traces of the old wall, and yonder in full view, in front, the rocky tombs, now open, to one of which probably the young man was being borne when Jesus again "delivered him to his mother." Jesus had before shown his power over diseases, but this entering the domain of death presages the power of his own resurrection. Nine hundred years before, only a few miles away, at Shunem, the son of the Shunammite woman had been restored from the dead by Elisha. Since then none had risen from that dreamless sleep save the ghostly momentary resuscitation of the man who touched the bones of Elisha in his own quiet grave. (II.

Kings xiii. 21.) Not even at Bethany was I more certain that I stood upon the spot of the triumph of the voice of Jesus over the power of death than at Nain.

North and a little east from Nain, and from Little Hermon about six miles, is Mount Tabor, which looks like a great smooth heap. It is six miles south-east of Nazareth, and about ten miles from Tiberias, on the Sea of Galilee. The southern portions of Tabor are barren, but the northern slopes of the mountain are covered with shrubs, while near its base is a fine grove of oak trees, the largest in Palestine.

From Nain, a ride across the mountain to the south-west end of Little Hermon brought us to Shunem, situated on the south-eastern slope of the mountain. It has a delightful location, with a splendid spring,—indeed several springs,—so that here we found orchards of orange and lemon trees which were beautiful to look upon. We were quartered for awhile in a lemon-orchard, thick with trees of splendid size. These, too, were abundantly loaded with fruit. From a single tree not less than forty or fifty bushels of lemons might have been gathered. The men and the women and the children all came out of their houses or huts to look at us. Not less than fifty sat around on the ground watching us all the time. Some of them were quite black while others were white. A woman who was quite black seemed to have the management of affairs around the garden or orchard, and appeared quite afraid that some of our company would appropriate her fruit. They all seemed to want some *backshish* because we had been in the garden, though nothing had been touched except what had been bought and well paid for. There are but few ruins here, and the houses are only mud huts with holes about three feet high for doors, in and out of which creep dirty women and children. Here the armies of the Philistines encamped on the slopes of Little Hermon, against Saul, whose armies lay in Gilboa.

There is no chamber here now that a prophet would wish to lodge in; and yet Shunem has known a better day. This place lay directly on the way of Elisha in his journey to

Carmel from the east. Here a woman of wealth recognized Elisha as a man of God, and with the consent and aid of her husband built a little chamber on the wall of their house, and set for him there a bed and a table and a stool and a candlestick (II. Kings iv. 10); and here Elisha and his servant Gehazi often abode. South of the town are the fields where the youthful son of the Shunammite woman went among the reapers and fell smitten by the power of the sun, until he was carried to his mother and placed on her knee, where he lay till noon and died. The eye readily traces the course, fourteen miles away, across the plain which the woman pursued to find Elisha in Carmel, and to answer him, "It is well," while her darling boy lay dead in the prophet's chamber in her home here at Shunem. Across this plain Gehazi preceded the prophet, but the staff of the man of God lay powerless upon the dead face of the youth. Hither Elisha came, led by the broken-hearted, benevolent woman, to raise from the dead her only son. (II. Kings iv. 32–36.) No one can visit these sites of ancient cities and look on these plains and mountains and notice their location, without being surprised at the marvelous accuracy with which they fit into every detail of the Bible record. As I sat under the shade of a great lemon-tree and read from the Bible the history of events whose tender love and tragedy have covered this plain about Shunem, and these mountains of Gilboa, and yonder Carmel, with fadeless memories, I was almost bewildered with the accuracy of the Bible statement. The New Testament incidents lie back in history nearly two thousand years, while Elisha, whose path I described through the plain, was here almost a thousand years before Christ was born; and yet these mountains and ruins of cities and plains fit to Bible record as your one hand fits to the other.

CHAPTER XIII.

Fountain of Gideon — Jezreel—Gilboa — Battle of Deborah—Gideon—Scene at Endor—Saul Slain in Gilboa—Jezebel—Vineyard of Naboth—Josiah Slain by Nechro—Napoleon's Battle—Jehu—Dogs Eat Jezebel—Women Grinding at the Mill—Rock-Cut Cisterns—Across Esdraelon.

FROM Shunem on the slopes of Little Hermon we rode south and east to the base of Gilboa, to the fountain of Gideon, or *Ain Jalud*. This is doubtless the well (fountain) of Harod, by which the armies of Gideon were camped more than thirty-one centuries ago. (Judges vii. 1.) It is a strong fountain of clear water, springing out of a cavern in the rocks. It at once spreads out to a width of three or four rods, and is about two feet deep. To this fountain Gideon, at the command of the Lord, led down from the heights above the people unto the water to drink. Those who dipped their hands into the water and lapped it out of the hollow of their hands with their tongues were chosen to the battle. This had respect to the most hasty way of drinking. I rode directly into the stream, and stooping at the side of my pony drank in that manner before one of our company could get to the fountain with his cup. (Judges vii. 6.)

From this fountain a ride of about two miles brought us to *Zerin*, the ancient Jezreel, the summer capital of Samaria, where Ahab and Jezebel had a splendid palace. The view from Gilboa is one of the most far-reaching anywhere to be obtained. There are not here to the visitor those memories which come to him at Nazareth over the hills of Galilee, nor the sacred associations which he experiences even at Shunem. Looking in any direction upon the great plain east or west,

the eyes rest upon the scenes of the most illustrious battles ever fought on the sacred soil of the Holy Land! This great expanse of fertile lands has again and again been baptized with the blood of conflicting armies. The whole scene from Gilboa paints to the mind a picture of age succeeding age, thrusting out its flame of war and echoing the departed armies, commingled with the shouts of victorious hosts and the flash of terrifying torches of fire. It is a wondrous arena to look upon! Almost thirty-two centuries ago, Jabin, king of Canaan, came with his army from Hazor, and pitched his troops in array in Esdraelon, at Taanach, by the waters of Megiddo (Judges v. 19), the branches of Kishon. His nine hundred chariots of iron rattled in the plain to the terror of all the people. Then came Barak, encouraged by Deborah, commanding the hosts of the Lord to meet the oppressor of Israel on the banks of the Kishon, seven miles away to the south and west from Gilboa. He had marshaled his armies in Tabor, from which he had observed all the movements of the army of Sisera. (Judges iv. 12.) But now he came with ten thousand men to witness the discomforture which the Lord should bring upon the enemies of Israel, for "the stars in their courses fought against Sisera," and the storms beat down the host, and the flood of Kishon, as they rushed terrified into its swelled channel, swept them away as they tried to make their escape. Yonder in the swamps Sisera abandoned his chariot, on foot, only to be slain by Jael, the wife of Heber. Nearly fifty years later Gideon conquered the Midianites, just at the foot of Gilboa, eastward from Jezreel. The Midianites had come from beyond Jordan and taken possession of all this vast plain, until the children of Israel were driven into the dens and caves of the mountains. With the Midianites came also the Amalekites and the "children of the east." Gideon, feeling assured that God would be with him, came with thirty-two thousand men and camped above the fountain, while the Midianites lay just north of them in the valley. By the removal and dismissal of the fearful, the army was reduced to ten thousand. These ten thousand soldiers under

Gideon marched down by night to the brow of Gilboa and by the fountain, passed the unknown test which sent away to their tents all save three hundred chosen men, who returned to the top of the mountain overlooking the camp of the Midianites. Another day had passed, and in the darkness of the night Gideon, with his servant Phurah, crept softly down the mountain slope to the edge of the enemy's camp and overheard two men talking — the one telling the dream of a loaf of barley-bread tumbling into the host of Midian, and the other declaring, "This is nothing else save the sword of Gideon." A new inspiration siezed the son of Joash. He hasted back to his army and told them, "The Lord hath delivered into your hands the hosts of Midian!" It is a strange device. Every man of the three hundred lighted his torch and carried it with a pitcher and a trumpet in his hand. The early watches had been relieved and perchance were asleep as the middle watch took their place, and the three companies of Gideon's men silently entered Midian's camp, and every man in his place blew the trumpet, and broke his pitcher, and held up the blazing torch before the alarmed and terrified Midianites and Amalekites, and cried aloud, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon." (Judges vii. 20.) Affrighted, panic-stricken, and bewildered, the hosts of Midian fled down the plain toward the Jordan. Everywhere the tidings of victory sped through Israel and from Naphtali, and other portions of the land; assembling thousands fought on the banks of the Jordan and took the princes Oreb and Zeeb, while Gideon pressed far east of the Jordan to the habitations of the Midianites and defeated them there by Nobah and took their two kings, Zebah and Zalmunna.

Almost two hundred years after the battle of Gideon, Israel's first king, the giant-like Saul, whom Samuel had anointed king over the people, ended his tragic and sorrowful history here on Gilboa. While his army was pitched on the slopes of Gilboa, the Philistines lay four miles north, across the narrow plain, at Shunem, upon the slopes of Little Hermon. What a contrast between Saul and Gideon. David, the gallant

conqueror of the Philistines, the only man in all Israel who could have led the armies to victory against the Philistine hosts, had been driven by his own cruel father-in-law to take refuge among these same Philistines. It was only by a peculiar circumstance that David, with his six hundred men, was not in the Philistine army engaged in this battle against Saul and Jonathan. (I. Samuel xxix. 1–7.) Samuel the prophet was dead and buried at Ramah, and the Lord had turned his face and his ear from Saul and had refused to answer him, either by dreams or by vision or by the prophets. As Saul looked across the narrow plain from the heights of Gilboa and saw the Philistines, "he was afraid, and his heart greatly trembled." (I. Samuel xxviii. 5.) It was an awful strait to which he had been reduced. What calamity could have overtaken him equal to his being abandoned by the Lord? He had long before forsaken the Most High. The night was already now passing. To-morrow the battle must be met and fought in the plain before the camp. What a scene follows! When the weary hosts of warriors sleep in quiet repose in the camp, Saul rises from his pallet, and with his servants, steals softly in disguise out of camp, climbs over the slopes of Gilboa, down into the valley and across the plain and along over the lower slopes of Little Hermon and enters Endor, and searches out a cave where he may commune with a haggard witch, perchance to learn the fortunes of the morrow's battle. A scene so vivid and melancholy has nowhere else been painted on the pages of human history. In that cavern in the rocks as the midnight hour came on apace, the ghost of Samuel stands before the affrighted witch and the disconsolated king, and tells him that God, because of his sins, hath rent the kingdom out of his hands and given it to David, and that to-morrow, not only Saul but his sons should be with him in the world of spirits! There on the hard damp floor prostrate lay the once proud and noble Saul, overwhelmed with the pangs and sorrow of the message. But when the morning came Saul had returned to the camp on Gilboa and waited the battle-scene. While Saul had stolen across the plain to Endor in the night,

the Philistines had prepared for the battle by crossing the plain and confronting the army of Israel. And the Philistines fought against Israel, who fled to the mountain wounded and dying. Jonathan and his two brothers, Abinadab and Melchi-shua, were slain, and the defeated and fleeing Saul was smitten sorely by the arrows, and sought death at the hands of his armor-bearer. There side by side Saul and his armor-bearer lay dead on Gilboa, having each fallen on his own sword. Standing on the heights of the mountain where the battle was fought, one can see far down the valley, toward the Jordan, through which Israel fled before the Philistines. Only a dozen miles from Jezreel, toward the Jordan, are the ruins of Bethshan,—now called *Beisan*,—where the Philistines the day after Saul's defeat gibbeted the bodies of Saul and his three sons to the walls of the city, where they hung until tidings of the abuse of their bodies reached the ears of the valiant men of Jabesh-gilead beyond the Jordan, who came by night and took down the bodies and bore them to Jabesh and charred them with fire to prevent their desecration, and buried them under a tree. (I. Samuel xxxi. 12, 13.)

A century and a half after David went to the throne of Israel, Jezreel became the scene of Elijah's combat with wicked Ahab, who sold himself to wickedness, and the still more wicked Jezebel. Ahab had built a summer capital here at Jezreel. There are no remains of the ancient city. A few miserable flat-roofed huts, built of anciently prepared stone, compose the present town called *Zerin*. Not a shrub or tree shelters the bare earth or relieves the bald monotony of the place. How it reminded me of the stanza in David's song of lamentation: "Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew, neither let there be rain, upon you, nor fields of offerings: for there the shield of the mighty is vilely cast away, the shield of Saul, as though he had not been anointed with oil." (II. Samuel i. 21.) Fragments of sarcophagi, broken in pieces, and a number of these ancient marble sarcophagi sculptured with figures of the moon, the crescent symbol of the god Ashtaroth, scattered here and there, are almost the only relics of

ancient Jezreel, the city of Jezebel. I could only conjecture the location of the vineyard of Naboth, the good husbandman, which exceeded in beauty and richness even the royal gardens of King Ahab. It probably lay on the slopings of the hill toward the little valley eastward from the royal buildings. Somewhere down there in the valley they carried Naboth, wickedly condemned by a hellish device of Jezebel, and stoned him until he died. (I. Kings xxi. 13.) His one offense was being the owner and keeper of a better vineyard than Ahab. What memories of terror and blood sprinkled over these hills and valleys lay before me, as I stood above the mounds which cover the ruins of ancient Jezreel! I have alluded to some of these battle-scenes. Looking almost west from the splendid site of Jezreel, the eyes rested on Megiddo, against the hills of Manasseh, where two hundred and seventy-five years after the time of Ahab the good King Josiah fought bravely against Nechro, King of Egypt, and was hit by the archers and sore wounded, so that he was placed in another chariot and borne bleeding, suffering, and dying to Jerusalem. (II. Chronicles xxxv. 23, 24.) Beyond lay the fields over which Napoleon fought against the combined power of the Turks in the early summer of 1799. The Turks had collected not less than fifteen thousand horsemen, and as many more on foot. For sixteen hours a deadly hand to hand slaughter went on, when Napoleon appeared on the scene close under the hills of Manasseh and charged so fearfully that the Turks fled into the swamps of Kishon, where the army of Sisera with his chariots were once overtaken by destruction. Yonder down the same plain, over which other fleeing armies have hastened, the Mamelukes and whole Arab army fled.

Standing on the site of Jezreel the eye looks over the battle-field to Carmel and rests upon the scene of Elijah's conflict, sixteen miles distant, while the entire distance over which Elijah ran before the chariot of Ahab is in full view. (I. Kings xvii. 44–46.) Looking eastward is the way up which the old prophet came to meet Ahab in the vineyard of Naboth, there to announce to him his doom, that where the dogs had licked

the blood of Naboth, there also should the dogs lick his blood, and that as for Jezebel, the dogs should eat her by the wall of Jezreel. Far down toward the Jordan the eye courses out the spot where the watchman on the tower of Jezreel saw Jehu and his company driving with haste (II. Kings ix. 17), to be met by Joram, king of Israel, and Ahaziah, king of Judah, by the gardens of Naboth. There Jehu smote Jehoram, and Bidkar threw him in the vineyard of Naboth, while Jehu followed Ahaziah in the plains and smote him in his chariot, until he died at Megiddo. When Jehu returned to Jezreel, Jezebel painted her face in disguise, and from a window in the palace over the wall beheld his triumph only for a moment, when she was thrust over the wall down into the road, to be trampled by the horses and eaten by the dogs. Thus twenty-five years after her threat against Elijah to make him as her Baal priests, and twelve years after Elijah had entered heaven in a chariot of fire, Jezebel was eaten by the dogs here at Jezreel. (II. Kings ix. 36.) The walls of Jezreel are gone, and the garden of Naboth has left no traces of its beauty. A sorrowful history sprinkles its memories over Esdraelon, Gilboa, and Jezreel.

Amid these battle-fields and memories of blood it was a relief to the heart to look upon Shunem with its tender memories of the old Prophet Elisha and his little chamber in the home of the noble Shunammite woman. I delighted to think of Jesus coming up the plain from the Sea of Galilee to the gate of yon little town on the slopes of Little Hermon, just in time to give back to a widowed mother her only son, from the very bier by which he was being carried to his burial. How the life and deeds of Jesus contrast here with the memories of Esdraelon and the cities which nestled about it.

The sun began to sink toward Mount Carmel. We turned our horses toward *Jenin*, lying on the southern border of the plain. As we rode out of Jezreel, somewhere close to the grounds which composed the garden of Naboth, some women and children where thrashing grain and winnowing the chaff from the wheat on a large flat rock. Two women were sitting

near by on the ground grinding wheat with a hand-mill, which consists of two roughly-dressed stones about sixteen inches in diameter. This manner of grinding grain was known as far back as history reaches. When Moses informed Israel of the destruction God was about to work among the Egyptians, he told them that even the "first-born of the maid-servant that is behind the mill" was to be slain. (Exodus xi. 5.) The law of God to Israel exempted the upper and the lower mill-stones from being taken for debt, as these were essential to the life of a family. (Deuteronomy xxiv. 6.) Our Lord, in

WOMEN GRINDING AT A MILL.

his description of his second coming, in describing the suddenness of his appearing and the separations of that hour, says, "Two women shall be grinding at the mill: the one shall be taken and the other left." (Matthew xxiv. 41.)

All about Jezreel we saw a number of rock-hewed cisterns. They are great cisterns cut deep and in solid rock, with an opening two or three feet in diameter. As one looks at these cisterns at Jezreel, he can not but remember the terrible drought of this land in the times of Ahab. These, as well as those at Samaria, were dry, and Obadiah was sent to "all

fountains of water, and unto all brooks," to find pasturage for the king's flocks. Some of these cisterns possibly belonged to Ahab, or to the city in ancient times. It is easy to picture to the mind the starving and thirsty throngs coming to the fountain or cistern (these words are the same), only to learn that all the water had been exhausted. It was anciently the custom to fill these cisterns in the rainy season and fasten and seal them for use in the summer. (Songs of Solomon iv. 12.) When the supply in one cistern would become exhausted, another fountain would be unsealed and opened in the presence of the people. Such a scene was before the eye of the Prophet Zechariah when he saw the spiritual blessings of Christ for a famishing world and exclaimed, "In that day there shall be a fountain opened to the house of David and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem for sin and for uncleanness." (Zechariah xiii. 1.) Some of these cisterns are of immense size, and are found in various parts of Palestine. They were so located as to catch the rain-fall from a considerable table-land; and the water thus preserved was of great service in the dry season in watering the gardens and vineyards. It must have cost vast labor to hew one of them out in the solid limestone rock. Many of these, like the pools in southern Palestine, are doubtless of great antiquity. They were mostly dry when we saw them, and are largely unused for the purposes to which they were devoted long ago. When the land was densely populated and highly cultivated one of these cisterns was of great value to a keeper of a vineyard. During the summer the failure of the water by leakage would have proved a great loss. More than six hundred years before Christ, Jeremiah alluded to such a calamity when he speaks for the Lord and says, "My people have committed two evils; they have forsaken me the fountain of living waters, and hewed them out cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water." (Jeremiah ii. 13.)

By evening we were across the plain of Esdraelon, and went in among the great cactuses, which grow like trees, even to the height of ten and fifteen feet, and found our tents at *Jenin*. Four burly, stout Arabs guarded our camp for the night.

CHAPTER XIV.

Jenin — Cactus — Date-Palm — Women at the Tombs — Dothan — Joseph Sold — Elisha at Dothan — Watering Camels — Samaria — Home of the Prophets — Colonnade of Herod — Church of St. John — Siege of Benhadad — Philip at Samaria — Peter at Samaria — Sight of Ebal and Gerizim — Gathering Sticks — Arabs at Meal.

JENIN is a town of about three thousand people, on the southern edge of the plain of Jezreel, seven miles south of Jezreel, and on the border of the hills of Samaria. It is probably the ancient *En Gannim* (garden springs) given to the Levites. (Joshua xix. 17–21; xxi. 28, 29.) It is substantially built of stone, and on the west and south has beautiful gardens surrounded with immense cactuses ten or fifteen feet high, which were in delightful bloom. Some of the flowers were as large as a lady's bonnet. Here and there a stately palm lifts itself above the gardens. Royal growths of the palm-tree are found in many places in southern and western Palestine. It was formerly abundant in the Jordan valley. I saw one solitary palm at Capernaum, and a few at Tiberias, on the Sea of Galilee. Jericho was known as the "City of Palm-trees," in the times of its possession by Joshua when he led Israel into Canaan. (Deuteronomy xxxiv. 3; Judges i. 16, and iii. 13.) The palm-tree grows luxuriantly along streams of water; and there is beauty and majesty as well as delicacy, which I can not describe, but which one always observes with a sense of reverence as he looks upon the stately palm. Here, often, their towering forms brought to memory that poetic utterance of the psalmist, "The righteous shall flourish like a palm-tree." (Psalms xcii.

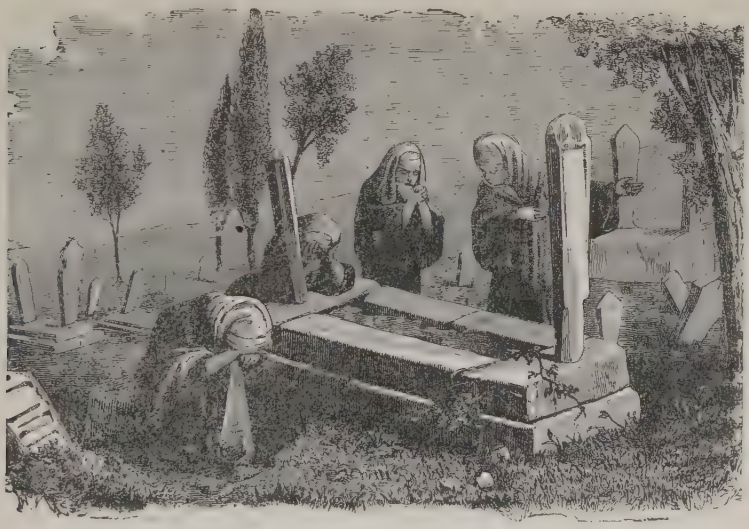
12.) Jeremiah in speaking of the idolatry of the people and the perfect workmanship of the idols which could not speak, "and must needs be borne because they can not go," says, "They are upright as the palm-tree." (Jeremiah x. 5.) So beautiful is the form of the palm-tree that Solomon carved the walls and doors of the temple on Moriah with figures of the cherubims and open flowers, and palm-trees. (I. Kings vi. 29.) It was branches of these palm-trees which the multitude strewed in the way of the Savior's triumphal approach to Jerusalem as he crossed Mount Olivet. (Matthew xxi. 8; John xii. 13.) Our illustration gives a good and truthful representation of the palm-tree so sacred in Bible history. The fruit is delicious, while the trunk or wood is worthless. It is soft and full of fibers, which cross the stick at various angles. It is almost impossible to split the wood, and its porous nature makes it useless.

DATE-PALM.

A splendid spring supplies water for the town, where it forms a clear pool in the western part of the village, which is a place for the collecting of women and men for conversation.

Early in the morning, as the day began to dawn, I rose from my bed and hastened to make some observations about the town. Just back of our camp was a large Mohammedan burial-ground. I saw twenty-five or thirty Mohammedan women in this grave-yard saying prayers at the graves. Some of them were poorly dressed, but many wore clean coverings of white over the entire body and over their head and face.

They would kneel down around one grave for awhile and then go to another, performing the same ceremonies at each. This was continued until the sun was beginning to rise in the heavens. It is the custom of Mohammedan women and children to go at least once a week to the tombs of the dead with myrtle, an offering of love, and there sorrow for the departed. This same sorrowful scene I witnessed at Damascus and many other places.



WEEPING FOR THE DEAD.

From *Jenin* we directed our journey toward Samaria by way of Dothan. Our way was chosen up a fine valley; then over rough hills, from which we could sometimes have a view of the Mediterranean Sea far off to the west. By nine o'clock our eyes rested upon the Plain of Dothan, stretching out for three or four miles in either direction. The site of ancient Dothan is found on a very high hill, probably three hundred feet above the valley. There are a few houses on the top of the hill. The ruins show that at remote times large buildings stood here. A square building with heavy stone walls is now one of the sacred places of the Mohammedans. The hill is covered with olive-trees. I rode up the steep slopes

and found a vast plateau covered with these ruins. In a square inclosure, surrounded with a massive wall, is a niche with an arch three or four feet high. In this niche sat an image in the form of an idol-god, while a white flag was suspended close by. This is evidently a sacred place of the Mohammedans, but by what means the stone image was set up there I do not know.

Below the hill in the valley is yet to be seen the well or cistern into which Joseph was cast by his brethren. (Genesis xxxvii. 24.) After he had been put into the pit, the Bible tells us that his brethren "sat down to eat bread: and they lifted up their eyes and looked, and, behold, a company of Ishmaelites came from Gilead, with their camels bearing spicery and balm and myrrh, going to carry it down to Egypt." (Genesis xxxvii. 25.) From this place they could certainly see a great distance. There are indeed few places where the road can be so far scanned as from this point. The place answers well to the description given in the Bible narrative. And these pasture-lands would naturally attract the brethren of Joseph from Shechem,—about fifteen miles,—to Dothan with their flocks. No doubt I passed over the lands where the great flocks of Jacob were then pastured. And here the youthful, tender, and innocent Joseph cried and pleaded, beseeching his brethren in the anguish of his soul not to sell him away from his father. But they would not hear him. In fancy I could see the heart-broken child stripped of his pretty coat, led by the band of strangers away from the prospect of ever seeing father or cruel brothers again, looking back and still crying and hoping that they would relent and allow him to return to them. The place is still known by the name Tell Dothan (the Heap of Dothan). It was here also that Elisha for a time had his home, and was surrounded by the army of the king of Syria, but found deliverance in answer to prayer by which the Syrians were smitten with blindness, and by Elisha led ten miles to Samaria. (II. Kings vi. 18, 19.)

Four or five miles before reaching Samaria, the ancient cap-

ital of this country, we took lunch in an old olive-orchard close by a splendid spring. A number of really handsome women and children were busy in the orchard gathering the olives. The olive is a small fruit, not so large as a damson; though these trees are as large as an apple-tree, and are loaded with olives as thickly as one imagines they could hang on the tree. The women had their wrists and necks and faces heavily adorned with bracelets and strings of silver ornaments and coins. A number of natives with their camels were crowded around the spring watering their beasts. Some of the camels were brought up to the fountain and made to kneel down and drink a long time. While this was going on other camels lay off at a distance, and the women carried water to them, held up the camels' heads, and poured the water down their throats. The women continued this until they had filled up the poor creatures, which were apparently glad to be waited upon in this summary way. Such a scene as this introduced Moses to the daughter of the priest of Midian when a fugitive fleeing from the Egyptians (Exodus ii. 16); and it was in the very midst of such a scene as this, three thousand seven hundred and forty years ago, that the trusty old servant of Abraham in search of a wife for Isaac met the fair Rebekah. (Genesis xxiv. 11.)

Samaria, the capital of the central division of Palestine, had one of the most delightful locations of any city in the Holy Land. A deep valley on every side separates this eminence from the surrounding Samarian hills. Standing upon an eminence probably four hundred feet high, Samaria must have had a powerful defense from all attacks possible to ancient methods of warfare. It was to this highly-esteemed and powerful location that the prophet referred when he exclaimed, "Woe to them that are at ease in Zion, and trust in the mountain of Samaria." (Amos vi. 1.) The hill is quite a mile long, and one half as wide. More than nine hundred years before Christ, and just before Ahab's reign, the wicked Omri, king of Israel, who did worse than all that were before him, bought this hill (town and all) of Shemer for two tal-

ents of silver (three thousand five hundred and thirty-five dollars); and on the hill he built Shomeron, as it was called in the Hebrew, but known as Samaria. (I. Kings xvi. 24.) It continued to be the capital of the ten tribes up to the time when they were carried away captive by Shalmaneser, king of Assyria, seven hundred and twenty years before Christ. Somewhere here they buried wicked Ahab. (I. Kings xxii. 37.)

Samaria was the scene of the conflicts of Elijah and Elisha in the times when wicked rulers bore authority over Israel. Many are the scenes of battle and defeat which were witnessed below this lofty hill. Here Elisha resided; and it was to this city that Naaman from Damascus came as a leper asking healing of the king, to whom he had been recommended by the king of Damascus; and here he at last came to the Prophet Elisha, of whom he had learned through a captive maid of Israel. (II. Kings v. 1–15.) Down the valley toward Jordan he at last drove his chariot to find healing in its turbid flood.

HEROD'S COLONNADE AT SAMARIA.

There are now only a few houses in Samaria—probably not more than thirty or forty rude huts. Yet the ruins of its former splendor are not lacking. The towers of the gateway

to the great colonnade, erected by Herod the Great, are still standing at the western end of the hill. Herod greatly beautified Samaria and adorned it with temples and a tremendous colonnade, which extended almost, if not entirely, the circuit of the hill. This colonnade is about half way up the slope of the hill, and is over fifty feet wide. I counted over one hundred stone columns standing along beside the great colonnade once so beautiful and grand. These columns are of limestone, perfectly round, about two feet in diameter, and sixteen feet high. The colonnade certainly extended over three thousand feet, or quite over a half mile. Lieutenant Conder thinks it extended a circuit of five thousand five hundred feet. Many of these columns have been thrown down, and lie scattered and broken, or half hidden in the dirt, or built into the terraces and walls on the hill-side. There are also vast ruins of amphitheaters and temples which I visited, which crown the north-eastern end of the hill. The real design and character of some of the structures, the ruins of which are here, have not been fully discovered.

At the eastern end of ancient Samaria is the Church of St. John in a dilapidated condition. It was built by the crusaders about seven hundred years ago. By them it was held that John the Baptist was buried here. The roof is gone and the walls are falling into decay. Within it is built an independent structure with a dome, as a mosque. We alighted from our horses and spent some time in examining this curious place. The whole is now a sacred Mohammedan quarter. Entering the first door through heavy walls, we were in a large open court. From this we descended into a grotto, or chamber, far below. We crept slowly down thirty-two steps to what the priest told us was the tomb of John the Baptist. We were in a large chamber. The tomb is pointed out under a stone slab. I was the more surprised here also by being shown the tombs of Elisha and Obadiah. I held a burning taper to the little opening about eight inches in diameter into the vault, and could see what seemed to be some decayed bones, dirt, and broken pottery. These prophets were buried

somewhere, and probably some of them here in Samaria—here down in this cavern cut so deeply in the solid rock. But who can tell? One looks at these places with something akin to astonishment, but would bring insult to his guide if he dared to intimate that he did not believe these traditions. The men and boys here seemed to have more antiquities and coin than at any other place. Dozens of boys crowded around us with "*antique*" to sell. They were anxious to sell them and to get *backshish*. The gardens of olive-trees and lemons and figs about Samaria are very beautiful.

As I stood on the summit of the hill covered by the ruins of ancient Samaria, looking down upon the surrounding valleys and hills beyond, how vividly came to mind the events which crowded the illustrious life of Elisha here. When the armies of Syria lay siege against this city, the old prophet's head had been threatened by the king, and starvation had fallen to those crowded within the walls. When Elisha's head was under sentence of the king, and want and starvation stalked in every home, the old prophet, dwelling in his own house, declared that on the morrow a measure of fine flour should be sold for a shekel (fifty-eight cents) and two measures of barley for a shekel, in Samaria. Down there at the gate lay four lepers who were dying. They rose in the madness of their hunger and went to the Syrian camp in search of food. That evening the hills and valleys around resounded with a noise of horses and chariots, which seemed to be gathering for battle, until the Syrians fled down the valley Farah, toward the Jordan, the great highway to Gilead, in utter consternation. (II. Kings vii. 6.) At every step they heard the tramp of pursuing re-enforcements to Israel. But it was the voice of the Almighty! Thus the lepers found vacated tents filled with gold and silver and food. Back to Samaria they brought the glad tidings of relief; and the prophecy of Elisha was fulfilled, and two measures of barley were sold for a shekel, in this city where the day before an ass's head was sold for eighty pieces of silver. Nearly a thousand years after this striking event, Philip, the evangelist, preached the gospel

here; and the simple story tells us "there was great joy in that city." (Acts viii. 5.) To this place came Peter and John, sent by the church at Jerusalem, to perfect the work of the Lord so wondrously begun by Philip, in preaching and the working of miracles. It was here that Peter came in contact with Simon, who offered money for apostolic power to bestow the Holy Ghost by the imposition of his hands, only to receive the withering curse, "Thy money perish with thee." (Acts viii. 20.)

The name of the village at the site of ancient Samaria is *Sabustieh*, or Sebaste, and presents a sad comment on the wasted glory of the capital of ancient Israel.

The sun was sinking softly westward over the hills of Samaria when we rode down the steep at the south-eastern end of the town into the deep valley, rich with gardens of olive and fig-trees, and turned our course toward ancient Shechem. We were doubtless in the same valley down which Abraham first traveled when he journeyed southward through the land, not knowing whither he went. He, coming from Haran, pitched his tent at Shechem. We were to camp beside the same city over the approaching Sabbath. Amid the surrounding hills we journeyed southward five or six miles, when suddenly above all the heights of Samaria there rose in sight the twin mountains of blessing and cursing, Gerizim and Ebal, between which lies the city of Shechem. Their lofty crests of limestone rock shining in the receding sun presented a striking contrast with the deep valley up which we passed under their shadows. This valley is rich with trees and vines beyond all that I had seen since leaving Damascus. It is said that not less than seventy-five springs flow out from these rocks all the year round. The gardens and orchards, of course, are irrigated to the best advantage, so that the walnut, olive, lemon, orange, fig, and other trees were full of leaves and fruit as if full autumn and summer were blended here.

A little way outside of Shechem we saw two women engaged in gathering sticks with which to kindle a fire. Thus did Elijah, almost three thousand years ago, at the gate of Zar-

ephath, greet the woman who was there gathering sticks with which to prepare the last "handful of meal" and the last oil in a cake for herself and her son. (I. Kings xvii. 10–12.)

ARABS AT MEAL.

In those ancient times the habits of living in these lands were very simple. Food was prepared in the rudest manner and eaten with the use of very plain table-furniture. The centuries have made but little improvement or change in the domestic habits of the people of these countries. They eat seated around a low table or about dishes placed on the ground.

As we entered Shechem, long caravans of camels loaded with great rolls of mats and other merchandise were passed. One stout, burly Arab was trying to ride two donkeys at a time. He would ride one for a distance up the hill and then dismount and ride the other a distance, and then change again.

CHAPTER XV.

Shechem — Valley of Shechem — Camp of Abraham — Joshua and Israel — Amphitheater — Mount Gerizim — Samaritan Temple — Climbing the Mountain — Samaritan Worship — Passover — Sacred Rock — Samaritan Population — Samaritan Pentateuch — Mount Ebal.

THE present name of the city occupying the site of ancient Shechem is Nablus, being an abbreviation or contraction of the name "*Flavia Neapolis*," as it was called after its enlargement and rebuilding under Titus Flavius Vespasian. It is situated in a narrow, fertile, well-watered valley lying between Mount Ebal on the north and Gerizim on the south. The city is almost three quarters of a mile long. It has a population of about twenty thousand people. The valley of Shechem is from one fourth to one half mile wide, being narrowest a little way east of the city. The tops of the mountains are a mile distant from each other. It is the most fertile plain in Palestine, having in it, in and about Shechem, not less than seventy-five or eighty different springs of splendid water. Its gardens are well watered and teem with vegetables of luxuriant growth. The city is noted for its extensive manufacture of soap, which is made of olive-oil. There are said to be twenty-two soap-factories in the city. It is the head-quarters of the Mohammedan government for this part of the country. It does a good business in tanning, especially in the tanning of leathern bottles of goats'-hides. (See description on page 347.) The streets of the town are narrow, crooked, and dirty, and the people are excitable and rebellious as they were when Rehoboam came here to be made king over all Israel, but was re-

jected by the ten tribes who set up a government of their own under "Jeroboam, the son of Nebat, who made Israel to sin." (I. Kings xii. 1–20.)

Our camp was pitched just on the edge of the town, over Sabbath. With this we were much delighted; for scarcely at any other place in Palestine would we have preferred to pass

a Sabbath. To be encamped here where we may climb the heights which ages have overhung with so marvelous a charm is a privilege for which we planned diligently and labored hard several days. We were within thirty-five miles of Jerusalem, which is directly south of Shechem, and near the very

grounds where Abraham camped when he first came into the land of Canaan, nearly four thousand years ago. (Genesis xii. 6.) It thus becomes one of the most interesting spots in Canaan. Ebal and Gerizim, the mountains of cursing and blessing, tower more than one thousand two hundred feet high on either side of the city. At the east end of this valley of Shechem, in the plain of Moreh, a mile and a half from the site of Shechem, Jacob pitched his tent when he came from Padan-aram. There he bought a piece of land of the children of Hamor, for one hundred pieces of money, and it was under an oak which was by Shechem that Jacob hid the strange gods, and the ear-rings of the people before he went to Bethel to build up the altar of God. (Genesis xxxv. 4.) Here he dug a well and erected an altar and called it *El-elohe-Israel.* (Genesis xxxiii. 18-20.) In the same grounds, a quarter of a mile distant from the well, Israel buried the body of Joseph, which they bore with them during their forty years' journey from Egypt. (Joshua xxiv. 32.)

Moses through some means had knowledge of the mountains about Shechem; for he gave commandment that Joshua should assemble Israel here and read to them the laws of the Lord, putting the blessing upon Mount Gerizim and the curse upon Mount Ebal. (Deuteronomy xi. 29; xxvii. 12.)

When Israel came into the land, Joshua brought the people up from Gilgal, "And all Israel, and their elders, and officers, and their judges, stood on this side the ark and on that side before the priests the Levites, which bare the ark of the covenant of the Lord, as well the stranger, as he that was born among them; half of them over against Mount Gerizim, and half of them over against Mount Ebal; as Moses the servant of the Lord had commanded before, that they should bless the people of Israel. And afterward he read all the words of the law, the blessings and cursings, according to all that is written in the book of the law. There was not a word of all that Moses commanded, which Joshua read not before all the congregation of Israel, with the women, and the little ones, and the strangers that were conversant among them." (Joshua

viii. 33–35.) I took especial interest in searching out the probable place of this assemblage.

A short distance east of Shechem, at the narrowest part of the valley, there is a natural and perfect amphitheater in both Ebal and Gerizim, directly opposite each other. It could not be more remarkably adapted for such a gathering if it had been excavated and prepared for the assembly as were the great stadiums of Greece and Rome for their gatherings. No doubt Moses knew of this place and ordered this meeting to be held here. One reading in the middle of the valley can be distinctly heard on either side far up the mountain. There is not another such a formation on the globe. The whole company could readily be made to hear the law since the Levites were commanded to "speak with a loud voice." (Deuteronomy xxvii. 14.) On the side of Ebal the slopes are more rocky and precipitous, while the amphitheater in Gerizim is more gentle in its slope. This may have suggested the choosing of Ebal to bear the curse. As we examined this place I had no possible doubt but that it was here that Israel long, long ago covenanted to observe all the law. Alas! for their failure in the times which followed; for these mountains were destined to witness the rebellion of Israel and the proud and wicked conduct of unholy kings. At this same city Joshua again collected Israel to receive his dying charge. (Joshua xxiv. 1.)

During our stay at Shechem several of our company made the ascent of Mount Gerizim, upon which the Samaritans built their temple under Sanballat some years after the rebuilding of the temple at Jerusalem by Nehemiah. One of the Samaritans, a tall fleet son of Jacob Shellaby, conducted us, so as to economize time and strength. It required about two hours of hard climbing to make the ascent. As we started out of Shechem a number of lepers came after us begging and crying in a most pitiful manner. At a spring at the base of the mountain a lot of women and children were collected washing clothes. Some were treading on the clothes as they lay in the rocky channels, while others were

pounding them with stones. The mountain is terraced with stone walls more than half way up its slope. The entire mountain is very stony and rough for agricultural purposes. It is utterly destitute of timber or shrubs except at its base, where olives and figs grow in abundance. Far up the steep a few men were piling up stone or digging up some patches in which to sow wheat. Here and there a yoke of small oxen were being used in plowing a little plateau terraced,

WORSHIP OF SAMARITANS ON MOUNT GERIZIM.

only a few yards wide and a few rods long. The mountain is somewhat in the shape of a letter L, placing the top of the letter southward. The ridge running north and south is stated by Conder to be two thousand eight hundred and forty-eight feet above sea-level, while the ridge running west is several hundred feet lower. Mount Ebal is two hundred and twenty-seven feet higher than Gerizim. Before reaching the angle of the mountain on a plateau we came

upon the place where the Samaritans hold their annual passover. It is inclosed by a rude stone wall. At the time of the passover,—the first full moon after the vernal equinox,—the entire Samaritan company, of whom there are about forty families, remove to this place on the mountain and dwell in tents seven days. At sunset on the appointed day they kill a number of lambs, roast their bodies whole, and about midnight eat them with unleavened bread, spending the remaining part of the night in prayer. I examined the rude pit or round hole in the ground, like a well, where they roast them, and also the place where they burn the refuse portions of the lambs; but at the time of our visit to the place it was entirely unoccupied, save by the traces of this peculiar and rude worship. Our illustration shows these Samaritans in waiting for the setting of the sun, the signal for the slaying of the lambs.

The manner of celebrating this passover is thus described by Conder, in *Tent-Work in Palestine*, Vol. 1, p. 30:

"After special preparation by prayer and the reading of the law, the congregation repair to the plateau or lower spur, running out west from the high ridge of Gerizim, on which are the ruins of the ancient temple, and it is at this time covered with white tents. It is, however, only within the last thirty years that this has been allowed by the Moslems. At sunset on the 15th of Nisan the service begins, the high-priest standing on a large stone surrounded by a low dry stone wall. A certain proportion of the congregation wear long white robes, and all have white turbans instead of the usual red one. Six sheep are slain, as the sun goes down, by the Samaritan butcher cutting their throats; the entrails and right fore-legs are cut off and burnt; the bodies are scalded with water from two huge caldrons heated over a fire of brushwood, the fleeces removed, the legs skewered, and the bodies then thrust into a sort of oven in the ground (Tannur in Arabic), covered with a hurdle and with sods of earth. Here for five hours they are baked. The oven, lined with stone, can be seen on the mountain all the year round. The men of the congregation gird themselves with ropes, and with staves in their hands and shoes on their feet as though prepared for a journey, they surround the meat when brought out, and generally eat standing or walking. Of late years, however, they have been seated. The Jews have always eaten the passover seated, in Palestine, but until lately the Samaritans have adhered to the ancient and prescribed form to eat 'in haste.' The scene of the feast, dimly visible by the light of a few candles, is one of unique interest, taking the spectator back for thousands of years to the early period of Jewish

history. The men eat first, the women next; the scraps are burnt, and a bonfire kindled and fed with the fat; the rest of the night is spent in prayer for four hours. On the following day rejoicings continue; fish, rice, and eggs are eaten, wine and spirits drunk, and hymns, generally impromptu, are sung. On the 21st of the month another pilgrimage is made to Gerizim, forming the eighth festival held by the nation."

On the summit of the mountain are vast ruins, several hundred feet in length. These are the remains of the Justinian fortress, built about A. D. 533; and also Zeno's church, built about A. D. 474. These ruins are not less than four hundred feet long and nearly two hundred feet wide, with the great reservoir and caverns cut into the solid rock. Beneath these vast ruins lie the foundations of the temple built by Sanballat. A number of large stones which once formed a part of this temple are yet to be seen lying in their original position. There are three rows of these stones partly exposed to view. The stones are about three feet wide, five feet long, and two feet thick. These great limestone foundations of the Samaritan Temple, to which the woman at Jacob's well referred when she said to Christ, "Our fathers worshiped in this mountain" (John iv. 20), are gradually wasting away under the passing centuries. The temple was destroyed one hundred and thirty years before the birth of Christ. Within the line of the old wall of the temple is a flat rock, almost smooth on its surface, sloping slightly toward the west, which is the sacred rock of the Samaritans, and held by them to have been once inclosed in their temple. By them it is regarded as the most sacred place in the world. It is, however, unprotected by any roof, and when I visited it had just been used as a thrashing-floor, as the chaff scattered about it plainly indicated. It is surrounded by a low wall of stone, loosely piled up, and by stones lying wildly about, which once possibly composed a part of the temple and the later buildings. At the west end of these ruins is a cave or cistern. The Samaritans hold that it was here that Abraham offered Isaac; and there is shown beneath the brow of the hill, south and east of the ruins, a trough cut in the rock, where they assert the scene was enacted. A curious flight of steps, called the "Seven steps of

Abraham," lead to the spot. Some years ago, when only seven or eight of the large foundation-stones above referred to were visible, the Smaritans held that these were "ten stones," and were the stones brought from the Jordan by the ten tribes upon entering Canaan. Beneath these stones, they hold, lie buried the treasures of their ancient temple.

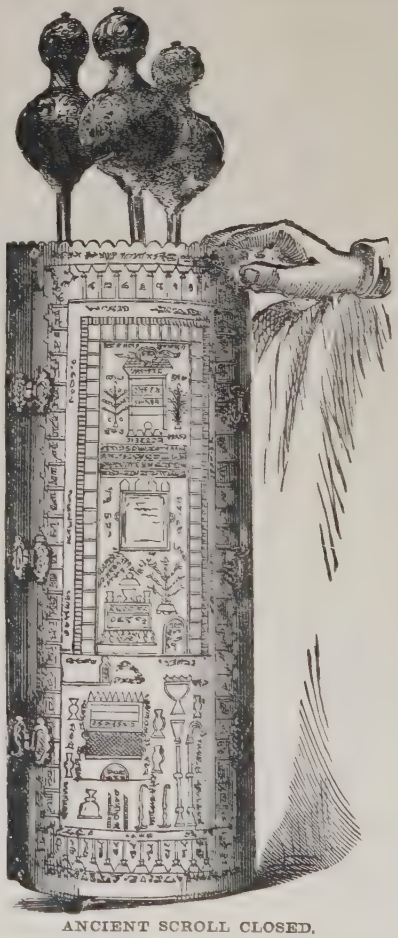
The view from the summit of Gerizim is a delightful one. To the south-west, beyond the barren sand-hills in the distance, is the sea, and the desolate ruins of ancient Cæsarea on the coast. Far to the north, over the slopes of Ebal, are the dim ranges of Carmel. To the northward towers Hermon, like a great giant, with its summit dressed in snow and curtained in the clouds. Close beneath the mountain, portions of Shechem are in sight. Eastward is the plain of Moreh, spread out at the foot of Gerizim, and beyond the plain rise clearly to view the blue mountains of Gilead, once so noted for their spices and balm. "Is there no balm in Gilead?" said the prophet. (Jeremiah viii. 22; Genesis xxxvii. 25.) Southward are the mountain heights surrounding ancient Shiloh. Everywhere, save at Shechem below, the eye rests upon a land barren and desolate. The whole presents a wild, romantic, and indeed almost bewildering scene as one stands here on the lofty height which commands such a wonderful view of the whole land of Palestine.

From these scenes we slowly descended the mountain of blessing, gazing awhile upon traditional "Jotham's Rock," a projecting precipice on which Jotham is said to have stood when he cursed the Shechemites for their ingratitude to his father Gideon. (Judges ix. 7.) When we again reached our camp west of Shechem the day was far spent. The remaining hours were passed in studying the word of God as it records the history of Shechem and Gerizim, and in visiting among the Samaritans with a view to know more about these peculiar people. The Samaritans occupy a comfortable quarter in the town, where they live in good houses. Upon the occasion of their great feasts, which they celebrate according to the law of Moses, they all camp out in tents on the top of

Gerizim. There are about forty families of these wonderfully strange people, consisting of one hundred and thirty souls. The author of "Picturesque Palestine" says, "In 1874 they numbered one hundred and thirty-five, of whom twenty-eight were married couples, ten were widows advanced in years, forty-nine were unmarried men and boys, and twenty were young girls, many of whom were promised in marriage." They claim to be the remnant of the ten tribes of Israel; and their features plainly indicate their Jewish parentage. They are monotheistic, and are yet looking for the coming of the Messiah. They expect him to appear among them when the world is just six thousand years old. He will live one hundred and ten years or thereabout, on their streets, and then be buried by the bones of Joseph in the plain of Moreh. The world is to come to an end when it is seven thousand years old. During these revolving centuries they have kept themselves distinct and separate from all the people around them, and are gradually growing fewer in number, and yet expect by and by the world to be converted to their belief. They allow a person to have more than one wife if the first wife is childless; and when a married man dies his nearest relative is to marry the widow. The marriageable men are more numerous than the women, and it has not been without difficulty that the adjustment of these matters has been accomplished. Though their marriage alliance has been confined to this narrow circle, they appear strong and handsome, and are strikingly intelligent. The children whom we met were bright and friendly, though evidently somewhat surprised at the appearance of Americans.

It was to the Samaritan people that the woman belonged who met Christ at the well a little way east of Shechem. Between them and the Jews a great antipathy existed. They held the traditions and beliefs of the Jews; but instead of going to Jerusalem, wherever they had colonies or people, they always turned toward Gerizim and Shechem as their holy place. They have but one synagogue — a small, plain, almost rude building, reached by a crooked, narrow, stone stairway,

up which we passed and stood in a small court, about which several children were playing. A lone lemon-tree grows close by the arched door leading to the synagogue, which our company entered, but not until we had removed our shoes from our feet, as did Moses at the burning bush. The stone floor of the small sanctuary is covered with mats, while a finely-ornamented white damask-linen curtain hangs down at the south side, concealing the holy place from public view. To this little veiled recess the priest alone is allowed to enter. The Samaritans have only the first five books of the Old Testament as their Scriptures; and here they preserve with great care their ancient copies of the Samaritan Pentateuch. They read and celebrate prayers in the Samaritan dialect, though they speak Arabic in conversation. Attended by Jacob Shellaby, a stout, shrewd old man, the high-priest approached the square veil of the holy place. The priest then drew the veil aside and entered the place where the treasures are preserved. He took down, one at a time, three copies of their sacred books, and unrolling them from their splendid coverings of silken cloth, allowed us to examine them as thoroughly as desired. Three copies of this book, two in a scroll, where shown to us. The oldest is said by them to have been written by a great-grandson of



ANCIENT SCROLL CLOSED.

Aaron, "Abishua the son of Phinehas the son of Eleazer the son of Aaron," three thousand three hundred years ago. No doubt these writings are of great age, belonging probably to the third century of the Christian era. They are written plainly on skins of animals and preserved in silver cases, and wrapped in royal cloth of scarlet and green. Their high-priest, Jacob, is a tall, slender man about thirty-five years of age. He is a kindly, handsome, fine-figured person, and received us with much courtesy, as did also Mr. Shellaby, the chief among them. The priest wears long, rich, flowing robes, and a large turban on his head. The chief, Shellaby, conducted us to his house and led us up several flights of steps and over flat roofs into his dwelling, which is quite comfortable. He can talk a very little English. And here we were introduced to his grandchildren. The high-priest, Jacob, also accompanied us, and was quite free to communicate in conversation. Our host ordered wines, upon which we were soon to have a good time. We explained that we did not indulge in wine-drinking, though we assured him that his hospitality was highly appreciated. This he somehow could not understand. Before the wines came we made our excuse and departed, while Shellaby reluctantly consented to our going.

On Sabbath afternoon our company collected in front of the tents and spent an hour in a Bible-class reading, reviewing and discussing the Bible record of the events which have transpired here under the shadows of these lofty mountains during the ages which are long past. While we were reading, an Arab from the town came about our camp and persisted in making a noise. The head cook, George, tried hard to have him become quiet by telling him that we were having meeting and must not be interrupted. All efforts proved of no avail; and his noise continued until suddenly as the flash of lightning George gave him a good slap on the side of his head, which almost knocked him over. After that event he was calm and quiet as one could have desired. We had occasion before this to learn that a good blow often had more force and bearing with these Arabs than an hour's talk and argument.

An hour or two before night about one hundred and fifty women and children, dressed in flashy colors, came out of town near our camp and sung songs and had a great time dancing and whirling around. This was one of their holidays, and they were having a good time — something seldom had among the Mohammedans.

Mount Ebal is more barren and rocky than Gerizim, and the few ruins of crusade times were not sufficient to induce the writer to undertake its ascent. It is the highest mountain in this part of Palestine; and this fact no doubt led the crusaders to regard it as the place where Jeroboam built the calf-temple. Conder gives its height at three thousand and seventy-six feet and five inches above the sea, and nearly one thousand three hundred feet above the valley at its base.

Shechem was one of the cities of refuge appointed by Joshua (Joshua xx. 7), and somewhere upon the slopes of Ebal, Joshua built an altar unto the Lord (Joshua viii. 30) of the stones taken from the Jordan according to the commandment of Moses. (Deuteronomy xxvii. 4–5.) Here at Shechem was also the sanctuary of the Lord where Joshua set up a great stone with the law of God written upon it, under an oak. (Joshua xxiv. 26.)

CHAPTER XVI.

Leaving Shechem — Lepers — Houses — Flat Roofs — House-tops — Plain of Moreh—Tomb of Joseph — Jacob's Well—Askar — Leaving Jacob's Well — Balata — Northern Hills of Judea.

ON Monday morning our camp was broken and we left Shechem, turning our course through the city eastward into the Plain of Moreh. As we passed out of Shechem we met a large number of donkeys and camels coming into town. Many of these were loaded with brush for fuel, and other articles for sale. A small bundle of sticks, two of which are carried upon the back of a small donkey, sells for about one franc (twenty cents). Some of these camels were loaded with charcoal. A number of miserable lepers came around us as we were leaving Shechem. In the morning when we arose and came out of our tent, there sat about fifteen of these poor miserable creatures in a long row on the brow of the hill just above our camp. Some were men and some women. When breakfast was over and our dragoman had called out "Horseback, gentlemen," they crowded around us as we were trying to get on our horses and uttered the most pitiable cries, calling out "HAW-WA-JEE, HAW-WA-JEE," holding out their hands for *backshish*. Their scarred faces, some of which were almost decayed with the loathsome disease, were such as I never had looked into before. Some of them had their faces partly covered with filthy rags, some were barefooted and a number of their toes were off, and some had their feet tied up in rags. They would hold up their horrid hands from which some had lost all of the fingers and others a large part of them, and presenting them would utter that indescribable whining cry which if once heard never can be forgotten. We threw out

some coins for them to pick up, more with a view to get away from them and to prevent them from following us than for thoughtful charity. These poor lepers are found in all parts of Palestine, but are most numerous in and about the larger cities. It seems that the people of the villages drive them from their midst, and they shelter about the cities. Leprosy is a loathsome and mysterious disease. It is not certain whether it is really contagious or hereditary; certainly, persons do not contract it from ordinary contact with lepers. The white leprosy is described in Leviticus xiii. 3–8, which is yet found in in Palestine; but the prevalent disease known as leprosy is somewhat different. No cure is known in medical science for tubercular leprosy; and it is believed to be on the increase in Palestine. The largest number of lepers are found at Jerusalem, where they are assigned separate quarters in the southwestern part of the city. The disease does not make its appearance until after fourteen years of age, nor after forty-five. It ruins all real pleasure of life, destroys physical health and mental activity, changes the voice and wastes the form and features and fingers and toes, and leaves a ghostly being to suffer out his days till death comes to the relief. And yet there are no hospitals for them, and they are allowed to marry and produce children, who in turn lead over again the same living death. They are so horrible in appearance that at first one hardly has any feeling for them other than utter abhorrence. In passing through and around Shechem we saw many of them sitting down by the gates and under the walls, apparently like stupefied brutes waiting for death. Oh! the compassion of Jesus, the God-man, who once traveled these paths! He healed the lepers. Unclean, filthy, miserable, afflicted, tormented beings like these were the objects of his compassion and healing and saving power.

In all the towns, as well as villages, I saw only the flat-roofed houses. The walls of the houses are thick and heavy, built of sun-dried brick or of stone. In the peasant villages mere poles are laid across the building, and brush and wood and a heavy body of dirt are placed on the top, the

roof being perfectly flat. When it rains the dirt is rolled solid again by means of a stone cylinder-like roller, about a foot in diameter and two feet long. These house-tops are used for the same purpose that a yard in America would serve. Corn, clothes, and anything of the kind, will be seen spread out on them to dry. I frequently saw flax spread out on the tops of the houses. It was on the house-top that Rahab of Jericho concealed the spies sent out by Joshua—for she "brought them up to the roof of the house, and hid them with the stalks of flax." (Joshua ii. 6.) On one occasion our entire company got upon one of these houses and had lunch spread out, where all enjoyed a hearty meal, while half-naked Arabs, who seemed not to have used water for washing since the flood, sat around, or from adjacent trees to which some had climbed, looked at us wonderingly. The women, however, carried water for our company and for our horses in great jugs from a spring a half mile distant down the hill. For this service they were of course well rewarded.

On these dirt-roofs the grass is likely to spring up; but it withers as soon as the heat of the sun strikes it. For thousands of years this has been a symbol of feebleness, insomuch that the psalmist in reproaching the wicked exclaimed, "Let them be as the grass upon the house-tops, which withereth afore it groweth up." (Psalms cxxix. 6; also II. Kings xix. 26.) In the larger towns, and where stone is used for walls, —old stones from ancient buildings being employed,—an arch of stone is built up to support the roofs and stone floor above. Thus, often one house-top is a kind of terrace to another. These house-tops are sometimes covered with tiling. It was by the removal of this kind of roofing that the men were enabled to get the palsied man at Capernaum into the presence of the thronged Savior of men. (Luke v. 19.) A parapet of stone is often built around the outer part of the house-top, as shown in our illustration. Often this is of tiling piled up four or five feet high, so as to shut out the view of any inquisitive neighbor. Unto this day they obey the commandment, "When thou buildest a new house, then thou shalt make a battlement

for the rest, that thou bring not blood upon thine house, if any man fall from thence." (Deuteronomy xxii. 8.) In entering the large chamber of the Samaritan chief at Shechem we ascended first one or two broken and ruined flights narrow passes of rising before coming to the "upper room." On these house-tops beds are spread and the family sleep under an awning in the hottest part of the year. Other stairs were on

ORIENTAL HOUSE-TOP.

the house-tops spinning, and nurses taking care of children. Often the Commandments point to these places to pray, as did Peter at Joppa, when he became very hungry and would have eaten even as he prayed about the sixth hour. (Acts x. 9.)

Turning our faces from Shechem eastward, we rode through the valley which on the right leads to the plains of Jericho, and to the left the rocky steeps of Ebal. These mountains as

many places are honey-combed with caves and tombs. A mile and a half eastward from Shechem through the narrow valley, and we were where the mountains on either side suddenly break off, and the broad, beautiful plain of Moreh spreads out before the eye. Here close under the brow of Gerizim in the plain is the well of Jacob. It is here that Jacob "bought a parcel of a field, where he had spread his tent, at the hand the children of Hamor, Shechem's father, for a hundred pieces of money," when he "came to Shalem, a city of Shechem, which is in the land of Canaan, when he came from Padan-aram; and pitched his tent before the city." Here Jacob dwelt in a tent (Genesis xxxiii. 18, 19) with Leah and Rachel, and over these plains he whose name should be called Israel led his flocks like a great Bedouin chief. About this spot the children of Jacob played in their childhood. Perchance Joseph's little feet ran about this well in childish innocence—he whose bones, after having been carried forty years through the wilderness from the land of Egypt, were buried yonder a few paces away. Here the sons of Jacob fed the flocks of their father before returning to Dothan (Genesis xxxvii. 13); and the Samaritans and Mohammedans point out the place where Jacob was when he received the torn and bloody coat from the hands of the cruel brothers of the beloved but enslaved son.

Directly at the east end of Ebal, and a little more than a quarter of a mile from its base in the plain, is the traditional tomb of Joseph. There is something suggestive beyond the discussion of this page, in the fact that Joseph so honored his own lifeless body as to provide that it should be buried in the land of Canaan; for he "took an oath of the children of Israel, saying, God will surely visit you, and ye shall carry up my bones from hence." (Genesis l. 25.) More than a hundred years after Joseph died in Egypt he was carried to Shechem, and his "bones" were buried in the parcel of ground which his father had bought of the sons of Hamor. (Joshua xxiv. 32.) It is not at all improbable that the mummy of Joseph now sleeps near the modern structure which honors the place.

A stout stone wall, neatly whitewashed, and about twenty-five feet square and ten feet high, surrounds a roofless inclosure. The tomb is about seven feet long and three feet high, made in the shape of a grave and plastered. Adjoining this inclosure is a structure of stone, with a rude dome in a dilapidated condition. Two small stone pillars stand at the tomb, one at the head and one at the foot. In the top of these pillars is a kind of bowl hollowed out, which is black, showing signs of having been used in burning offerings. In the wall of the inclosure is built a stone seat, on which some persons were sitting. One of them came and begged for money with which to buy olive-oil, as he said, to keep up a light in the small earthen lamp seen in a niche in one end of the tomb. The tomb and wall were erected on this traditional site by Mr. Rogers, the British consul at Damascus, in 1868, as is shown by an inscription in the wall.

From the tomb of Joseph we rode directly southward across the valley of Shechem, where it expands into the plain of Moreh, to Jacob's well. There are few places in the Holy Land which I had so much desire to look upon. At first I experienced a feeling of sore disappointment. I had always thought of "Jacob's well" as having Jesus seated beside it "wearied with his journey." A sense of loneliness and sadness stole over me when I found him not there, but instead, crumbling ruins and heaps of decayed buildings lying about the entrance to the well. After some reflection I was contented to place my humble feet where my Master's had certainly trodden, and to sit on the same spot where he rested as his "disciples were gone away into the city to buy meat." Christians, Jews, Samaritans, and Mohammedans all agree that this is the veritable "Jacob's Well," dug in the alluvial soil and rock more than thirty-six hundred years ago. It is not a little remarkable that a well should at all be found here when springs are so abundant only a mile distant. But let it be remembered that Jacob was not always on friendly terms with the Shechemites, and that his wealth and growing prosperity secured him the jealousy of the people who found him permanently in possession of

the splendid plain of Moreh, and we can see why the people would deny him and his flocks access to the fountains and pasturage of Shechem, and thus compel him to prepare this well, though near abundant springs. It is the visit of our Lord to this spot that vests it with such tender interest. He was going from Judea to Galilee. This place is on the highway from Jerusalem to Capernaum, so he came near "the city of Samaria, which is called Sychar, near to the parcel of ground that Jacob gave to his son Joseph." John says, "Now Jacob's well was there. Jesus therefore, being wearied with his journey, sat thus on the well: and it was about the sixth hour." (John iv. 6.) Here Jesus met the woman of Samaria, who probably lived at Sychar, near by, while the disciples were gone away to buy bread. Nearly fourteen hundred years ago a church stood over the well, and its ruins are yet visible all about. I climbed down seven or eight feet through the broken arch-covering and sat on the stone which forms the mouth of the well. The stone is about four by five feet in width and breadth and eighteen inches thick, with an orifice about two feet in diameter. The well is over seven feet in diameter and seventy feet deep. The vaulting covers a chamber nearly twenty feet long and ten feet wide, the floor being covered with fallen stone. When Maundrell visited this well in March, A. D. 1697, he states that it was one hundred and five feet deep and had fifteen feet of water in it. Hebard and Hornes, in May, A. D. 1828, found the well dry but about the same depth as stated above. In A. D. 1843, Dr. Wilson found it seventy-five feet deep. When Conder measured it in 1877, he found it the same depth. It has been filled up thirty or forty feet by stone and dirt. It was entirely dry when we visited it.

In the plains below, the men were plowing with oxen. There were no rude Arabs here to torment us, as was often the case where we so much coveted to be alone. We were sure that we were at the very spot where Jesus conversed with the woman until she left her water-pot and went hastily into the city and said to the men, "Come and see a man which told me all things that ever I did: is not this the Christ?" How

precious the words as we read them there by the well, "Whosoever shall drink of this water shall thirst again, but whosoever shall drink of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." Oh, wonderful words of Jesus uttered here! Nor have they lost their value. He stills gives the water of life to the thirsty; and so I prayed, "Give me this water that I thirst not." About us were the same scenes upon which Jesus looked as he uttered these memorable words. Standing beside the same well where Jesus sat, our company with reverent attention listened to the writer as he read the thrilling account of Christ's conversation with the woman as recorded by the evangelist. (John iv. 5–30.) We looked upon the valley of Shechem, up which his disciples had gone to buy bread. Our eyes rested upon "this mountain" Gerizim to which the Savior's eyes followed the gesture of the woman when she asked of him the lawful place of worship, and to which the Savior pointed when he said to her, "The hour cometh when ye shall neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father;" but "the true worshipers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth." (John iv. 23.) Turning our faces eastward, there were the men plowing in the same "fields" over which Jesus looked when he said to his disciples, "Say not ye, There are yet four months, and then cometh harvest!" and from which he lifted their souls to the spiritual realm, exclaiming, "Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest." (John iv. 35.) From the very spot where we were standing, Jesus, entreated by the people, walked slowly across the narrow plain to the city, there to spend "two days" in teaching the Samaritans the way of eternal life. How I longed to know where he abode and who entertained him!

Half a mile distant from Jacob's well, and full in sight, at the base of Ebal is a little group of mud-houses composing a village called Askar. Its rock-cut tombs and other features suggest that it occupies the site of an ancient city. And here

no doubt was the "city of Samaria, which is called Sychar," a statement, as Conder well suggests, not likely to have been made of a place so well known as Shechem. The early Christians recognized Sychar as a place a mile east of Shechem. The modern Askar has its name possibly through the Samaritans, from "Ischar," a vulgar pronunciation of Sychar. (See *Tent-Work in Palestine*, Vol. 1. page 41.)

The plain of Moreh, called *Mukhnah*, is a fertile valley about seven miles long from north to south, and from one and a half to two miles wide. Three or four miles below Jacob's well, in the plain, is the village *Awerta*, where two tombs are shown which the Samaritans and Mohammedans hold to have been the site of the graves of Eleazar and Phinehas. (Joshua xxiv. 33.)

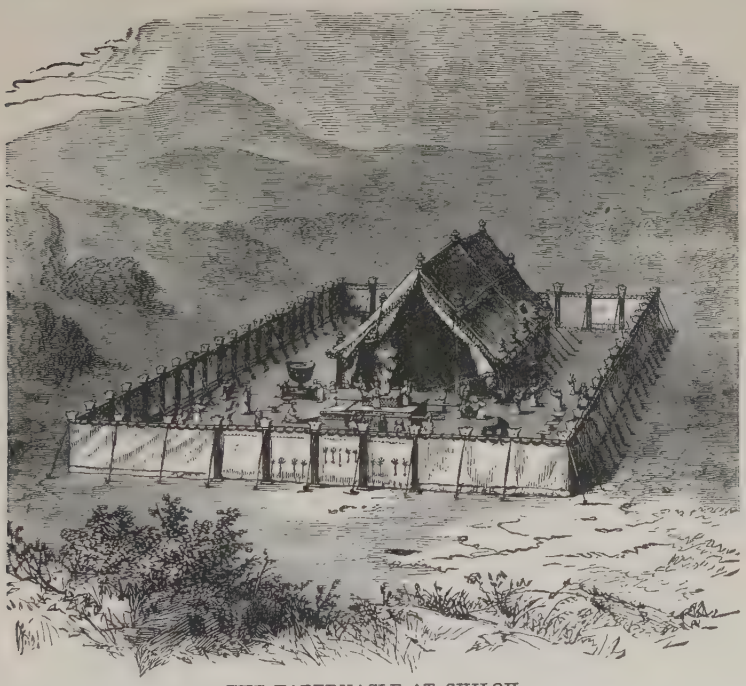
We turned our course from Jacob's well, jumped our horses over the broken-down stone wall which incloses a square twenty or thirty yards each way, took the last look at Balata, which probably marks the place of the sacred oak, and directed our way down the plain, with a view of reaching Shiloh. Doing so we had "passed through Samaria" and were now in Judea, the southern division of the land in the time of Christ. With every step of the way I found my heart more absorbed in the land. We were now crossing and winding about the northern hills of Judea, and by the same route often traveled by the Savior, and were climbing over the same steeps up which Paul and Barnabas and Titus, with others from Antioch, passed to the great church-council at Jerusalem. Along the same hill-side where we rode, once and for centuries trod the tribes of Israel as they went up to Shiloh, there to worship before the tabernacle during the long reign of the judges. From this point southward to Jerusalem the whole country is crowded with historic associations. Almost every prominent hill in this land of Ephraim and Benjamin was once the site of some city where long ago lived and died some Bible hero, or where occurred some battle-scene, the memory of which bedecks it with a mystic charm and glory.

CHAPTER XVII.

Khan Sawich — Lebonah — Shiloh — Tabernacle — Altar of Incense — Ark of the Covenant — High-Priest — Home of Samuel — Eli — Robbers' Fountain — View from Bethel — Mizpeh — Bethel — View of Jerusalem — Events at Bethel — Over the Quarantine Mountains — Camp at Jericho.

AFTER passing out of the plain of Moreh and crossing over hills and narrow valleys, we lunched at an old khan called Khan Sawich. I shall never forget the company of stout, half-naked women and children who carried water for our lunch and to our horses. Some of them climbed into a great oak, Zaccheus-like, to get a good view of the company, and there sat on a limb of the tree, doubtless hungering for our lunch. Here we most probably cross the line which divided Judea from Samaria. Here and there are well-watered valleys, but the country is exceedingly mountainous. The ranges and peaks are much higher than in other parts of Palestine, and the valleys are deep and rocky. Some of the hills I saw were finely terraced and thickly set with olive-trees. Men were engaged in plowing in the same manner as described on page 330, and preparing the ground for the reception of seed. The olive-berries were being gathered by the women and children, who were singing some coarse songs in unmusical strains. We visited Lubben on the way, an old, uninteresting town, which doubtless stands on the site of ancient Lebonah. (Judges xxi. 19.) Here we turned to the left to visit the secluded and for ages the unknown site of ancient Shiloh, known now under the name of *Seilun*. We rode up a rough, narrow valley surrounded by rocky hills. Why Joshua established his head-quarters here

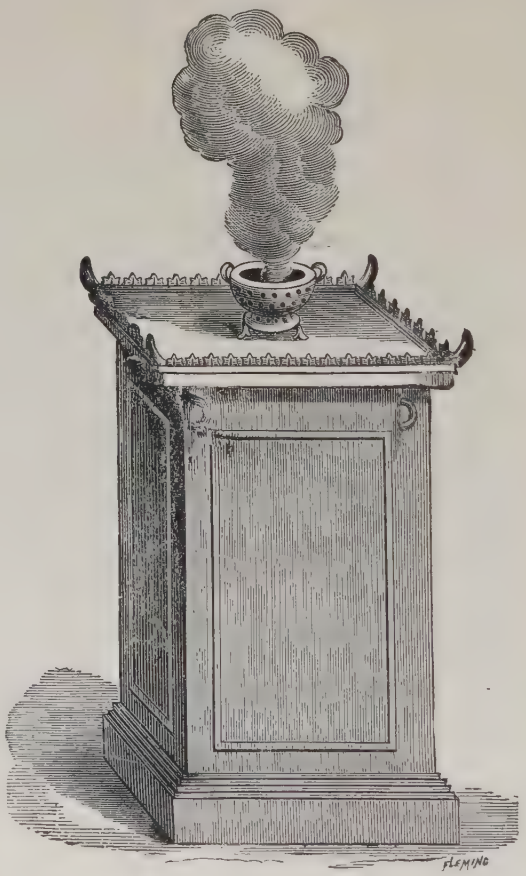
and set up the tabernacle in this isolated and mountainous place I can hardly see, unless he did so from the fact that he wished to remain within the inheritance of the children of Joseph, to which by descent he belonged. But in turning from the course of the great highway to visit Shiloh, one is reminded of what he may expect from reading the description of the location of Shiloh, "A place which is on the north side of Bethel, on the east side of the highway that goeth



THE TABERNACLE AT SHILOH.

up from Bethel to Shechem, and on the south of Lebonah." (Judges xxi. 19.) There are few ruins at Shiloh, and what these are in their full history is not certainly known. The small hill on which Shiloh once stood is now thickly covered with black, weather-beaten ruins. There is a narrow valley running around the hill, which is itself surrounded by hills which tower several hundred feet high. At the southern slope of the Shiloh hill are the stout ruins of an old mosque,

called "The Mosque of the Servants of God." Its ruined walls are shaded by a fine massive oak-tree. On the north of the ruin-crowned hill is a peculiar plateau or scarp cut in the rock so as to make a vast level spot. At places the cut is five or six feet deep. It was first discovered by Captain Wilson, some years ago. It is the more remarkable from the fact that its measurements at once suggest it as the spot where the tabernacle once stood. It is four hundred feet long from east to west and seventy-seven feet wide, —just two feet wider than the tabernacle court. Its length would accommodate the tabernacle and court, and afford a level place in front for the worshipers. It is doubtless here that the tabernacle stood in its honor as the dwelling-place of the Almighty more than three thousand years ago; and here the tribes went up to worship the God of Israel who had brought them up out of Egypt many centuries before the establishment of worship at Hebron or at Jerusalem. The reader will be pleased to see our illustration pre-



ALTAR OF INCENSE.

senting the tabernacle with the court surrounding it. In the court where the sacrifices were slain were the altar of burnt-offering directly in front of the tabernacle, which faced east-

ARK OF THE COVENANT.

ward, and the brazen laver which stood between the altar of burnt-offering and the tabernacle. The tabernacle was divided

into two parts, the Most Holy place being separated from the Holy place by curtains. In the eastern part or entrance on the southern side or to the left stood the golden candle-stick, to the north or right the table of shew-bread, and nearest the curtain inclosing the Most Holy place stood the altar of incense for the burning of incense before the Lord. Within the Most Holy place there was only the ark of the covenant overlaid with pure gold, on the lid of which were the cherubim, and between whose forms was the mercy-seat. In this ark of the covenant were "the golden pot that had manna, and Aaron's rod that budded, and the table of covenant." (Exodus xxv. 10–22; xl. 20; Deuteronomy x. 5; xxxi. 26; Hebrews ix. 4.) Into this place, the holiest of all, only the high-priest was permitted to enter, and he "alone once every year, not without blood, which he offered for himself and for the errors of the people." (Hebrews ix. 7; Exodus xxx. 10.) This entrance within the veil must be also with a "censer full of burning coals of fire from off the altar before the Lord," in which censer was to burn sweet incense as he stood before the ark of the Lord, that the cloud of the incense should cover the mercy-seat. (Leviticus xvi. 12, 14.) During four hundred years this holy service was performed at Shiloh, until the wicked sons of Eli carried the ark of God to battle and it was taken by the Philistines.

HIGH-PRIEST BEFORE THE LORD.

From the hill on which stood ancient Shiloh we rode southward a few hundred yards across the valley to a peculiar old ruin, probably an ancient synagogue, afterward converted into a Christian church of Byzantine architecture, and afterward into a Mohammedan mosque. It is built of solid masonry, and the walls on the outside are much thicker below than above. The building is thirty-seven feet square. The great door on the north is mounted with a heavy lintel, on which are vases and rosettes carved in bold relief. From earliest childhood I have been accustomed to frequently read the story of little Samuel, brought by Hannah to old Eli to have his home in the house of the Lord. (I. Samuel i. 24–28.) Here his feet once played over these valleys and his eyes once rested on these hills, then crowned with a beauty and glory which have long ago faded away. The scene rose before me like a picture which I can not now describe. It was here he heard the voice of God calling him in the night, saying, "Samuel, Samuel," until he in his childish innocence went to Eli and asked for what he had called him. Here Joshua divided the land to the tribes of Israel. Here old Eli died of sorrow when the battle had gone sore against the army of Israel, and Phinehas and Hophni, his sons, were slain, and the ark of God was carried away by the Philistines. (I. Samuel iv. 10–18.) Old Eli "sat by the way-side" doubtless leading around the hill through the city to the northern part of the town, and not by the gate leading into the city, as is usually supposed. Hence he "heard the noise of the crying" of the people in the southern part of the town, where "the man of Benjamin" first gave the sorrowful tidings of the defeat of the hosts of Israel.

There is a very interesting and striking story told by the author of Judges of a great strait to which the men of the tribe of Benjamin were once reduced for wives, being forbidden, on account of some quarrel among the tribes, to marry women from any of the twelve tribes. Here at Shiloh when the daughters of the city went out to dance in the dances, by agreement of the authorities the men of Benjamin were hidden in the vineyards, and every man came out and caught

himself a wife, and then returned with his booty to his own inheritance. (Judges xxi. 16–24.) Josephus relates that this was in the times of Phinehas. The valley, where once gardens and vineyards were cultivated, is now poorly farmed; and the barren hills all about present a view than which scarcely any could be more desolate. There are now no daughters of Shiloh to dance in the gardens.

The sun was sinking over the hills of Judea when we turned our faces southward, with the hope of reaching Bethel by the night. On our right and left were great mountain-like ridges and hills,—not gray or chalky, as in southern Judea, but glowing with a roseate appearance. Our way led down narrow lanes and rough passes, between stone walls under the shadow of lofty hills, terraced to the top and overgrown by olive-orchards of great beauty and fruitfulness. Women were busy thrashing the olives down and then picking them up, while lazy men sat around. Persons on the hills in the distance were following their rude plows, which were slowly drawn by small oxen, goaded now and then by the lazy driver. The way proved rough, and we could not make rapid progress. Some of the company were wearied and sick. We despaired of reaching Bethel that day and concluded to camp for the night in the valley of Robbers' Fountain, one of the wildest and most romantic places I ever saw.

Long before the morning sun could smile on us in the deep valley of the Robbers' Fountain our horses stood in front of the camp: and as our men were pulling up the stakes and taking down the tents and loading all upon the backs of the mules and donkeys we climbed into the saddle. By half past nine o'clock we had passed down the deep gorges beside great hills of stratified rock of limestone and flint, and over one stony ridge after another, and were on a high hill just north of Bethel. From this place we had a magnificent view of the land upon which our eyes had learned to look with ever-increasing delight. With every recurring morning the interest of our journey had increased. For weeks I had thought of the time when I should catch the first view of the holy

city Jerusalem. The hills about us were covered with great square limestones, through, around, and over which we forced our horses on to the highest point. What an enchanting view greeted us! Far over the hills of Judea to the right lay the ancient Mizpeh. Five miles north-west of Jerusalem, far up on a high mountain, four hundred feet above the highest points, is the holy city, and more than three thousand feet above the level of the sea. The Arabs call it *Neby Samwil.* It was there that Samuel the prophet, three thousand years ago, assembled all Israel, commanding them to put away the strange gods Baalim and Ashtaroth, and serve the Lord only. There Samuel drew water and poured it out before the Lord, while the people fasted and refused to drink. There Samuel "cried unto the Lord" and offered a lamb as a burnt-offering, while the Philistines assembled for war in the valley below. Out of the mountain and the clouds which hung about it the Lord thundered that day with a "great thunder" upon the Philistines, and they were smitten before the Lord and before Israel. Yonder below Mizpeh, Samuel set up a stone and called it Eben-ezer (to this place, or to this time, has the Lord helped us). (I. Samuel vii. 12.) There Samuel made his regular visits, as well as to Gilgal and Bethel, to judge the people. (I. Samuel vii. 16.) Turning eastward a little way we came to the place where once stood the mighty Ai (Joshua vii. 2 and xii. 9), the first city attacked by Joshua after the capture of Jericho. Here the three thousand, elated with the triumph of Jericho, flee before the men of Ai, and are slain because of the sin of Achan (Joshua vii. 5) until the hearts of the people became as water for fear. Just south of where we were standing lay the site of ancient Bethel, crowning a hill similar to but smaller than the one upon which the tabernacle rested at Shiloh.

As we stood here casting our eyes over all the vast theater of the events of illustrious centuries I could almost see the old prophet of God—Elijah—coming from Gilgal, clad in his goat-skin mantle, making his last visit to the schools of the prophets here at Bethel on his way to Jericho and the Jordan,

beyond which he is to be met by the chariot of fire from the heavenly country, drawn by steeds of flame.

But what city is that far over the hills which our eyes rest upon right over Bethel? Strange we have not seen it sooner! It looks as though it were only three or four miles away. We ask softly how far it is—for we have now fully determined that it is the city toward which our thoughts have so often turned from our childhood. It is the city the name of which has become the symbol of sacredness, peace, and bliss in all quarters of the globe. In poetry and sacred and hallowed thought it has been held the type of the celestial "city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God." Our eyes at last, at a distance of ten miles away, are looking at the holy city. Behold! that is Jerusalem. My head was uncovered, and emotions of wonder, of joy, of satisfaction, of delight, crowded upon the bosom. Two hours' ride would bring us within its venerable walls. After all, this distant view is unsatisfactory. We shall come nearer to the city by and by. Still, its elevation and beautiful situation even at this distance struck me with admiration. Quite beyond it are the hills of Judea, about Bethlehem and toward Hebron. Eastward are the hills about the plain of Jericho, while in the distance rise full in sight the blue mountains of Moab, east of the Jordan valley, from the summit of which Moses surveyed the promised land. They appear to be only a dozen miles away, while indeed they are more than twice that distance. They seem to slope suddenly down to the Jordan valley. We are at Bethel, and must not forget that "this is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven." (Genesis xxviii. 17.) So, at least, it proved to Jacob, three thousand six hundred and forty-three years ago, when he came up this rocky hill, then as now so stony that during the night he could do no better for a pillow to place under his weary head than to choose a hard stone, possibly taken from the rude altar formerly piled up by his grandfather Abraham. But even we may learn that stones under our head in life's night may be soft indeed if they but hold our heads while heaven opens and the angels ascend and descend before us.

The present name of Bethel is *Beitin*. Its earliest name is Luz, by which it was called in the time of Abraham. Bethel, next to Shechem, is the most ancient place in Palestine mentioned in the Bible. Here between Ai and Bethel, Abraham established a holy place unto the Lord (Genesis xii. 8) when he first came into Canaan. No doubt he camped outside of the town of Luz; and hence the record in speaking of Jacob's coming here one hundred and sixty years afterward calls it a "*place*," and a "certain place," using the word place four times in the chapter containing the account. (Genesis xxxv.) This doubtless has reference to the sanctuary or Holy place where Abraham had built an altar unto the Lord. Here Jacob had his glorious night-vision when the ladder reached from the place where he lay to the heaven far away, from which the angels of God were coming down. Here he rose and planted one of the stones, which had served as a pillow, as a pillar before the Lord, and where afterward he should build an altar to the Lord. More than a quarter of a century afterward Jacob came again to Luz and built an altar unto the Lord, and called the place Bethel. (Genesis xxxv. 15.) Here also the Lord changed Jacob's name to Israel. (Genesis xxxv. 10.) Here below the town they buried Deborah, the nurse of Rebekah, and from this spot Jacob removed his camp to bury Rachel at his next encampment. From an expression in the history of Samuel (I. Samuel x. 3), in the anointing of Saul, it seems probable that Samuel not only visited Bethel to judge Israel, but here offered sacrifices to the Lord. Here long afterward Jeroboam set up a calf of gold as an idol-god for the adoration of Israel. (I. Kings xii. 29.) Here the lone prophet of God met Jeroboam beside the altar over which the extended arm of the king withered, paralyzed, and dried up under the blighting curse of the Almighty, whose altars he had dishonored and forsaken. (I. Kings xiii. 4.) To this place came the good young Josiah to break down the altars of Baal; and here at Bethel he burned the very bones of the priests of the false gods upon their altars. (II. Kings xxiii. 16.) Our minds stagger at the changes and conflicts which have transpired here on the

grounds over which we gaze. How conflicting and how untimely wicked many of the years and actors which throw their threads through the ages which make up the history of these hills!

The prophet declared that "Bethel shall come to naught." (Amos v. 5). And how literally this has been fulfilled. There are only a few ruins, and these are unworthy of mention here, and the town is composed of rude hovels in which perhaps four or five hundred people live. Stone walls surround what might seem to be gardens and fields sown, but for the fact that they are little more than great beds of stone. We rode down to the fountain below the town and halted for a time and examined the pool, which is about ten feet wide and twelve feet long, and nearly six feet deep. Below the pool are traces of a large reservoir partly cut out of solid rock, with a rock bottom, only partly exposed to sight. This pool was originally about ten feet deep and three hundred and seventeen feet by two hundred and fourteen feet in length and width. The people in Bethel do not look as if they made much use of the pool for ablution, being really filthy and disgusting in appearance. They looked at our company with utter amazement.

From Bethel we turned our course toward the valley of the Jordan. In a few moments we came upon an eminence a little distance east of Bethel, from which we had our first view of the Dead Sea beyond the gray hills of Judea and bedded low down in the Jordan valley at the foot of the darker mountains of Moab. Its dark bosom lay like a cloudy plain, nestled far down below the hills on either side, while a mist thinly hung over it like a veil of cloud. One half of the Dead Sea is visible from the knoll close to Ai. We took time to examine some rock-cut tombs and caves and cisterns near the town *Der Diwan*. These no doubt mark the site of ancient Ai. Northward from the town, across the valley corresponding with the Bible record (Joshua viii. 11-14), Joshua encamped the armies of Israel, while he set five thousand men secretly in ambush on the west of the town, toward

Bethel. By this means the people of Ai were decoyed to follow the retreating army of Israel down the valley toward the Jordan, while those in ambush took and destroyed the city. These cisterns and caverns, with the remarkable correspondence of the place to the Bible description, warrant us in believing that we have indeed been on the site of ancient Ai, where, for the sin of Achan, Israel first suffered defeat after the conquest of Jericho (Joshua vii. 1–5), and where subsequent victory was won, as before related.

Turning from Ai toward the Jordan valley we had no road to travel on; but over crooked and winding paths, over high mountain-like hills, crossing deep valleys, and above dreadful steeps, hundreds of feet, almost perpendicular, our way was followed. Sometimes the steeps were so precipitous that our fears or our judgment prevailed, and we walked and led our horses for a mile or more. Sometimes the hills about us were solid limestone, sometimes flint almost to agate, and then they were soft and white like chalk. Often we turned aside to examine the great cisterns cut deep in the solid rock.

By one o'clock we began to descend the hills. This is one of the wildest and most desolate portions of all Palestine. The hills are varied in form, sometimes forming in ridges, then conical in shape, with valleys cut deep and sharp below. These hills, on which here and there remained a little dead grass, are curved around with paths along which shepherds lead their flocks of sheep and goats. Before us spread out the entire valley of the Jordan, looking like a grayish, chalky bed of earth, cut through with a deep, winding channel, down which flows the crooked Jordan. In this barren and desolate mountain-region our Lord passed that indescribable sorrow of forty days and nights alone in fasting, and in battle with the powers of darkness, before entering upon his public ministry. Can it be that here in this dreary and barren wilderness of hills and rocks our loving Lord, solitary and alone, girded upon himself that eternal endurance of love and suffering from which he never shrunk, but which he completed in his death on the cross and his triumph over death and his ascen-

sion to his Father and our Father? It was a wild and daring and yet melancholy introduction to a wonderful life, which from the first to the last surprises us more and more at every step. But over these heights we steadily pursued our journey, and thus a hard day wore slowly away. Some of the company murmured somewhat at our guide, supposing that he should have led us by a better route. Our caravan had gone directly from the valley of the Robbers' Fountain "down to Jericho." One of our cooks, who was enticed from our caravan to follow some wild fowl, lost his way, and spent the night in the mountains. In the mountains of temptation I learned to stick close to the divine Guide in the place and time of assault from the tempter.

The shadows of the mountains were stretching across the Jordan valley when we climbed down the rocky steeps and at last, in the evening shadows, found our way along the gravelly beds of streams of water, now dry, and over plains in which were Bedouin camps and flocks. In an hour our familiar tents were erected on the site of ancient Jericho, of Joshua's time. A company of soldiers from Jerusalem at our order had come out to protect us from thieves; and we felt sure we should pass the days in safety, and without "falling among thieves," as one did of olden times when he would go down to Jericho.

I spent an hour examining the peculiar mound back of our camp, and in taking a bath in the stream flowing from Elisha's Fountain. I passed the evening hour with many a wondering look upon the mountains of Moab, eastward beyond the Jordan, and many a subdued meditation as I gazed upon the Quarantine mountain half a mile west, into which Jesus was led by the Spirit to pass those forty dreadful days of conflict in the slopes and gorges and heights and barren peaks, over which we had come from Bethel. After making my accustomed registers for the day, which reminded me that it was thirty-seven years since God gave me a being in the world (November 15, 1844), thankful and wearied I crept into my cot and fell asleep.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Valley of the Jordan — River Jordan — Plain — Cities of the Plain — Jericho — Elisha's Fountain — Quarantine Mountain — Gilgal — Sodom and Gomorrah — Dead Sea — Bethabara — Pilgrims to the Jordan.

WITH our camp at Jericho we had arranged to spend two days in the valley of the Jordan. We had quit the Jordan valley at the Sea of Galilee to visit that section of country lying westward toward the great sea. The Jordan valley, which may be regarded as a continuation of the Cœle-Syrian valley in Syria, is one of the most remarkable formations on the globe. The Jordan river, the sources of which have been described on page 342, flows through the entire valley from Banias or Cæsarea Philippi to the Dead Sea. From Banias to Lake Huleh, or the waters of Merom, twelve miles, the Jordan falls almost one thousand feet. This lake is four miles long, and from its southern end to the northern end of the Sea of Galilee is a distance of ten and one half miles. From Merom to the Sea of Galilee the fall is about six hundred and eighty-two feet. This sea is twelve and a half miles long, and from its southern end to the Dead Sea is a distance of sixty-five miles in a straight line. Thus the total length of the Jordan, including the lakes, is one hundred and four miles. From its rise to the Sea of Galilee, which is six hundred and eighty-two feet below the Mediterranean, the fall of the Jordan is over sixty feet to the mile. The Dead Sea is six hundred and ten feet lower than the Sea of Galilee, and one thousand two hundred and ninety-two feet below the sea-level, so that in the Jordan, from the Sea of Galilee to the Dead Sea there is a fall of six hundred and ten

feet—an average of over nine feet fall to the mile. It has but four perennial tributaries in this entire course,—two on the east and two on the west side. Those on the west are the *Julud*, flowing down from the valley of Jezreel, and the *Farah* coming down from Ebal, furnishing the "much water" of Enon near Salim, where John was baptizing. Those on the east are *Yarmuk*, about six miles south of the Sea of Galilee, and *Zerka*, the ancient river Jabbok, farther south, mentioned in Genesis xxxii. 22. Besides these, there are many winter streams which flow down in the rainy season.

The valley of the Jordan varies in width from four to fourteen miles. Above Merom it is five or six miles wide. Some places below the Sea of Galilee it is only four miles, while at one place for a distance of almost a dozen miles it is only about three miles in width, with the Jordan almost entirely on the west. The plain is widest opposite ancient Jericho. Here it is, for a distance of eight miles above the Dead Sea, about fourteen miles in width. It is a level plain coursed here and there with streams of water from the western hills, which make it productive. Our tents were pitched on an elevation which doubtless once was inclosed by the walls of the Jericho of the times of Joshua. There are no inhabitants of this ancient city, which is now but a mound of *debris*. Nor does the traveler expect to find a remnant of a city of such ancient times, and which Joshua declared should not be rebuilt. (Joshua vi. 26.) In visiting this region there comes over one an indescribable feeling of disappointment. He remembers the times of Abraham and Lot, and the destruction of the cities of the plain. He thinks of the pleading of the patriarch for the sparing of the city, and of the little procession following Lot led by the angel out of Sodom. Then there rises before the fancy the teeming throngs of Israel here led into Canaan, and their camp two miles away at Gilgal, and the long line of events which connect down to the times of Samuel and Saul. He remembers the visits of Jesus to the "City of Palm-trees," as Jericho was once called. But all these events have left no traces here. The

sea, the Jordan, the plain, the adjacent mountains, the brook Cherith, the mountains of Moab and towering Nebo east of the Jordan, all correspond precisely with the Bible record. But we look in vain for the cities of history. Sodom, Gomorrah, Zoar, Jericho, Gilgal,—where are they? Everything about us as we lay camped at Jericho told me that we were walking in the plain over which the ancient leader of Israel traveled, where Samuel and Saul met face to face, and where Jesus himself was entertained in the house Zaccheus. But of all that was living here in those ages, naught remains. The entire ruins of the cities of the plain have been swept away with the decay of ages, while only the site of Jericho and Gilgal can with evident certainty be looked upon by the traveler.

There is one fountain which gurgles up as in ancient time and offers the traveler its refreshing draught as it did nearly twenty-eight centuries ago. It flows from under the hill on which the ancient Jericho of Joshua's time was built. It is to this day called Elisha's Fountain. It gurgles gently out from beneath the hill and flows over a beautiful pebble bottom into a basin of hewed stone about forty feet long and twenty-five feet wide. Small fish sport in this basin, and birds of song warble and make music in the thorny bushes of *zizyphus*, *spina christi*, and *balanites*, or balsam-tree, and other thick underwood which grow in the plain below. This fountain is one of the most delightful in all Palestine. Tradition from the first has held it to be the water which Elisha healed with a cruse of salt while he remained at Jericho soon after the ascension of Elijah. The situation of the city was pleasant but the water was naught, and therefore the land was barren. But Elisha "went forth unto the spring of the waters, and cast the salt in there, and said, Thus saith the Lord, I have healed these waters." (II. Kings ii. 21.) On the evening of our arrival at this place as a few of our company were enjoying the cool, fresh water of Elisha's spring, the waters of which are "healed unto this day, according to the saying of Elisha," an old man came down with two goat-skin bottles

and a donkey and with his washing. He went into the pool of water and did up his washing, which consisted of a Bedouin cloak and a gown. After giving them several good beatings with stones and some wringings he filled his goat-skins with water where he had been washing, put them on his little donkey, and turned aside to hunt his camp some distance away.

Ancient Jericho was situated nearly a mile from "the mountain" to which the spies fled when sheltered and directed by Rahab. (Joshua ii. 22.) South and west a mile or more from Elisha's Fountain are some of the ruins of the aqueducts and towers of the Jericho of Christ's time, while over two miles south and east of the ancient Jericho is a miserable village of stone and mud huts known as modern Jericho. To the west only a mile away from the site of ancient Jericho suddenly rise the Quarantine mountains, a thousand feet in height. They are of grayish chalky rocks, and the entire extent of their eastern declivity is cut thick with caves and dens and tombs, which are the resort of hermits and wandering Bedouins. Into these gray mountain-heights, forming a perfect wilderness, Jesus was led by the Spirit to the scene of his temptation. There in these lone mountains, which must have then been well-nigh as barren as now, for forty days and forty nights he fought that lone conflict with the powers of hell, the full meaning of which will never be comprehended by man in his mortal estate. Over this plain east of Jericho, Israel first spread their tents when Joshua led the people of God into the long-promised land. To this Jericho where we are camped came the spies from east of the Jordan to search out the country. And the kindly Rahab lived here, who sheltered these two men of Israel, covering them in the stalks of flax which she had laid in order upon the roof. While the men of Jericho searched for the spies and pursued their way toward the ford of the Jordan, the spies fled to the mountains close at hand. In some of these caves cut in the rocks, in which the hermits still shelter, they dwelt three days, until the search for them was over, when they returned to Joshua.

Around these mounds of moldering ruins once stood the walls which fell down like ashes before the breath of God. The priest of the Lord carried the ark of the covenant around the walled and doomed city once each day for six days, while seven priests blew with their trumpets. The armed men went before the trumpeters and the ark of the covenant followed after, and all the people were silent until the seventh day. On the seventh day they encompassed the city seven times in the same manner; and that day the people shouted with a great shout, and "the walls fell down flat, so that the people went up into the city, every man straight before him, and they took the city." But the "line of scarlet thread" with which Rahab had let down the spies over the wall through the window, still hung in the window as a memorial of her kindly deeds, and she, with her family, alone was spared. (Joshua vi. 12–27.) Joshua pronounced a curse upon any one who should ever attempt to rebuild the city. This curse was fulfilled in the time of Ahab, about five hundred and fifty-six years afterward, in the sorrow which came to the house of Hiel the Bethelite. (I. Kings xvi. 34.) Thus the city of splendor and renown is a heap of ruins until this day.

Roman Jericho, upon the brook Cherith, was a splendid city. Around it were the groves of palms and gardens of balsam. Herod adorned it with royal splendor; and here he ended his earthly career. This Jericho was often visited by the feet of our Savior. Here dwelt Zaccheus, the publican of wealth who climbed the sycamore-tree, the branches of which stretched over the highway, to see the Master as he passed by. (Luke xix. 1–10.) Blind Bartimæus once sat by the side of one of the thoroughfares here when Jesus of Nazareth passed by and healed him. (Mark x. 46.) It was here that Christ uttered that wonderful parable of the nobleman who delivered the pounds to his servants. And after such teachings and after the saving of Zaccheus and Bartimæus he ascended the mountains toward Jerusalem, and from Bethany made his triumphal entrance into the city of the great King.

Two miles directly east of Jericho is the site of ancient Gil-

gal. Its location has long been a matter of grave doubt; but the more recent English surveys have beyond doubt determined upon the precise site. It is known in the locality under the name *Jiljulieh*. It is said that Israel "encamped in Gilgal, in the east border of Jericho" (Joshua iv. 19); and this agrees precisely with the site fixed upon by Lieutenant Conder. The native Bedouins know the place under the name *Shejera el Eithleh*,—the tamarisk-tree,—on account of a large tamarisk-tree which stands close to the ruins. It is hardly to be supposed that any considerable ruin of the city of Joshua's time would be found, and yet the little mounds, of which there are a dozen, are probably remains of buildings which once composed ancient Gilgal. The remnants of an old pool exist here. It is called *Birket Jiljulieh*—the pool of Gilgal.

The location of the cities of the plain.—Sodom, Gomorrah, Admah, Zeboiim and Zoar, which, except the last named, were overthrown by Jehovah in the day that "the Lord rained upon Sodom and upon Gomorrah brimstone and fire from the Lord out of heaven" (Genesis xix. 24), is unknown to man. There is not a trace of any kind to direct the researcher to the place of awful doom. We only know that they were "in the vale of Siddim, which is the Salt Sea." (Genesis xiv. 3.) In what part of the valley lying about the Dead Sea they were, we might venture to conjecture, but it would be nothing more than a guess. Some of the Jews, among them Josephus, believed that these doomed cities are buried beneath the southern part of the Dead Sea. The Mohammedans hold this tradition and call it Lake Asphaltites. Dr. Thompson believes this is the case, and that the well-watered region as described in the Mosaic account, "like the land of Egypt, as thou comest unto Zoar" (Genesis xiii. 10), was irrigated by the spreading out of the lake in the rainy season. He also thinks that the saltness of the sea dates from this destruction period. I can see little more than a conjecture in this theory. God alone knows where these cities stood. As I traversed these plains my eyes often turned to the mountains east of the Dead Sea, and upon the tall peak

which Moses, the meek man of God, ascended to look from Nebo over all the land from the south even to Hermon, the land into which Israel should enter while he should die in the mount where the Lord would bury him, and his soul enter into the heavenly Canaan of which this fair land was only a faint type. As the sun slowly crept down beyond the Quarantine mountains to the west of the valley, these mountains of Moab became dressed in a garb of dark-purple hue, which farther southward had a soft, light-purple shade which deepened as the darkness came on, and presented a shading of mellow beauty such as is seldom beheld anywhere on our globe.

On the morning of November 16th we rose early for a trip to the Dead Sea. Just as the sun was rising above the mountains of Moab we were in the saddle. The rising sun purpled the mountains and the clouds to a beautiful pageant. The air was cool and pleasant, and soon the sun was concealed behind a cloud, where all fondly hoped it would have the kindness to remain for the day. This earnest wish was for the most part realized; for greatly to our comfort we saw the sun only a few times, and then but for a few minutes, until the heated hours of noon were quite past. On our way we were guarded by three soldiers, who delighted to show their horsemanship. Some of the guards remained with the tents. Those accompanying us delighted to gallop back and forth and make a display of their skill in riding, as well the fleetness of their horses, and the arms they carried. They wore the heavy Bedouin cloak, while their heads were tied up in a kerchief of silk of gay colors and many tassels. Passing the modern Jericho, around which are some pretty gardens and orchards, we saw great flocks of goats feeding on the plains. Much of the plain is overgrown with thorny shrubs. Where it is watered and cultivated it is very productive. The water was flowing over a number of farms, and the newly-sown grain had sprung up beautifully and covered the earth with a deep green. Here we saw the thorny *Spina Christi*, of which it is said the crown of thorns was made which was put upon the

head of Christ. (Matthew xxvii. 29.) It is certainly the most prickly and thorny growth I ever saw. These natives cut it and pile it up in rows about their gardens for fences. Below Jericho we crossed the bed of the brook Cherith, the stream beside which Elijah was fed by the ravens, probably farther up, where it comes out of the deep ravine in the Quarantine mountains. The stream was entirely dry, though the bed shows that at times large quantities of water flow down here. This bed of the brook is doubtless the valley of Achor, where Achin was stoned to death. (Joshua vii. 26.) All the way down the Dead Sea is in full sight, and appeared from the first to be only a few miles away. After riding an hour it seemed quite as far off as when we started. We found that it required a ride of at least ten miles to reach the sea.

When within two or three miles of the Dead Sea the land becomes more a waste for a mile or so, when the valley becomes absolutely barren. Even the thorns can not grow here. Every now and then as we rode on south-east toward the sea we suddenly descended from ten to twenty feet to find ourselves on a lower plain. This continued until we found at last that we had descended hundreds of feet. These lower plains are whitish clay, crusted over with salt, so that in some places the crust of salt seemed almost an eighth of an inch in thickness. Close about the sea were large flocks of buzzards, I should judge twice as large as the American buzzard. A haze or mist hangs over the sea, so that one can not see clearly its shores, as can be done at the Sea of Galilee. I have heard it stated that no living thing can fly over this sea of death; but this is a mistake. I saw a number of fowls flying far out over it, some small, but others large-looking, like the mud-hen.

The Dead Sea is the most wonderful sea in the world. Its bosom is clear as crystal, though constantly fed by the muddy Jordan. It is one thousand, two hundred and ninety-two feet below the level of the Mediterranean Sea. It is forty-six miles long, and at the broadest place ten miles wide. Its greatest depth is given by Lynch at one thousand three hundred and ten feet, and its mean depth at one thousand and

eighty feet. It lies two thousand four hundred and ninety-four feet below the city of Jerusalem. Its depth varies a few feet each year—Conder says not more than two feet. It is calculated that six million tons of water flow into it daily. It is thirteen per cent solid salt. It is not possible for the sea to have any outlet; and though shut in by the mountains of Moab—the grand monumental tomb of Moses—on the east and the steep mountains of Judea on the west, with the heavy current of the Jordan and many other streams pouring into it, still it is never full. How this small sea, only forty-six miles long and ten miles wide at the widest point, can evaporate so rapidly is a marvel in the things of nature. The

THE DEAD SEA.

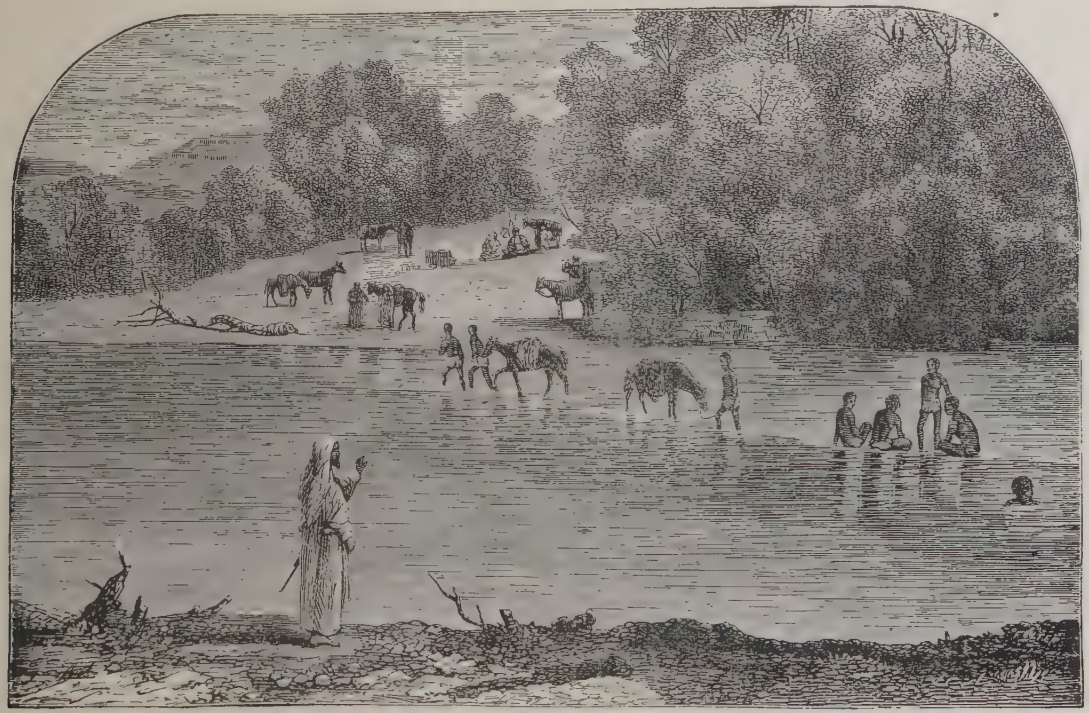
lands about the sea are barren and desolate; but the gravel beach and calm, clear water, scarcely disturbed by a breeze, spread out a scene of beauty before our eyes which one can never forget. There is no ship or boat on the sea in which one might have a sail over the deep.

Most of our company took a bath in this salt sea. I tied my pony to a dead branch of a tree, which had doubtless been washed down the Jordan and drifted to the shore, and addressed myself to a bath in this renowned water. I had heard many stories about the saltness of the water, but could scarcely believe that which looked so clear and beautiful could

be so disagreeable. My first effort was to take a dive. This I should never repeat. The effort to get under the water was a failure, to begin with. The salty fluid got into my ears, mouth, nose, and eyes. Oh! it seemed as if it would surely put my eyes out. When these sensations of pain were over I had the most delightful feelings. The water seemed soft as oil. In it, or on it, I swam and floated for an hour, loath at last to leave it. The water is so heavy that it bears the body up fully one fourth above the surface. Thus I could not sink, but floated like a feather. It is difficult to swim on the breast, because of the feet being lifted out of the water; but turning the body on the back, and elevating the head till the neck and shoulders are above the water, one can drive himself with great speed. I found it easy to sit up in the water; and the head, neck, and shoulders would be entirely above the surface. One of our company, who was fond of novelty, after swimming a long distance from the shore lighted a pipe and actually took a smoke while swimming about in the water. Upon coming out of the sea and drying the body, instead of experiencing a burning or itching from the saltness of the water, my skin felt soft and oily as if a coat of oil had been applied.

Another place, of still greater interest, remained to be visited. In history, in poetry, and in song, the river Jordan is the most renowned and sacred on our globe. The classic Rhine, the wonderful and life-giving Nile, ancient Tigris and the Euphrates, which are as old as the garden of Eden, and the poetic Tiber, all lose their sacredness in the mind of the traveler as he approaches the banks of the deep and rapid Jordan. It was the last barrier to yield to the triumphant tread of Israel as they journeyed toward the long-promised Canaan. And so it became the fitting type of death, the waters of which, as in a figure, flow between the pilgrim and his long-sought heavenly home.

A ride of an hour and a half from the Dead Sea across the plain brought us to the ford of the Jordan called Bethabara, about six miles from where the Jordan empties into the Dead Sea. The water is muddy, caused by the banks through which



CROSSING THE JORDAN AT BETHABARA.

it flows and the stream's rapid current. At the ford the river is about one hundred feet wide, and the current is strong and rapid. There are three beds to the river much of the distance where I examined it. These have their own peculiar banks, cut by the waters when at different heights. We rode thoughtfully along through a dense forest of tamarisk, silver-poplar, terebinth, and willows, thickly set in with reeds and bushes of various kinds, intercoursed with little paths made by wild boars, when suddenly we halted on a pretty sandy beach; and just before us rolled the waters of the Jordan. The entire banks of the river are a jungle of trees and shrubs and reed, in which the *bulbuls*, nightingales, and turtle-doves in great numbers find a safe retreat.

At the first I was disappointed in the appearance of the Jordan. I could hardly realize that it was indeed the Jordan of the Bible I saw flowing before me. The stream was smaller than I had always supposed it to be, and its waters were more turbid than I had thought. No one would think of spending a day at the Jordan without taking a bath in its renowned waters. I found the water disagreeably cold, and its muddy appearance was not at all inviting; yet with this muddy and cold water I tried to wash off the saltiness left from the bath in the Dead Sea, but succeeded only in part. For several days I felt as if I had taken a bath in oil. Some of our company soon swam across the river; but though they were expert swimmers, they were rapidly carried down the current, and reached the Moab shore a great distance below the ford. I resolved to proceed cautiously, and if possible wade across the Jordan to the Moab side. This I succeeded in doing. The water came about half way up my body, and I found it to be extremely difficult to bear up against the strong, cold current. Several of our company also waded across. Upon returning, I secured the assistance of one of the company to hold me from floating down the current. When in the middle of the river I dived entirely under the water, and as a reward brought home some very pretty pebbles, thus secured "out of the midst of Jordan," even as Joshua commanded "twelve

men" to take up "out of the place where the priests' feet stood firm, twelve stones" (Joshua iv. 3), which were planted as a memorial unto the people. Here, also, in the midst of the Jordan, Joshua planted twelve stones, according to the tribes of Israel. While we were at Bethabara a company of Bedouins came to the ford, going over into the Moab country. They were all well armed, and their donkeys, of which they had about thirty, were loaded with goods. They were probably returning from Jerusalem to their country east of the Jordan. One lone woman in the company was seated upon a donkey and partly carried and partly floated across, attended by half a dozen stout Arabs. All the company soon disrobed, tied up their clothes and guns, and carried them across the river on their shoulders. They then returned and removed the loads from their donkeys and carried the loads across. Upon their return it seemed that they would proceed to carry the donkeys across also; but this they did not do. They were perhaps an hour driving them over, the water washing the smaller ones far down the river. On the other side they loaded up their beasts and disappeared beyond the bushy tamarisk-forests.

This place is visited by thousands of European pilgrims every year. The time chosen is Easter Monday; and the Latin and Greek pilgrims to the Holy Land form in procession at Jerusalem and in solemn order visit the place, bathe in the Jordan, put some water into bottles, with which they are provided, cut them a staff, and return toward the holy city. They camp near the site of ancient Gilgal one night, then visit the sacred place, and again return to their place of bivouacing, where they eat, and late in the night silently resume their journey toward Jerusalem. Some of them bathe in the Jordan naked, while others have provided gowns which are ever afterward preserved sacred for their burial. The Greek and Catholic Easters fortunately do not occur at the same time, so that there is no collision. However, here as at other places, their dislike to each other is manifested in each having their own place of bathing. It is said that as

many as five thousand Greek pilgrims come here at one time, upon a great Easter occasion.

This is the traditional place where our Lord was baptized by John when he entered upon his public ministry. Of the certainty of this tradition, it is not possible to speak. Lieutenant Conder argues with great strength against the tradition, holding that the baptism of Christ occurred much farther up the Jordan. His principal argument against this place is its remoteness from Cana of Galilee, where Christ was the third day after the baptism. (John ii. 1.) This interpretation allows no place for the temptation in the chronology of events. So, it is not impossible that near here Jesus was baptized of John in the Jordan. The proximity of the "wilderness of Judea," and Jerusalem, from which the people went out to John's baptism, strongly sustains this tradition. (Matthew iii. 1, 5, 13–17.)

The sun was sinking down toward the top of the mountain of temptation across the valley which lay before us as we turned our course westward toward our camp at Jericho. What memories cluster about these surrounding hills and mountains. What foot-prints were once marked in the sands of this vast plain. Here Joshua led the people of Israel into the promised land after the forty years' wandering in the wilderness. Northward from this place, perhaps a mile or more, God piled up the waters of the Jordan at the touch of the feet of the priests who bore the ark of the covenant. A wide passage was thus opened, and two and a half millions of wanderers passed over to possess this goodly land. Before them was the promise of God and the presence of God as they swept over the plain of Jericho and encamped at Gilgal. Here Elisha followed, across the plain, the old prophet of God who would go beyond the Jordan to meet the chariot of fire, determined that his master should not escape his eye till the very gate of heaven shut him out of sight. Here the Jordan, the stream long held as the symbol of death, parted asunder when the mantle smote it and the two went over on the other side. From some elevation east in these hills of Moab, Elijah

stepped into the chariot of fire, and went up through the path of the clouds to the city of God. The same old mantle in the hands of Eli-ha again divided the Jordan, and the lone prophet came across this plain to Jericho to fight the battles of God, as his master had done, under the power of the same Spirit. Nearly nine hundred years later the Messiah came down from Nazareth, and pressed his way through the crowds which thronged to the baptism of John, and here was recognized as the "Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world." And coming up out of the waters, from these same skies the Spirit of God like a dove descended and lighted upon him. And across this plain over which we have been wandering, and into these mountains just a mile west of our camp, he was led by the Spirit to be tempted of the devil. What walks are these we tread! The foot-prints of God are here! To be permitted to look on these scenes and plains and ruins of cities and gray mountains, and to rest along the banks of the Jordan under the pleasant tamarisk-shades, all of which speak to the heart with an eloquence divine of a history so illustrious and holy, brought a flood of joy to my soul the currents of which shall never cease.

As the sun was sinking over the Quarantine mountains we rode up from the banks of the Jordan and crossed the plain six miles, to the site of ancient Gilgal, before described. After a little time spent here we hastened to our camp at Jericho.

CHAPTER XIX.

Leaving Jericho — Thieves — Brook Cherith — Elijah Fed by the Ravens — Ravens — Wilderness of Judea — The Good Samaritan — Gazelles — Apostles' Fountain — Stone of Rest — Bethany — Tomb of Lazarus — Christ at Bethany — View of Jerusalem from Olives — Entering the Holy City.

ON the 17th of November we quit our camp-life, which, to say the least of it, is not a thing of unmixed comfort. It was with peculiar pleasure that I arose from my cot with the assurance that during the remainder of our sojourn in Palestine we should be more comfortably quartered in hotels, where life would be somewhat akin to the customs of Americans. When my associates in the tent awoke in the morning, I was delivering an eloquent and affectionate farewell address to my narrow bed on the ground. I repeated a short valedictory to the tent which had sheltered me for a number of weeks. Before evening we hoped to enter the Holy City, to which for weeks we had been looking with ever-increasing anxiety. Our horses were saddled and brought in front of the camp; and while the men were taking down the tents, which we did not expect to see again, we climbed into the saddle and filed out toward the "wilderness of Judea," on our way toward Jerusalem.

Our camp had been so well guarded by the Arab soldiers that no loss through thieves had been sustained by any of our company. We had escaped the fate of a "certain man" who, coming hither, "fell among thieves," who wounded him sorely. We had the greater reminder of our good fortune from a circumstance which came to our knowledge just as we were leaving Jericho. A woman came to the camp in great distress.

She called upon our guards, kissed their hands, and proceeded to tell a pitiful story. The previous night a band of thieves had entered the village where she lived and had robbed her house or tent, carried off her goods and donkey, and left her in pitiable sorrow. She begged that the soldiers might go in search of her goods. Our dragoman and company consented that a part of the men who were engaged to attend us through the pass toward Jerusalem should go after the thieves, and if possible recover the woman's goods and donkey. And so we said "good-by" to the "city of palm-trees." Here in the plains about Jericho, however, we saw but one solitary palm. I do not believe there are more. A short time before entering the Wady Kelt, which leads from Jericho to Jerusalem, we passed the Jericho of Christ's time, to which we have above referred. Here are remnants of an old pool and aqueducts of Roman times. Conder thinks he discovered the remains of five aqueducts. A little farther on are the great ruins of towers of strength, which must have been erected as forts to protect this passage toward Jerusalem. They are of ancient times, being mentioned by the writers of the early Christian centuries. Crossing the brook Cherith, which comes out of the great wady, we found the road winding about up the wildest and yet gloomiest valley seen in all our travels. Sometimes we could look down from the road almost perpendicularly for nearly two thousand feet, to the bed of the "brook Cherith that is before Jordan," beside which doubtless the old Prophet Elijah was fed by the ravens, who "brought him bread and flesh in the morning, and bread and flesh in the evening; and he drank of the brook." (I. Kings xvii. 6.)

Here the reader inquires if there are not doubts and questionings about the genuineness of these traditions as to the events accredited to particular places. "Is it really so, that this is the place where Elijah was fed by the ravens?" Let it be answered here, that there are not a few places where it would be extremely desirable to brush away all doubt. Respecting this place, many have held that the Hebrew "Cherith" and the Arabic "Kelt" are too remote from each other to

determine anything. Others, and Dr. Robinson among the number, assert that the changes necessary to make the words identical are often made. The author referred to is disposed to accept this valley of Kelt as the Cherith where Elijah was sheltered. Others have sought a place farther northward, mainly to find a place closer to Zarephath, and because they suppose it improbable that Elijah passed through the dominion of Ahab to reach Cherith. It is, however, much more likely that he passed through the country to reach this secluded place, than that we should find a place near the capital of the enraged Jezebel simply to avoid the necessity of the prophet having made a few days' journey from Phœnicia. It is not, however, within the scope of these pages to discuss the merit of the various claims of particular locations. The author has taken pains to look at the most reasonable discussions, and aims to give what seems most rational, and what many researchers and scholars, though not all, have supported. As to this Cherith, I find it quite reasonable to believe that this deep gorge and those breasts of the Quarantine mountains, honey-combed with caves and tombs and chapels, are indeed the veritable solitary resting-place of the old Tishbite prophet when God supplied him food by the wings of the ravens. I saw a number of these noble birds in Palestine. The first which attracted my attention was when we were ascending the Lebanon mountains in Syria. Quite a number of these ravens hovered over us, while we were quite close to one or two. One followed us, flying above us for several miles. The raven, here, is a noble-looking bird. It closely resembles the American crow, though its neck and head are more neat; but it is three times as large. The gentleness of the bird in thus following us for an hour reminded me of the trying event in the life of Elijah, the prophet of God, in the time of the great drought in Israel. This Wady Kelt has its head near the road leading from Jerusalem to Bethel. Near the road from Jericho along which we passed the rocks are cut down almost perpendicularly for hundreds of feet, the valley being often not over one hundred feet wide. We were almost two thousand feet directly above it.

Thus we began to ascend the hill, which is very steep. Although the road is quite wide enough for vehicles to pass over it, this could not be from the fact that the ascent of the hill at many places is in steps almost a foot in height. To our right all along the deep wady into which we look down, the mountain rises abruptly. The mountains are grayish in color, and a great number of caverns and tombs are cut in the solid rock. These come down close to the edge of the brook. Some priests were preparing a road from the main highway down a steep hill to the brook, so that the Russian pilgrims might go down and see the sacred place.

The way through this "wilderness of Judea" would be exceedingly difficult and laborious were it not for the great improvement made in the road a few years ago by the contribution of a French lady for that purpose. She came out here on a visit, and experiencing how difficult it was to go down from Jerusalem to Jericho, gave the handsome sum of twenty-five thousand dollars to the improvement of this road. At many places along the way are to be seen remains of the old Roman aqueduct and the Roman highway. The mountains about us are of a grayish stone, barren and desolate, and must always have been so. A more desolate and barren country could hardly be imagined than this "Wilderness of Judea." It was along this way that Christ located the occurrence which is mentioned in the parable of the "Good Samaritan." (Luke x. 30–37.) Remembering that this region has always been the fitting habitation of mountaineers and marauders, and looking upon these barren and desolate hills and deeply-cut wadies, it is no wonder that the Savior chose such a place for the location of an incident which shadows forth for the world a new social law. Whoever passes up this way over which "a certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho," will experience a sense of the probability that the narrative related by Jesus to the "lawyer" was even more than a "parable." Tradition has long since located this event at a desolate point about half way from Jericho to Jerusalem. What particular place was in the mind of

Christ, or where the events forming the basis of the parable occurred, no one can tell. The traditional site is on a kind of ridge somewhat elevated, between two valleys. Close to the road are the ruins of an old khan, and a perpendicular overhanging rock, beneath which is a shallow cavern, which is a resting-place for travelers, even as the "shadow of a great rock in a weary land." Near the old khan are the ruins of two large cisterns, one of which has fallen entirely into decay. Far up on the mountain, north-east, are the ruins of a fortification, surrounded by a moat cut in the solid rock. It was once a defense of this pass to the Jordan valley. After riding about fifteen miles through this rough and desolate region, over one hill after another, and winding down and up through one wady after another, we came into lands which are cultivable. Here a few fleet-footed and beautifully formed gazelles scampered across the fields which were becoming green with grain and grass, to the rocky hills beyond. Passing up the *Wady el Hod*, with steep hills on either side, we halted at a splendid fountain gushing up on the left of the road. For the last four hundred years it has been called the "Apostles' Spring," from the supposition that the apostles with their illustrious Lord often stopped here and drank from the pearly fountain. This fountain is believed to be the "waters of En-shemesh," marking the southern boundary of Benjamin. (Joshua xv. 7). The road must have always been along this valley; and doubtless it was here that "Shimei went along on the hill's side over against" David and cursed him as he fled from Jerusalem and his rebellious son. (II. Samuel xvi. 13.) This stream is doubtless the "brook of water" over which the woman told the servants of Absalom, Ahimaaz and Jonathan, had gone. (II. Samuel xvii. 20.) We were now only a few miles from the holy city. The "mountains which are round about Jerusalem" lifted their forms before the eye. Just before us were the ridges and spurs of the eastern side of the mount of Olives. We turned aside to the spring, over which a comparatively modern work of masonry has been constructed consisting of a heavy wall of

dressed stone with an arch over the fountain. Here we refreshed ourselves at the "Apostles' Spring." The water was refreshing and was received with grateful lips. As one examines carefully the topography of the country and the way over the mount of Olives, he soon is assured beyond a doubt that he is here, indeed, not at the mouth of a well at which Jesus sat when it was "deep" and he had nothing with which to draw, but at a gurgling, pearly fountain beside which the Savior and his disciples must often have refreshed themselves as they went up to Jerusalem from Jericho. Near the fountain is an old khan where we halted for an hour for a little rest and to take lunch. The sun stood in full strength over the slopes of Olivet, and the hills about us seemed beautiful in their mellow majesty, contrasted with the barren wilderness of mountains over which we had passed from Jericho. A spirit of expectancy crept over my anxious heart. Mounting our horses, we turned somewhat abruptly to the right and began to climb up the winding road on the eastern spur of the mount of Olives. Every step of the way was made tenfold more sacred by the thought that we were on the same path up which the weary feet of Jesus ascended again and again, and that we were to enter Bethany by the same path over which he passed that last time before he was crucified at Jerusalem.

After following the winding way up the steeps of Olivet for about a mile, we paused for a little rest on a small plateau less than half a mile distant from Bethany, where our dragoman pointed out a stone about three feet long lying by the way and said, "This is the stone of rest." I knew the tradition, but asked him to explain what he meant by the "stone of rest." He looked at me with evident surprise and said, "Here on this stone our Savior sat when Martha came out to meet him when Lazarus was dead." Here, as often before, I felt my senses indisposed to believe tradition respecting special localities. Possibly this was not the stone on which Jesus sat. It was indeed hardly probable. Still, it was with peculiar reverence that I alighted from the saddle and found myself inclined to sit upon the same stone. Doubtless it was

somewhere near this spot on this hill that Martha met Jesus as he was coming, with that pathetic appeal which must have penetrated the depths of his tender heart, "Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died." (John xi. 20, 21.) I remembered that when she who loved to sit at the feet of Jesus "arose quickly, and came unto him," that "Jesus was not yet come into the town, but was in that place where Martha met him." So, as I rested a few moments, that tender scene of the meeting of Jesus and Martha and Mary crowded upon my imagination. Did you ever know a father who came home, after a long absence, to be met at the gate by a loving wife who broke to him the awful message that their darling child had died during his long absence and that she had been compelled to bury it alone? Did you ever stand beside a dear friend in the house of the dead, while she met a brother who came home after many days' travel only in time to look upon the pale dead face of a brother who had passed the mystery and pain of death? What a meeting of brother and sister's hearts as they stood in the chamber where their dead fellow lay humbled in death. Such scenes as these which I had too often witnessed came rushing to memory and intensified the vivid conception of that scene when these two sisters fell at the Savior's feet here outside of Bethany and poured out their grief. "It is too late, too late. Oh, why did you not come sooner. Lord, if thou hadst been here our brother had not died." How deeply the scene interested me. I remembered that in a far-off native land I had a dear brother laid in the grave. As I thought of him, his love, his hope, and then again of a darling little girl laid away to sleep in the grave, how my poor heart wanted to tell Jesus its bitter sorrow. What would he say? Quickly I drew from my side the Holy Book, and turning to the eleventh chapter of John I read, "Thy brother shall rise again." Farther on I read, "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." Forgetting the "stone of rest," I had found as never before a Rock upon which to

place my trembling feet, even in the hours of sorrow and the waters of death. Lifting up my eyes there stood the village of Bethany, with the history of which there are connected so many tender memories of the life of our Lord Jesus.

A score of rude Arab children swarmed around our company before we got to the town, and they were determined to have *backshish*. My dream of quiet meditation at the sacred places of the town, the very name of which is the synonym of tenderness and love and rest, was banished by these pests who pursued us.

Bethany is not known in Old Testament history. Now it is called by the natives *El'Azariyeh*, — after the name Lazarus. From the time of Helena, the mother of Constantine, the sacred sites of Bethany were marked by buildings, the bare ruins of which now remain. It has now a small population of fanatical Moslem people who shelter in perhaps forty houses or huts. The huts have low stone walls and flat roofs, and present a rude appearance. Bethany stands on a spur of the mount of Olives, a mile east of the summit, south-east of the highest point on which the church and mosque stand.

Through Bethany the natives followed us with a zeal which surely is to be commended. Here are pointed out the sites of the home of Lazarus and his two sisters, and the tomb of the dead brother whom Christ restored to life. Amid the abominable annoyances we were compelled to suffer here these places were visited.

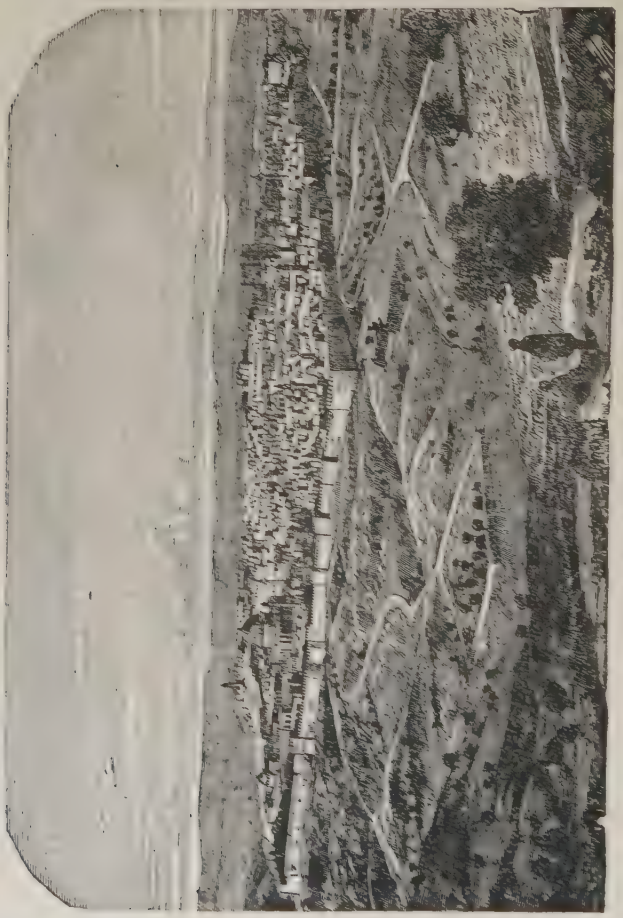
The reputed tomb of Lazarus is reached by descending about twenty-five stone steps down a dark passage opening into a subterranean chapel, which is probably nearly fifteen feet below the level of the street. From this chapel I crept down over three great steps cut in the rock, each three or four feet deep, into a grotto cut deep into the solid rock. This grotto is not over six feet square. Here tradition asserts is the "cave" where they had "laid him" whom Jesus loved. There are, however, few writers who are inclined to regard this as the place where Lazarus was really buried. Modern travelers prefer to find the tomb in the south or south-east part

of the town in some of the places which they consider more suitable to the narrative. The more I investigated the claims of this site, and real objections to the plausibility of the tradition, the more that single utterance of John, "It was a cave," inclined me to believe this to be the veritable place. It is evident from this utterance of the evangelist that the place of the burial of Lazarus was not an ordinary tomb cut in the rocks, but a deeper cave in the earth. As I now think of it, I can not divest my heart of the conviction that I was in the very same grave where Lazarus lay, and from which Jesus called him back from the dead. Less than fifty yards east is the traditional site of the house of this family of Bethany, which Jesus loved. (John xi. 5.) Conjectures respecting the location about which we must always be in some doubt need not be indulged. Sure it is that this is Bethany. It stood close to the borders of the wilderness of Judea, and probably was never much of a town. Yet it was here that Jesus, weary of the toils of the day, often came over Olivet from Jerusalem to find a place and hour of rest with the family he loved. It was here in the home of Mary and Martha and Lazarus that Jesus showed most of the human sympathy of his heart, and revealed to us how his lonely nature and life were affected by and drawn to the shelter of an earthly home, from which he borrowed a few restful hours. He had a nature deep and profound, which was mightily touched by the tenderness of the child and the deep love of woman and the bleeding pangs of sorrow. It is here at Bethany that Jesus in frequent events of his life reveals the fathomless human side of his great soul. The events occurring at Bethany are familiar to every reader, and each recalls them for himself. Bethany and Olivet stand ever bathed in the holy tears of the Son of God. Twice we look upon a weeping Jesus. "Jesus wept" (John xi. 35) as he stood beside the tomb of Lazarus as he lay in the bonds of death, until the Jews exclaimed, "Behold how he loved him!" Go thence a little way westward to the top of Olivet and see the Savior on another day. As he stood there before Jerusa-

lem, "he beheld the city, and wept over it." (Luke xix. 41.) Here a whole life-time comment is put upon the character of Jesus, as we read it in two words, the Bible's shortest verse, beside the tomb of the dead brother of Mary and Martha. Even the Jews were constrained to say, "Could not this man, which opened the eyes of the blind, have caused that even this man should not have died." That voice of Jesus in its piercing tones which invaded the dark dominion of Death, "LAZARUS, COME FORTH!" went ringing down to the gates of hell, and comes to us echoing over the mist-covered mountains of the ages, and will re-echo on through eternity; for, "he that was dead came forth, bound hand and foot with grave-clothes." But the Master of Death said unto them, "Loose him, and let him go." Here, in these omnipotent displays of Jesus' loving power over Death, lies the hope of our own sad hearts for the eternal years. Along the rude streets of this little town Mary and Martha walked with hearts lifted out of deepest sorrow in a joy which was like a dream, while they held fast to their brother, who had "been dead four days," but was alive again, lest he should escape from their sight. It was here that the people of the village made Jesus his last reception-supper in the house of Simon, at which Mary and Martha were present, with their brother Lazarus, whom he had raised from the dead, and whom the Jews sought to put to death because through him many of the people believed on the Lord. Yonder, along the slope or brow of the ridge leading out from the mount of Olives, Jesus walked at the head of his disciples until just on the hill at the edge of Bethany, "he lifted up his hands and blessed them," and was "parted from them," being received into a bright cloud "and carried up into heaven." (Luke xxiv. 50, 51.) Oh, marvelous path of God where thy footsteps still in memory and love remain! From this hallowed spot the pathway of the shining heavens opened to the brighter chariot-cloud of glory which bore our ascending Lord beyond the range of mortal sight where the eternal holds its sway.

We reached the summit of the mount of Olives from Beth-

any by a road following around the brow of the hill, while directly to the left lay one of the deepest wadies seen in Palestine. We took the direct road toward Jerusalem with a view of taking our first view of the holy city from the highest point of Olivet, where the view would be the most delightful.



JERUSALEM FROM THE NORTH-EAST.

It was past two o'clock when we stood on the summit of Olivet and looked down its slopes over the trees of olive, carob, and walnut which make the mountain-side look like some old deserted and broken-down orchard, upon Gethsemane

at the foot by the vale of the Kedron. Beyond the valley our eyes rested upon Mount Zion, the city of the great King. There is not in this wide world a scene upon which the pilgrim to the palace of God looks with such subdued reverence as upon that which lay before us. There before my eyes, a mile away, lay Jerusalem, surrounded by its massive walls. True, the temple was not there, for its place is occupied by the Mosque of Omar. The palaces of the king have been destroyed and wasted. Still, there before us was the same valley of the Kedron, and beyond it rising to the walls of the city was Moriah, the slopes of which are whitened with Mohammedan tombs. Beyond Moriah, covered with the memories of thousands of years, with the ascending smoke of Jewish sacrifice, rose Mount Zion, upon which David and Solomon once lived in their glory. True, this is not the Jerusalem of Solomon's time, nor yet the Jerusalem upon which the eyes of the Savior rested when he stood on this same mountain; but even now the view is the same, and the city of to-day is not wholly unlike the former Jerusalem. The same "mountains are round about Jerusalem." The eye is greeted by the same valleys, though less deep on either side, and by the same pools and fountains, and rock-cut toombs that were beheld by the Savior. I was not willing to allow my own raptured heart and mind to be drawn into controversy about the precise location of events or the possible changes in the locality of the walls of the city. I had come to Jerusalem not only that my eyes should "see the city of our God in the mountain of his holiness," and behold Mount Zion, "beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth," nor alone that my feet should "walk about Zion," nor that I should "mark well her bulwarks and consider her palaces," but I had come that my heart might be taught of God as I stood where he in olden times spoke face to face with man. I had come to Olivet that Jesus might lift up his hands above me and bless me, and that I might hear the Redeemer speak with a new tongue. Would he not make some deeper spiritual revelation of himself to my poor heart in the silence of its meditation? Does he who yearned over

this city and who would have gathered the people even as a hen gathereth her brood under her wings, not love us still? What scenes come to the mind as one stands on the summit of Olivet! Looking eastward, there is the "wilderness of Judea," toward Jericho, the place whither our Lord was "led by the Spirit to be tempted by the devil." Beyond it nestles the Dead Sea in its bed deep down in the Jordan valley. A little way along an eastern spur of the mountain is Bethany, surrounded by figs and olives, through which we have come, with all its hallowed memories of Lazarus, of careful and troubled Martha, and Mary, who sat at Jesus' feet. From that little village the message was carried to the God-man. "Lord, behold, he whom thou lovest is sick." Turning the face southward, along the more southern brow of Olivet, the eye rests upon the road over which Jesus passed in his triumphant entrance to Jerusalem, when the throngs cried, "Hosanna to the Son of David: Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord: Hosanna in the highest." (Matthew xxi. 9.) Below the mountain, in the valley of the Kedron, lay the garden of Gethsemane, the scene of that awful night of our Lord's bitter, bloody sorrow, and his midnight betrayal and arrest. Then, what memories of the "city of the great King!" Up those steeps and along those streets the "Man of sorrows" bore the burden of his toil and the weight of his heavy cross, while yonder, at the place called Calvary, "they crucified him, and the malefactors, one on the right hand, and the other on the left." Yonder out St. Stephen's Gate passed the risen Lord with his disciples, they following him again up this steep mount of Olives, passing, perchance, close where we are standing, until he had "led them out as far as to Bethany." Down this same road which we chose, being the most direct to the city, "the disciples returned to Jerusalem with great joy, and were continually in the temple praising and blessing God." Amid memories such as these, and such others as I can not describe, more than an hour passed too quickly away as I sat on the summit of Olivet. Then we rode slowly and thoughtfully down the steep descent, stopping now and again under the

shade of an old olive-tree, and passing by broken-down stone terraces, until we reached the edge of the narrow valley of the Kedron and entered the sacred seclusions of the garden of Gethsemane. When an hour had been passed in this sorrowful place, to which I shall ask the reader to return at another time, I climbed into the saddle, rode across the little valley, crossed the stone bridge, which with a single arch spans the Kedron, and slowly rode along beside the great grave-yard on the east of the city, then turned around the north-east corner of the city wall and rode westward to the Damascus gate.

THE DAMASCUS GATE.

Here we passed the most elegant entrance to the city now in use, it being the great thoroughfare for the traveler going to or from Shechem and Damascus and all the northern country.

It is situated in a valley considerably lower than the grounds along the wall farther east and west. Our illustration gives a fine view of this splendid gate, with its pointed arch and massive towers which stand one on each side for the protection of this entrance to the city. Here we entered the Holy City, and riding down the deep descent first, then gradually ascending Damascus Street, alighted in front of the Damascus Hotel. We passed up a number of steps through a small door in the wall, and found ourselves in a stone-paved court, surrounded with heavy walls and narrow chambers. Ascending another flight of steps we were in a large upper court, from which we had a splendid view of much of the city and of the mount of Olives, while about us were pleasant rooms where our company were domiciled greatly to their comfort compared with the tents from which we had parted at Jericho. I was not a little disappointed in my first entrance to the city. The sight from the summit of the mount of Olives was the most delightful and enrapturing my eyes had ever beheld. The deep mellow shades of Gethsemane, with its walks and roses and olives and flowers of varied hues, had subdued my heart. The massive walls of the city, excelling all I had anywhere seen, had overawed me. But the narrow, unclean, crooked streets, with the little Arab shops beside them, and the poorly, curiously clad, dirty inhabitants somehow disgusted me. Still, this is what there is to-day of Jerusalem, and I was glad even to be displeased with the sorrowful, if I might be blessed by the memory of the illustrious and holy.

CHAPTER XX.

The Holy City — History of Jerusalem — Origin of its Name — Location — Size — Population — Moriah — Zion — Valley of Kedron — Valley of Hinnom — Plan of Jerusalem — Tyropeon Valley — Stone City — View in Jerusalem — House-top — Present Condition of Jerusalem.

VOLUMES would not be sufficient to record the history of Jerusalem, nor many years long enough to explore all that its dust, and stones, and streets, and pools, and mountains contain of the long and illustrious ages past. It is not within the purpose of this unpretending volume to try to explain its profounder secrets, but rather to "walk round about Jerusalem," and "tell the towers thereof." Yet it may be well to pause in our journey and scan a few pages on which are condensd a brief history of the struggles of the city of the great King.

The early history of Jerusalem, as also the origin of the name, is in great obscurity. It is with plausibility supposed that this is the ancient *Salem* where Melchizedek, king and priest, resided in the time of Abraham. (Genesis xiv. 18.) If this be true, which is probable, its name may have originated by a combination of the name *Salem* with *Jebusi*, under which it was known more than four hundred years after the days of Abraham. (Joshua xviii. 28.) The combination *Jebus* and *Salem* would readily be made by the euphonious change of "*b*" to "*r*." In the early possession of the land, the tribe of Judah dwelt at Jerusalem with the Jebusites. (Joshua xv. 63.)

One fifth of the reign of David had passed at Hebron, when he captured the "stronghold of Zion," nearly ten hundred

and fifty years before Christ, and built on it the fort, and called it the "City of David." (II. Samuel v. 9.) The city was then confined alone to Mount Zion. Solomon built the temple, across the valley of the Cheese-mongers, upon "Mount Moriah, where the Lord appeared unto David his father, in the place that David had prepared in the thrashing-floor of Ornan, the Jebusite." (II. Chronicles iii. 1.) This mountain is about one hundred feet lower than Mount Zion. The plateau constructed by Solomon for the temple remains to this day, and we shall be greatly interested in visiting it. He also built "the walls of Jerusalem round about." (I. Kings iii. 1.) The names "Zion," and "City of David," are sometimes in the Old Testament applied to the entire city of Jerusalem. The location of the city has varied somewhat since the days of Solomon, and even since the days of Christ. We found traces of the city wall far south of the present wall at the southern end of Ophal. The ancient city included the hill south of the present walls, and also westward toward the pools of Gihon down the slopes of the hill. If Jerusalem rose in grandeur under the dominion of Solomon so as to become the admiration of the queen of Sheba, it soon was viewed by neighboring kingdoms with a jealous eye. The son of Solomon, in whose reign the kingdom was divided, was yet reigning over Judah, when Shishak, king of Egypt, partially robbed the city and temple of their glory. Another century had not passed when, in the reign of Jehoram, the Philistines and Arabian tribes again plundered the holy temple. Nor little more than half a century passed again when Jehoash, king of Israel, fought against Amaziah and broke down the city wall, plundered the temple which Jehoash of Judah had repaired, and robbed the palace, and carried off the spoils of gold. The succeeding King Uzziah reigned over half a century and restored the glory of the Holy City, and strengthened its towers of defense. Hezekiah, like a wise and good king, arranged the great system of water-supply for the city by constructing pools and connecting aqueducts, while his idolatrous son Manasseh enlarged the city by

extending the walls southward and westward so as to include the southern projection of Zion. This followed his imprisonment and humiliation in Babylon, and was something of a reparation for the shameful idolatry in which he caused his children to pass through the fire in the valley of Hinnom,

POOL OF SILOAM, LOOKING TOWARD JERUSALEM.

and set up an idol in the Temple of the Lord. (II. Chronicles xxxiii. 6, 7.) A little more than half a century later when the good king Josiah was dead, under the reign of Jehoiachin and that of Zedekiah, who "did evil in the sight of the Lord," Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, took "all the

treasures of the house of the Lord" and carried them to his own proud city. This was soon followed by the further sad destruction of the house of God by fire, and the slaying of the inhabitants of Jerusalem. Half a hundred years later Nehemiah superintended the rebuilding of the temple and the wasted walls of the city amid the mournful memories of the past.

The history of the Holy City was a varied one for the following six hundred years. As the time for the fulfillment of prophecy in the appearance of the Messiah began to dawn, the Maccabean dominion, which had followed the Alexandrian or Macedonian, yielded to the conquests of Pompey, sixty-three years before Christ's birth. A quarter of a century later, Herod, assisted by the Romans, became the possessor of the land and king over Jerusalem. He rebuilt the temple in great splendor, and fortified the city with numerous towers. During this period of external beauty and glory, Jesus Christ, the Lamb of God, the antitype of all the sacrifices of Moriah, appeared in the world, and walked the streets of the Holy City oftentimes,—to be disowned in the temple, which he honored with his divine presence,—God in the veil of flesh!—and to be crucified without the camp, that he might sanctify the people with his own blood.

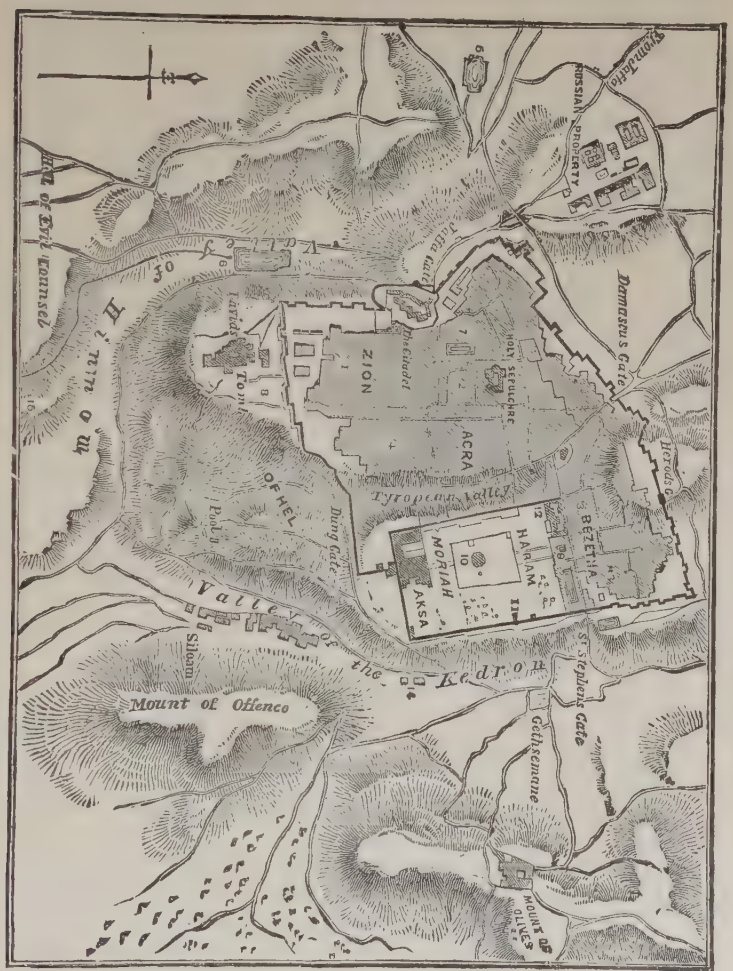
Jerusalem as a Jewish city soon passes out of sight; for with the end of the long, bloody siege, in which Josephus asserts over a million of souls perished, the most terrible siege of history, if that author is to be credited, Titus, the son of Vespasian, in August, A. D. 70, burned the city and the temple of Herod, and laid the city in ruins, where it slept in ashes, uninhabited, for over half a century. Hadrian, the Roman emperor, about A. D. 132, did something to the rebuilding of the city, and, it is claimed, erected a temple to Jupiter on the site of the Jewish temple. For almost three centuries the history of Jerusalem is in total obscurity. It probably became a Christian city in a large measure, as Eusebius gives us the names of a long list of bishops who presided there. The mother of Constantine, Empress Helena, visited

Jerusalem in A. D. 326, and took a deep and pious interest in the sacred places of the city and other parts of the Holy Land. Constantine followed her example. Nearly a half century after the visit of Helena to Jerusalem, Julian the apostate gave the Jews permission and aid looking toward the rebuilding of the temple. This was prevented by the bursting forth of balls and flames of fire from the ruins of the temple, by which the workmen were burned and affrighted and led to abandon the undertaking. (Neander's *Church History*, Vol. II., page 50; Gibbon's *Fall of the Roman Empire*, chapter xxiii.) In the early part of the sixth century Justinian, the Greek, honored the city of Jerusalem, as well as other portions of Palestine, with structures of strength upon sacred places. A number of monasteries about Jerusalem and a church in honor of the mother of our Lord were erected by him. The Persians, in A. D. 614, took Jerusalem and destroyed much of the city. It was again restored for a few years. But in A. D. 637 the Arabian army, commanded by Omar, took possession of Jerusalem, defeating the Greeks, who, it is said, numbered twelve thousand soldiers. About A. D. 969, the Egyptians took possession of the city; and in A. D. 1099 the Crusaders attacked and captured it, slaying most of the Mohammedans and Jews. The city continued in the possession of the Crusaders for nearly ninety years, and up to the defeat of the Franks by Saladin, on the hills west of the Sea of Galilee. (See page 371.) Saladin took possession of Jerusalem A. D. 1187, since which time, with varying events, it has continued a Mohammedan city.

The Jerusalem of to-day occupies nearly the same location held by the city in the times of Solomon and Christ. It is a city of hills or mountains. The whole country from the plains of the Jordan in the east and the plains of Sharon on the coast of the sea is a vast range of hills and mountains, broken and severed by deep-cut wadies, which, running down into one another, course away to the plains east or west. In the midst of these mountains which are "round about Jerusalem," furnishing its defense, stands the Holy City between two deep

valleys, the Kedron on the east and the valley of Hinnom on the west. These valleys lie more than a mile distant from each other, and between them rise the mountains Moriah and Zion, divided by the Tyropeon valley. The two valleys Kedron and Hinnom unite almost half a mile below the present southern walls of the city, and form the deep gorge called the valley of Jehoshaphat, which winds its way through the hills of Judea to the Dead Sea. These valleys north of Jerusalem have their start in gentle depressions within a few rods of each other, at a height of two thousand six hundred and fifty feet above the level of the Mediterranean Sea. Diverging from each other, they encircle the plateau on which the city stands, and then rapidly sink into the earth, until at their meeting below the "Well of Job" they have sunk six hundred and seventy-two feet below their origin. The Tyropeon valley, called also the valley of the Cheese-mongers, divides this plateau into two sections, leaving Moriah on the east and Zion on the west. It was never as deep as the other valley, and disappears in the valley of the Kedron at the pool of Siloam. The elevation of Jerusalem is two thousand, five hundred and seventy-two feet above the Mediterranean Sea. It is sixteen miles from the Dead Sea and thirty-six from Joppa. The city, as shown in our view from the mount of Olives, is surrounded by a massive stone wall, somewhat resembling a square, about two and a half miles in entire circumference, or a little more than half a mile long on either side. The east wall along Mount Moriah is more nearly straight, while the north wall is the longest of any side of the city. It is a city of stone, built on mountains of strength and fortified by the eternal hills. If the reader will carefully study the "plan of Jerusalem" as presented on page 483, and refer to it frequently until familiar with its scope and details, he will have secured a correct view of the city and be well prepared to journey with the writer to the places of greatest interest. By this it will be seen that the city is built upon five hills. Ophel, now south of the east part of the city, was embraced in the ancient walls. North of it is Moriah, and north of Moriah is Bazetha, occupied by the

Mohammedan quarters. West of Moriah, across the Tyropeon valley, is Zion, higher than its eastern neighbor, and north of Zion is Acra, occupied by the Christian quarters.



PLAN OF JERUSALEM—LOOKING FROM THE SOUTH.

1. Armenian quarter.
2. Christian quarter.
3. Mohammedan quarter.
4. Jewish quarter.
5. Upper Gihon.
6. Lower Gihon.
7. Pool of Hezekiah.
8. Zion Gate.
9. Bethesda.
10. Dome of the Rock.
11. Golden Gate.
12. Tower of Antonia.
13. Church of Pater Noster.
14. Absalom's Tomb.
15. Aceldama.

Jerusalem, Shechem, and Damascus are the cities of Palestine and Syria, upon which the traveler looks with wonder. And they are as unlike in their character and surroundings as can be well imagined. Shechem is guarded by a mountain on either side towering from the narrow valley to a great height, while the plain is full of springs and fruitful gardens. Damascus is a dirt-city, built largely of sun-dried mud brick, and is sunk in the midst of fertile plains stretching away for many miles, while its people are purely oriental in all their habits, dress, and life. Jerusalem lies between two valleys, on the plateau ridging up into two hills or mountain ranges, while on the east of the valley rises the mount of Olives, and on the west the hills of Judea. It is a stone city. Its walls, streets, and houses, even the very floors of the houses, are of stone, and this in the second as well as lower stories. Its population is made up of all nations under the sun, while Christianity, Judaism, and Mohammedanism all claim it as a great center of religious power. Each have their sacred places, reverenced with a sacredness which exceeds our utmost conception of possible superstition.

Jerusalem is a small city, and yet within the walls, which are less than two and three fourth miles around them entire, is found a population of not less than twenty thousand people, though at least thirteen acres of this spot is taken up by the temple plateau upon which stands the Mosque of Omar. There are only a few streets worthy of the name, and the houses are so closely builded together that it would be almost impossible to drive a cart through the streets of the city. In many parts of the city the buildings are so crowded together that one could pass from one house to another on the house-top. And such it has been from all time. It was to this fact that Christ alluded when in speaking of the time of the destruction of the city of Jerusalem he said, "Let him which is on the house-top not come down." (Matthew xxiv. 17.) He meant that they should flee for their lives, making their escape over the tops of their houses. This could be done more rapidly and successfully than through the crowded streets.

American Consulate. VIEW IN JERUSALEM. Tower of David.

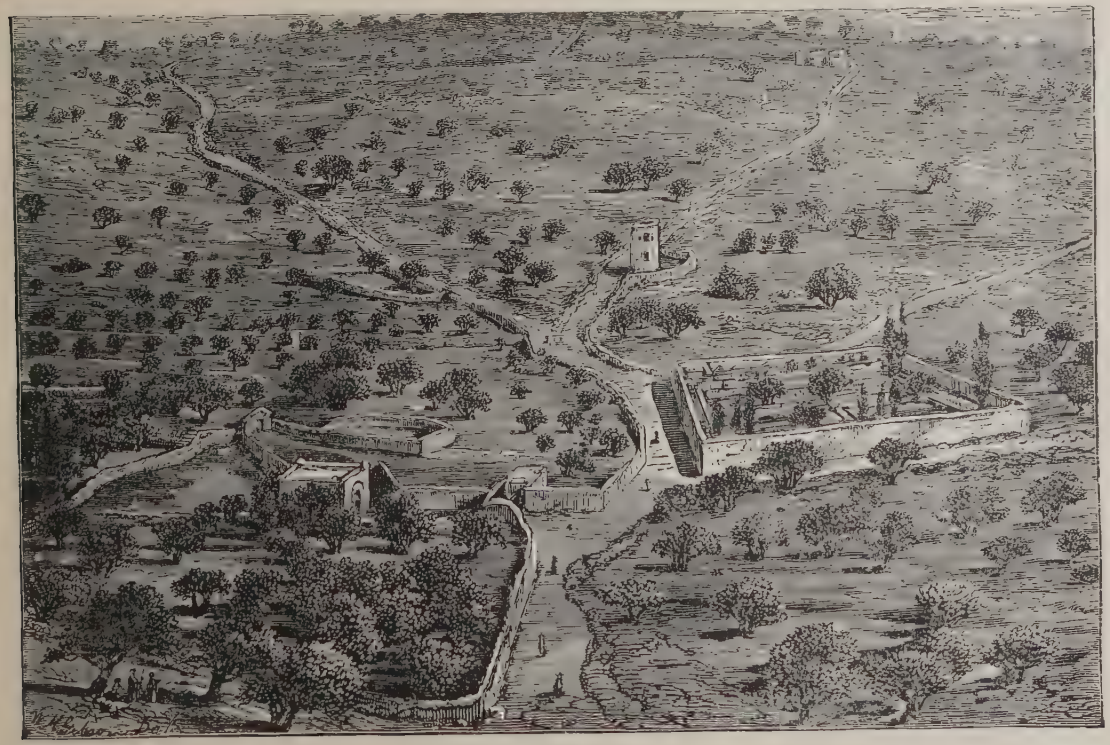
The most delightful view to be had of the Holy City is from the mount of Olives, and we were exceedingly fortunate in having enjoyed so grand a view for the first time. Within there is nothing beautiful in this city. As one treads along the streets of Jerusalem, he is assured that wonderful changes have been wrought in its history. The Jerusalem of Christ's day is buried beneath the stones and dust and dwellings and streets on which we now tread. Beneath that is the city of Nehemiah's day, while still below that lie the ruins of the city of Solomon, who once reigned here in wonderful glory. The rebuilders of the city each time after its destruction have founded their city upon the *debris* of the former city. Thus through ages following ages the city has in many of its parts been filled up until we walk thirty, forty, and at places fifty feet above the Jerusalem that was in the days of Solomon, and more than thirty feet above the city of Herod. Go where you will along the crowded streets, still every step reminds you of the memories and deeds of this most sacred of all places on the earth. With all this, Jerusalem of to-day is perhaps the dirtiest city of its size on the globe. Many of the streets are so polluted that it is offensive to walk in them; and the odor rising from the abundant filth almost sickens one. Men gayly dressed saunter lazily along the renowned streets, while poorly-clad women and miserable-looking children sit in the narrow ways with marketing to sell, or to beg alms of the passer-by. Slowly pressing through this throng, intermingled with multitudes of dogs, the camels, heavily loaded, and led by barefooted Arabs, and the donkeys driven by the donkey-boys, make up a scene which the traveler from afar scarcely expected to behold in the Holy City.

(Copyright 1880.)

The American Sunday School Union, Philadelphia

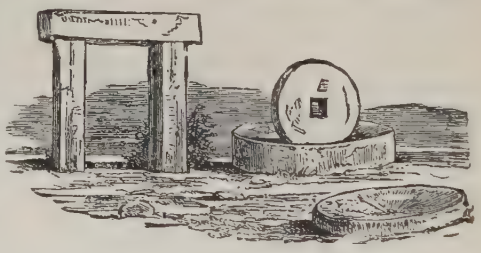
Olivet and the Hill of Offense are the blue mountains of Moab, which tower up about Nebo, beyond the Dead Sea. Closer to the view within the city walls are the flat roofs of the houses, on which women are at work and children are playing. One lone, solitary palm-tree rises above the houses to greet the eye. And there on Mount Moriah stands the Mosque of Omar, where once stood the Temple, and from which ascended the smoking incense and perfume from the hallowed altars of God.

Our illustration presents a beautiful view of the mount of Olives, with the inclosed Garden of Gethsemane just at its base. The summit of the mountain is two thousand, seven hundred and twenty-three feet above sea-level, and about two hundred feet higher than the temple area—the distance from the one to the other by a straight line being about half a mile. Looking at the illustration, which clearly shows the steep slopes of this sacred mountain, you are facing directly eastward. The mount of Olives is over a mile long, breaking down about one hundred feet at the north end to a spur connecting with Scopus, and at the south connecting with a ridge to the Hill of Offense. The top of the mountain is reached by three roads, diverging just at the Garden of Gethsemane. They are shown in our illustration. On the summit of the mountain, Constantine erected a Christian church upon what he supposed to be the place of the ascension of our Lord. Various buildings have crowned the spot; and a Mohammedan mosque, constructed of the former buildings, now is visited by great numbers of pilgrims, eager to see the fabulous prints of the feet of Christ which are there shown. No intelligent person believes that his feet made any prints in the rocks. Luke tells us that Jesus led his disciples out "as far as to Bethany," which is some distance from here, and really not in sight. The view of the city from the mountain is the best to be obtained. Just back of the Mohammedan mosque, on the east side of the mountain, is a little village of a dozen stone houses, called the "village of the mount of Olives," its Arab inhabitants being a pest, if not a terror, to persons who would visit these places, or pass to Bethany.



Tomb of Mary. MOUNT OF OLIVES. Garden of Gethsemane inclosed.

In the Kedron Valley and over the slopes of Olivet grow great numbers of the olive-tree. It is indeed the most abundant growth of all Palestine. The wood is a pretty dark color, and with oil and friction is polished to great beauty. It is used for manufacturing napkin-rings, rules, paper-knives, toilet-boxes, and various trinkets, which are sold in great abundance in Jerusalem and taken to all parts of the world. There are large stores and shops in Jerusalem for their manufacture and sale. The tree is of slow growth, and does not yield fruit until it is nearly a dozen years old, and then bears every other year. In size it somewhat resembles an apple-tree, though the trunk in great age becomes much larger. The top somewhat resembles a damson-tree, though the dark-green leaf is longer and not half as broad. The olive is a beautiful tree. It yields a berry half the size of a large damson, and much the same shape, which when ripe is shaken from the tree, gathered to the oil-press, and ground or mashed by a large stone, like a grindstone in shape, rolled around over the berries, which are placed in a large stone basin, seven or eight feet in diameter.



OIL-MILL.

The mashed berries are then removed to a lever press and the juice or oil pressed out of them. The oil thus secured is the great product of Palestine. It is used for lamps, and for all culinary purposes, where we would use lard, and also in the place of vinegar. It has a flat, unpleasant taste; and at first I found it very disagreeable, but soon became accustomed to it, so as to really relish food prepared in the olive-oil. It is also extensively used in the manufacture of soap, and is shipped to all parts of the world. The production of the olive-oil could readily be increased to a yet much greater proportion. It is estimated that one half of the quantity produced is consumed in the manufacture of soap and one fourth in family use, and yet not less than

twenty tons are annually exported. It may be said as of old, This is a "good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills; a land of wheat, and barley, and vines, and fig-trees, and pomegranates; a land of oil olive, and honey." (Deuteronomy viii. 7, 8.) No doubt the olive-tree, which grows alike in the valleys and on the hills, through the long, dry summer, would be cultivated to a much greater extent were it not for the burdensome tax placed upon it. The Turkish government taxes a tree from the time it is planted; and as it requires ten or twelve years to come to fruit-bearing, the poor people are not able to pay the tax, and hence allow their lands to lie bare. The Turkish government in this and every other respect, either from abominable ignorance as to the policy of government, or from downright meanness and a desire to keep the people in poverty, peal and rob the people from the very root of every industry. This instance is a fair example of many others. America would encourage industry and the improvement and increase of the products of the country. Turkey taxes not only the fruits of the land, but the very effort to produce fruits. The abundant fruitfulness and rich green of the olive-tree make it a restful and beautiful object to look upon in all the land. David said he was "Like a green olive-tree in the house of God." (Psalms lii. 8.) The olive lives to great age, and it is stated by Conder that at Gaza, the natives assert, not a single olive-tree has been planted since the possession of the land by the Turks. Their tradition points to trees which existed in the time of Alexander the Great. Conder is inclined to believe that the tradition which says no trees have been planted at Gaza since the Moslem conquest, may be tru Yet they are there in great abundance. I saw no dead olive-trees in all the land, nor any signs of dying in any of all the thousands of trees seen in all parts of the country. They seem never to die. From the old trunk, branches shoot up and form a new family or group of trees. It is to this feature of the olive that the psalmist alludes in the "Song of degrees," when he enumerates the blessings upon the people of the Lord

and among them, "Thy children like olive-plants round about thy table." (Psalms cxxviii. 3.) The shade of the olive is most delightful, and we were often pleased to find our camp pitched under some grand old olive-trees. The natives do not regard the shade of the fig-tree as healthful. They think it produces ophthalmy. The olive is a favorite shade for all.

But we have tarried viewing the mount of Olives too long; let us now continue our journey to Gethsemane. Passing southward along Damascus Street we come to a crossing in which we turn a square angle and go eastward down the street. We are now in the *Via Dolorosa*, the way of the cross, and follow this narrow way down and across a lower valley in the city, and then ascend the street for some distance; then turn to the left for a few paces, and with two other turns follow the street leading us out of St. Stephen's Gate. A number of Turkish soldiers are lazily guarding about the gate; but there are no hinderances to our passing out of the city at pleasure. Being outside the city, the mount of Olives is full in view; but the attention is directed to the steep descent which must be made into the valley of the Kedron. The summit of Moriah, outside the city walls, far toward the south-eastern corner of the city, is covered with Mohammedan tombs. They are whitewashed, and such as we have seen in many other places. A steep path leads directly down the hill to the valley; but a road bearing to the north, half way down the hill, and then southward, making two turns, leads over a stone bridge of a single arch to the east side of the brook Kedron. The valley of the Kedron, which winds down on the east of the city elevation, from the region north of the city to the junction with the Valley of Hinnom south of Jerusalem, entirely separates the hills or mountains upon which the city stands from the range of the mount of Olives east and north-east and the Hill of Offense south-east. The bottom of this somewhat winding valley is only a few hundred yards from the east wall of the city; and the descent from St. Stephen's Gate is so steep that the road is made to take two turns, so as to descend the hill more easily. This valley is sometimes

known as the Valley of Kedron and sometimes as the Valley of Jehoshaphat. There is no doubt but that at many places it has been filled up greatly by *debris* thrown out of the city and by washings from the hills. So much is this the case that the brook Kedron, which during the wet season flows down its stony channel, becomes entirely dry during the summer-season. While the writer was in Jerusalem the Kedron was entirely dry. Captain Warren in his explorations and excavations here in the bed of the valley dug down forty feet, where he found a layer of pebbles and stones, worn smooth, indicating that the bed of the brook has been filled up from that depth. Farther south, and closer to the Temple wall, he found the rocks to lie no less than eighty feet below the present surface of the earth. Thus the original valley was at this point eighty feet lower than it appears at present. No doubt the bed of the Kedron was formerly also much nearer the wall of the city than now, cutting close under the steep slopes of Mount Moriah. The Kedron valley north-east of the city is a broad, beautiful valley of cultivable land and olive-orchards. It gradually narrows down, until at the north-east of the city it is only a few rods wide, and its sides are steep. The valley about the Garden of Gethsemane is not less than forty or fifty yards wide. Farther southward it becomes much narrower.

A few paces from the bridge over the Kedron is the traditional tomb of the Virgin Mary. Several flights of steps lead down to a stone chapel cut in the solid rock. Here it is asserted Joachin and Anna, the reputed parents of Mary, were buried. This chapel, the floor of which is about thirty-five feet below the surface of the earth and eighteen feet wide and ninety feet long, is lighted with silver lamps. Here is a well of cool water. But you are more surprised at being shown the sarcophagus which it is asserted contains the dust of the mother of Christ. When she died, or where she was buried, no one can tell.

Farther up the valley and on the east of the bed of the valley is the grotto of Jeremiah, where he is said to have dwelt

in sorrow for a season, and where he wrote his Lamentations. It is a cave in the rock, now used as a mosque. From the crossing of the bridge, a few paces brings us to the Garden of Gethsemane, where Jesus on the dark night of his betrayal into the hands of sinners wrestled alone in prayer until "his sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground." (Luke xxii. 44.)

Gethsemane is on the base of Mount Olivet, just as it rises out of the Valley of Kedron. It is surrounded by a heavy stone wall, and divided into several compartments by a pretty picket-fence. Eight old olive-trees grow here which tradition says are the same as stood here in the time of the sorrow of Jesus. The Bible narrative says nothing of olive-trees being here. However, from the very name Gethsemane, which signifies "oil-press," it is altogether probable that Gethsemane was then as now an olive-orchard. These trees are doubtless of great age. The olive is of slow growth and long life, and these may indeed be shoots from the trees which concealed the sorrowing Son of God in that awful night of agony, while the hills about the city were crowded with those who had come to the passover. The old trees have burst open at the trunks perhaps centuries ago, and thus show great age. Some of them are as much as nineteen or twenty feet in circumference. There is a well of good water in the garden, and the entire inclosure is planted with younger olives and all kinds of beautiful flowers. The garden has the shape of an irregular quadrangle, and has a passage all around it just inside the wall shut off by the picket-fence. In the walls here and there, and at the corners, are small oratories with images in them representing various scenes connected with Christ's association with the garden. It is perhaps eighty yards around the entire inclosure.

We knocked at the gate on the east side of the garden, and a Franciscan monk received us courteously indeed; and we were permitted to walk in every part of Gethsemane. He also allowed us to pluck with our own hands such flowers as we desired to bring away as mementos of this sacred place.

OLD OLIVE-TREE IN GETHSEMANE.

Close to the entrance is a stone which marks the traditional place where the three disciples slept while Jesus wrestled in prayer. Outside of the wall of the garden is a piece of broken column which marks the spot where Judas betrayed the Son of God with a kiss. Visitors who enter Gethsemane are expected to give at least a franc to the monk for the care of the garden. This custom we cheerfully complied with.

Considerable changes have occurred in the level of the earth here, this valley having been filled up by *debris* and washing from the mount of Olives. Then we know that in former time the Garden of Gethsemane embraced a larger space of land, extending farther northward. This may not be the precise spot where our Lord struggled with the powers of darkness, "and being in an agony he prayed more earnestly." Still, this is Gethsemane. Do I indeed stand in this garden of unutterable sorrow of my Lord! The shadows of the mystic and the eternal steal over my heart. I am melted down with the presence of the Lord and transformed and transported by the fellowship of Jesus. It was here that "he came out, as he was wont, to the mount of Olives," unto a place called Gethsemane; and though he had just comforted his disciples with that deep, loving, wonderful, consolatory discourse, beginning, "Let not your heart be troubled," and followed it with that prayer of all prayers, yet here he "began to be sore amazed, and to be very heavy." Here there is an appeal to the heart which no picture and no words can produce or even represent. I never felt the overpowering agony of Jesus in its impressions upon my own heart as when standing speechless near the spot of that awful night-anguish of soul. Looking up to Moriah, there is the spot where stood the great Temple of Herod, under whose full moon-light shadows Jesus passed in coming from Mount Zion, where he had been with his disciples during the night. Out of that gate, from which a thousand years before David had fled barefooted from Absalom, Jesus was followed by his disciples. Down the steep of Moriah he passed, winding his way through the tents which covered the lower slopes of the hill. Into the deep shadows of these

old olive-trees, or their predecessors, he led Peter, James, and John, saying to them, "My soul is exceeding sorrowful unto death." Here, where the Lord often resorted beyond the Kedron to pray alone, he wrestled with the powers of darkness through lone hours, struggling and passing to and fro between the place of prayer, where he bowed in unbearable grief, and the spot where his three disciples, Peter, James, and John, had fallen asleep. These hills around were possibly covered with tents; and all around the sheltering walls of the city the festive pilgrims to the feast of the passover lay in restful slumber when Jesus came down from the City of David, passed under the soft shadows of the Temple, then out the eastern gate of the city and down the winding road, over the slopes of Moriah across the Kedron, into the olive-seclusions of this place of sorrow. For a long time I wandered through this solemn and yet lovely place. My heart was too full to speak many words. Quickly came unnumbered thoughts, tender, solemn, and holy.

If we have been long enough in Gethsemane, we may continue our walk down the Kedron Valley. You will not care to be more than reminded that the Greek Church, moved with jealousy and rivalry, has recently fixed upon a spot as their Gethsemane, a little more than a hundred yards north-east of this place, and have inclosed a small parcel of ground in a stone wall. Below the road which ascends the mount of Olives, just south of Gethsemane, the lower part of the Hill of Offense is thickly crowded with Jewish graves. Only a little way below the road, and a little distance east of the bed of the Kedron, is the Tomb of Absalom, where it is believed were deposited the remains of the handsome, proud, rebellious, and wicked son of David. Close by where the tomb stands, and possibly over these very rocks, David fled when driven from Mount Zion by the terrible rebellion of this wicked son. A thousand years afterward Jesus, in sight of this same tomb, bore a deeper sorrow than that of David, when he wept and prayed in the garden. This tomb is a cube, about eighteen or twenty feet in size, and perhaps to the square twenty

feet in height. It is cut out of the native solid rock, and stands separated from the rock on three sides by a passage about ten feet wide at the side and eight feet at the back. The top is mounted with a kind of spire, which looks like an inverted funnel. It contains within a chamber about eight feet square with niches on the side for the reception of the bodies of the dead. The original door is closed with rubbish and stone, but an opening higher up enables one to creep in and climb down to the chamber. The tomb is almost filled with stones which have been thrown into it through the openings on the sides. How far it extends below the stone and earth about it I do not know. The quaint monument is forty-seven feet high above the earth. This pillar has been identified with the place mentioned in II. Samuel xviii. 18, "Now Absalom in his life-time had taken and reared up for himself a pillar, which is in the king's dale." The cornice and other features of the monumental tomb seem to be against the theory of so great antiquity since it is only known in history from about the fourth century of the Christian era. But these may have been added to it, or may indeed be more ancient than we would allow. The peculiar structure impressed me as fitting well to the "pillar" raised by Absalom. I climbed up to the little entrance and through the small chamber within this monument of the long-ago wicked and ungrateful child. It is the custom to this day for all passers-by to throw a stone at this tomb; and while the writer was climbing through it and examining its structure, design, and workmanship, he was frightened for a moment by the sharp reports of stones striking the rock. The momentary apprehension that the stones were cast at him were soon allayed at the remembrance of this custom of contempt for the place. Some passers-by were stoning the memory and tomb of the wicked son of David. A few paces southward are three other remarkable tombs, with a number of departments or niches for the dead. They are of great antiquity. The one is called the Tomb of Jehoshaphat, the second the Grotto of St. James, and the other the Tomb of Hezekiah. The two former

are excavations in the rock, while the latter, about eighteen feet square and twenty-nine feet high, is constructed much like the Tomb of Absalom, but is mounted with a pyramid all of solid rock. These tombs lie directly opposite the south-east corner of the temple plateau across the Kedron, and in the rock of the Hill of Offense.

Indeed, the rocks and hills about Jerusalem are literally honey-combed with dismal chambers, where, no doubt, in the long-ago ages, prophets, kings, priests, and noblemen, illustrious in their times, were laid away to rest in the last long sleep of death. Now these tombs are empty, except such as are used by poor people as places of residence. The miserable little village Siloah, farther down the valley, is almost one half of it in the caverns thus cut in the Hill of Offense, on the top of which it is said Solomon had erected dwellings for his pagan women. Solomon built "a high place for Chemosh, the abomination of Moab, in the hill that is before Jerusalem, and for Molech." (I. Kings xi. 7.) Whether this is the hill I can not tell. The hill is a lower continuation of the mount of Olives.

Between the little Arab town Siloah and the Hill Ophel, once embraced in the city walls, is the Virgin's Fountain, which we reached by descending two flights of broad stone steps. This fountain, down in a dark cavern, furnishes a large quantity of water, which is carried away by the women in their queer-shaped jars and in goat-skins. Here, too, they come to wash in the stream flowing from it. The spring is intermittent, which no doubt is caused by a siphon formation somewhere above in the rocks through which it flows. Thus the spring flows freely for a few hours, and then ceases entirely. This flowing and ceasing to flow occurs a number of times each day, and is more or less frequent as the volume of water is greater or less in quantity. In winter there are from three to five flows per diem; in summer only two. If the season is exceedingly dry, the flow occurs only once in two or three days. This fact has been suggested as answering to the miraculous troubling of the pool "by the sheep-market," of

which we have an account in John's gospel, fifth chapter. The water from this fountain, carried by a channel a quarter of a mile long under the hill, supplies the Pool of Siloam, which formerly was included in the city walls. This channel is about two feet wide and varies in height from two to sixteen feet. Captain Warren in his explorations discovered a shaft leading from the channel to the Hill Ophel, where a basin was hollowed out for it. This basin had a connecting shaft up to a corridor excavated in the rock where a flight of steps led to the surface of the earth in the ancient city. This arrangement was doubtless to enable the inhabitants to cut off the flow to the Pool of Siloam in case of war, and have the water brought directly within the reach of the city. Curiously constructed glass lamps were found in the corridor, and other lamps with red pottery were found. The Virgin's Fountain is so called from a tradition that Mary here washed her clothes and those of the infant Christ.

SILOAM, AND GARDENS SOUTH-EASTWARD.

The Pool of Siloam, situated at the foot of Ophel, and where the Tyropœon valley enters the Valley of Jehoshaphat, is fifty feet long and about eighteen feet wide and twenty feet deep. All agree that this is the pool of New Testament history, "Siloam." The construction of the pool and the water-channel above mentioned is of great antiquity. Isaiah speaks of the "waters of Siloah, that go softly." (Isaiah viii. 6.) He doubtlessly refers to this secret, silent, unseen passage from

the Virgin's Fountain to Siloam. Nehemiah tells us that Shallun built the "wall of the pool of Siloah by the king's garden, and unto the stairs that go down from the city of David." (Nehemiah iii. 15.)

Almost five hundred years later, Jesus of Nazareth passing by saw a poor blind man upon whose eyes he put clay, made of earth and spittle, and said to him, "Go wash in the Pool of Siloam." (John ix. 7.) To this same pool the poor fellow came staggering and blind, and no doubt climbed down these narrow stone steps to the water; and there where those two men were sitting washing, as I read the account so graphically described by John, he washed from his eyes the clay, when suddenly those sightless balls, which never had beheld the light of day, looked astonished, delighted, and enraptured upon the splendor of the city about whose walls and palaces and streets he had wandered in darkness from his childhood. I wondered if the two men sitting down washing in the pool may not have had some knowledge of the wonderful miracle which once occurred here. While remaining there a woman stood patiently waiting at a distance until the men had ascended the steps from the pool, and then she went down and washed. Siloam is one of the most renowned pools in Jerusalem, and yet its massive walls are falling to decay. To the Fountain of the Virgin and the Pool of Siloam the women came down from Siloah to wash and to carry water up to their hovels, some filling their skin-bottles from the same water in which others were washing. A few paces below this pool is a larger Pool of Siloam, which is now entirely out of use, and is largely filled up. A number of trees are growing up in it. Close by it we find remnants of the old wall, and possibly of the stairs which "went down from the city of David" in Nehemiah's time. Just south of this pool is the old mulberry-tree, with the stones piled around it, which for centuries has been held to mark the place where Isaiah was sawed asunder.

About three hundred yards farther down the valley is the Well of Job, as it is now called. The Greek and Latin priests

call it the Well of Nehemiah. It is the ancient *En-rogel* of Joshua's time. (Joshua xv. 7.) It was here that Jonathan and Ahimaaz, the messengers to David, waited for word from Hushai, who would tell them what direction David must take to escape the hand of Absalom. (II. Samuel xvii. 17.) From this close watch of the city they were compelled to retreat because of tidings borne by a lad to Absalom, and were barely saved by a woman covering them over in the mouth of a cistern in the court of her house. This is probably the only never-failing well about Jerusalem. It is about one hundred and twenty-four feet deep and is covered with a rude stone structure. Some men were drawing water from its depths when I visited it, and filling huge troughs beside the well. The depression in the valley here is very great. Looking northward, the south-eastern corner of the city walls is before you, on Moriah, more than three hundred and fifty feet above the level of the land about the well.

At this point south of Jerusalem the Valley of Kedron and that of Hinnom coming down on the west of the city unite and form the great deep valley which continues south-eastward down to the Dead Sea. While several of our company were engaged in taking observations from En-rogel a number of miserable lepers came one after another around us crying and whining and begging for *backshish*; and we were glad to get away from this distressing company. So we hastened away from the place where Adonijah in David's great age usurped the throne of his father and made a great feast for the king's servants, and his brethren. (I. Kings i. 9.) But Nathan the prophet and Solomon were not called here to the feast. Yet for all this, Adonijah had been spared by Solomon save for his asking, through Bathsheba, for Abishag the Shunammite for his wife. (I. Kings ii. 21–22.)

CHAPTER XXII.

Valley of Hinnom — Molech — Hill of Evil Counsel — Field of Blood — Lower Pool of Gihon — Aqueduct — Upper Pool of Gihon — Rain-Fall — Coronation of Solomon — Burial-Grounds — Olive-Trees — Tombs of the Kings — Tombs of the Judges — Sepulcher of Christ — Sepulcher Open and Closed — Nob — Saul's Murder of the Priests.

AT En-rogel the two valleys, Kedron on the east and Hinnom on the west of Jerusalem, are united. Passing westward and northward from En-rogel, you ascend the Valley of Hinnom, or *Gehenna*, where in ancient times the rubbish of the Holy City was burned. From the name of this valley, *Gehenna* (fire), we derive our New Testament words "hell" and "hell-fire." Matthew uses it at least seven times, Mark three times, Luke once, and James once. The lower portion of the valley was called Tophet; and here they burned their sons and daughters in the fire as an offering to Molech. (See Jeremiah vii. 31.) In this awful worship Manasseh, the son of Hezekiah, participated even to the torturous sacrifice of his own sons (II. Kings xxi. 6), but when Josiah came to the throne of David he "defiled Topheth," "that no man might make his son or his daughter to pass through the fire to Molech." (II. Kings xxiii. 10.)

The Hinnom is a deep, crooked valley, dividing Zion from the Hill of Evil Counsel. This hill is so called from the tradition that Caiaphas here had his dwelling, where he counseled with the Jews how he might put Christ to death. This deep valley always made an attack of the city from the western side an impossibility. The Hill of Evil Counsel is cut thick with unnumbered rock caverns and tombs, which in the early Christian centuries were inhabited by hermits. Half way up the

hill is the supposed site of the Aceldama, or "Field of Blood," purchased with the "thirty pieces of silver" paid to Judas for the betrayal of his Lord. (Matthew xxvii. 3–10; Acts i. 18.) From this spot, bought "to bury strangers in," tradition asserts several ship-loads of dirt were taken to Pisa to cover the *Campo Santo*, in A. D. 1218. (See page 144.) Fig, olive, and walnut trees are found along the valley and up the steep slopes of the hill. Mount Zion, now largely outside of the southern wall, is covered with pottery and *debris*.

In this valley, between Zion and the Hill of Evil Counsel, is the lower and larger pool of Gihon, called *Birket es Sultan*. It is forty feet deep, with heavy walls, and covers almost three acres of ground, being about one hundred and seventy-five yards long and about seventy-five yards wide. It is too low down in the valley for the water ever to have been conveyed to the city. Two heavy walls were built across the valley forming its lower part, and the upper part is cut out of the rock. The walls are falling down, and it does not now contain water. If in repair, it would hold not less than nineteen million gallons of water. At the northern edge of the pool the aqueduct of Solomon,—conveying the water from the Pools of Solomon below Bethlehem to Jerusalem,—crosses the Valley of Hinnom, winds southward around the slopes of Zion, and enters the temple plateau on the south-east of the city. This lower Pool of Gihon lies opposite the south-west corner of the city of Jerusalem, and directly south of the Joppa Gate. It was probably used for the watering of the gardens of the lower valley.

Farther north and at the head of the Gihon Valley, about one hundred and fifty rods west of the Joppa Gate, is the upper Pool of Gihon, called by the Mohammedans *Birket el Mamilla*. This pool is three hundred and sixteen feet long, from east to west, and two hundred feet wide at the west end and two hundred and eighteen feet at the east end, with an average depth of eighteen feet. It was here in this valley, close by these pools, that Zadok the priest, and Nathan the prophet of God, at the request of David, brought the

youthful Solomon and anointed him king with a horn of oil they had brought from the tabernacle. David had said to them, "Take with you the servants of your lord, and cause Solomon my son to ride upon mine own mule, and bring him down to Gihon." (I. Kings i. 33.) This pool was constructed more than seven hundred years before Christ; for we are told that Hezekiah "stopped the upper water-course of Gihon and brought it straight down to the west side of the City of David." (II. Chronicles xxxii. 30.) The aqueduct thus constructed by Hezekiah passes under the west wall of

UPPER POOL OF GIHON.

the city, close to the *Yaffa* Gate, and conveys the water as desired to the Pool of Hezekiah, which is just north of Christian Street in the city. This provision for the supply of water to the city was made not less than two and a half thousand years ago. The pool was almost dry when I visited it, though Dr. Thompson says he has seen it full of water after a rain-fall. It is believed to have formerly been supplied from a fountain now entirely unknown. It is now filled from the drainage in the rainy season. The hill south and west from the *Yaffa*

Gate, and down toward the Valley of Hinnom, contains the Armenian, the Christian, and the Jewish burial-grounds.

These pools about Jerusalem and in the city, with vast numbers of others which I have not space to describe, show plainly that whatever changes may have occurred in Palestine in the last two or three thousand years, still such arrangements were necessary anciently to preserve water for the inhabitants of the land. They also indicate that a population very many times greater than that now found in the land existed formerly, as many of these pools are entirely unused at present, and are really not needed. The country was also subject to great droughts in ancient times, against which these pools were a provision for the cities. In the days of the glory of the land vast plains, as well as gardens and valleys, were watered by aqueducts leading from these pools. Even the Valley of Jericho, now so barren, was a "region fit for the gods." The year is divided into two seasons. The "early rains" commence usually in November, and for about five months there is an abundance of rain-fall. After the "latter rains," which cease in March, and which mature the crops, there is a long, dry summer of seven months without any rain. Various estimates have been made as to the amount of rain-fall in Palestine. Dr. Barclay gives the average rain-fall at Jerusalem as about fifty-six inches. Dr. Vartan's observation at Nazareth gives it as a little above twenty-three inches per year, on an average of eight years. Lieutenant Conder thinks the average for the land may be placed at twenty or thirty inches. Thus it is seen to be more than that at London, which is twenty-five inches, and less than in the United States, which is given at forty-five inches. These pools and cisterns and aqueducts show plainly that if put in proper order they have capacity to furnish water to irrigate the whole land, and thus supply from the rain-fall an immense population.

Farther north on the higher grounds are the modern Russian buildings, the finest outside the city walls. The Russian consul has his residence here. A large cathedral, and

hospitals, one for women and one for men, furnish sheltering-places for the hundreds and thousands of Russo-Greek pilgrims who visit the Holy City.

North of the city of Jerusalem are large orchards of olive-trees, thickly scattered everywhere. The land is quite rocky; and some of the trees look to be of great age, though not nearly so large as those in the Garden of Gethsemane.

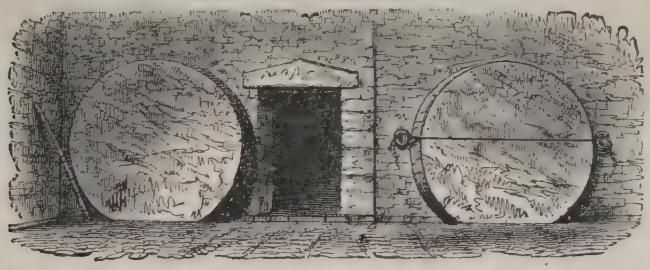
One afternoon we started out on foot through these groves north of the city to visit some ancient tombs. While all about Jerusalem there are many of these interesting excavations in the solid rock, those north of the city are the most important. A few paces from the main road to Shechem, in the olive-groves about three quarters of a mile from Damascus Gate, are the Tombs of the Kings. These consist of vast chambers and rooms connected by narrow passages all cut in the hard, solid rock. In these chambers and smaller rooms are crypts and niches for the deposit of the bodies of the dead. There was an open court before the tomb nearly ninety feet square, excavated in the rock a depth of five or six feet. A portico about forty feet long, fifteen feet high, and seven feet wide, covered the entrance to the ante-chamber at the southern end of the portico. The entrance-way is a low door through which we crept into the first chamber, nearly twenty feet square and about seven feet high. The passages are small, being not over two feet wide and three high; and one experiences a suffocating and depressed and lonely sensation as he by a dim taper crawls from one to another, winding here and there, now and then descending lower or climbing up to another chamber, while on every side are little shelves in the rock for the reception of the dead of long ago. Most of these are like pigeon-holes cut in the rock into which the dead body could be pushed. There are four of these gloomy chambers with their surrounding crypts for the dead. These holes are about twenty inches wide and twenty-five high, and deep as the length of the human body. The entire excavation, which furnished a burial-place for about sixty bodies, is a reminder of the royalty and wealth of those who produced it, and

who were entombed here in splendor. The chambers were once closed with huge stone doors. When a body was placed in its last resting-place, the niche was closed with a stone slab fitted and cemented in the mouth of the tomb. This made the vaults in which the bodies were deposited air-tight all around the chambers, and other vaults could be dug and the tomb thus improved as desired. In this manner a sepulcher could be enlarged. It was to this custom of enlarging the sepulchers and depositing the dead with the bodies of those who had gone before that the phrase alludes as we often meet it, "Buried in the sepulcher of his father." (Judges viii. 32, 11; Samuel ii. 32.) Jacob had, no doubt, thus enlarged the cave of Machpelah, though Abraham, and Sarah, and Isaac, and Rebecca, and Leah were already buried there. We learn this from Joseph, who says, "My father made me swear, saying, Lo, I die: in my grave which I have digged for me in the land of Canaan, there shalt thou bury me." (Genesis l. 5.) From this we may readily infer that Jacob had prepared a niche in the rock in the cave of Machpelah, where he was buried beside Leah. In some of the tombs the niches were formed as shelves, into which the dead body was laid in the same manner as in the Catacombs at Rome. Why they are called the Tombs of the Kings I do not know, as there is no evidence that any of the kings of Israel were buried in them.

A mile north and west of the Tombs of the Kings and about a mile and a half from the northern wall of Jerusalem are the Tombs of the Judges. They are surrounded by great rocky regions of land, over which we clambered with weary steps. The entrance to these tombs is beautifully decorated with a vestibule, twelve feet wide, carved in the rock, and ornamented with flowers and vines, finely wrought in the rock. The interior somewhat resembles the Tombs of the Kings, though the whole affair seems more complicated and mysterious in its arrangement. The first chamber entered is about twenty feet square, but the others are much smaller. Probably fifty or more places are shown where the dead were once deposited. Now the lone empty vaults remain to be looked upon

by the traveler. With a small taper in hand, I literally crept from one chamber to another, exploring every nook and corner of these habitations of the dead. Some of the openings to the chambers are so small that one can barely press his way into them. It must have required years to cut these openings in this hard lime-stone rock. These rock sepulchers are not now used for the burial of the dead; and the fact that the ancients buried treasures of various kinds with the departed led to the breaking open and robbing of these tombs centuries ago.

Is it probable that Christ was buried in such a tomb as is above described? We think not. Respecting the tomb of Christ, Matthew, Mark, and Luke tell us that it was "hewn in stone" and "hewn out of a rock." Matthew tells us that



SEPULCHER OPEN. SEPULCHER CLOSED AND SEALED.

it was a "new tomb" (Matthew xxvii. 60), while John says it was "a new sepulcher, wherein was never man yet laid." (John xix. 41.) Thus we may conclude that the sepulcher had but one room, the niches probably not having yet been prepared, and the body of Jesus was placed in that rock chamber; or if the niches had been prepared, the body of Christ was not deposited in one of them on account of its incompleted embalmment. (Mark xvi. 1.) If the body was placed in the usual niche it was in a kind of shelf in the rock, so that when Mary looked into the tomb she saw two angels "sitting, the one at the head and the other at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain." (John xx. 12.) The entrance to these tombs was closed either by a square stone, like a door, which moved on hinges, or by a large round stone in the shape of a wheel, which could be rolled against the opening.

The cut on page 509 shows the round stone door, the one being open and the other closed and sealed. This is done by fastening a string across and sealing it with wax. In this manner the Jews sealed the tomb of Christ before setting a watch about it. (Matthew xxvii. 66.) The entrance to these tombs is by a low door, so that we can readily understand the expression "stooping down," respecting Peter's position as he looked into the sepulcher, and how Mary, as she wept, "stooped down" to look into the place where they had laid her Lord. (John xx. 11.)

A little way east of the main road to Shechem from Jerusalem, and on the northern slopes of the mount of Olives somewhere, once stood Nob, the city of the priests. Isaiah speaks of it as being on the way of Sennacherib's army which came by Aiath, Michmash, Ramah, Gibeah, Anathoth, and to Nob, where he should "shake his hand against the mount of the daughter of Zion, the hill of Jerusalem." (Isaiah x. 32.) Thus we are sure that Nob was located somewhere near the northwestern part of the mount of Olives. Lieutenant Conder describes a plateau a little way to the right of the road from the Damascus Gate toward Shechem, three hundred yards wide and eight hundred yards from east to west, with a hill connecting the plateau with Olivet. Jerusalem is visible. Somewhere here he locates Nob. Of course there are no traces of the place, nor should we expect to find any remnants of a town destroyed more than three thousand years ago. Saul in his rage against David commanded Doeg to destroy the priests because he supposed them to sympathize with David, and "Doeg the Edomite turned, and he fell upon the priests, and slew on that day fourscore and five persons that did wear a linen ephod. And Nob, the city of the priests, smote he with the edge of the sword, both men and women, children and sucklings, and oxen, and asses, and sheep, with the edge of the sword." (I. Samuel xxii. 18, 19.) It was an awful deed that shamed and sorrowed the place of the priests, the precise location of which will probably remain forever unknown.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Walls of Jerusalem — Towers — Eastern Wall — Great Stones — Foundations — Golden Gate — Council-Chambers — Superstitions — Place of Judgment — St. Stephen's Gate — Herod's Gate — Damascus Gate — Length of Entire Wall — Joppa Gate — Tower of David — Mount Zion — Zion Gate — Tyropeon Valley — Dung Gate — Stone-Quarries under the City — Jeremiah's Grotto — Golgotha.

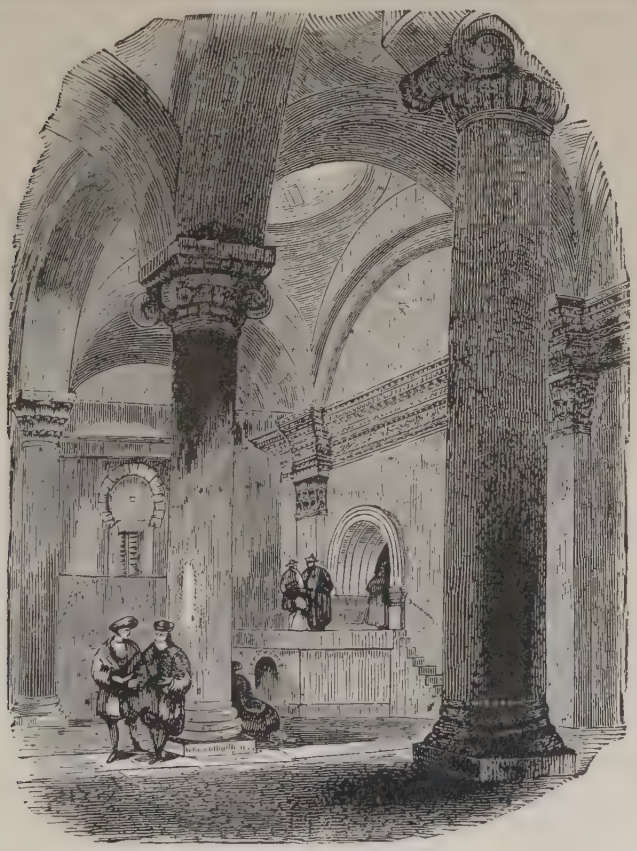
ERUSALEM is strongly defended by massive walls, which are over two and a half miles in circumference. Like the New Jerusalem, of which it is a type, the city lies "four-square." The wall is nine feet in thickness, and averages sixty feet in height on the outside. At the south-eastern corner of the city it is eighty feet high, while at places it is not over forty. The top is mounted with a parapet, behind and below which is a walk nearly two feet wide, upon which one may pass entirely around the wall. There are great towers, which are higher than the walls, some of which remain from the ancient times. The wall on the eastern side along the hills Moriah and Bezetha is nearly straight, running almost due north and south. Its length is a little over half a mile. It has a gradual descent from the north to the south, and is entered by only one opening, called St. Stephen's Gate, which is a little more than one third of the way down from the northern end of the wall. The walls show evident signs of different periods of construction. At the south-eastern corner there are great stones in the lower part of the wall, nearly twenty feet long and four and five feet thick. They have the Jewish bevel, and no doubt were placed in their present position in the times of the great prosperity of Jerusalem. No doubt many of these great stones were here

where they now lie when Solomon saw the blessing of God resting upon the kingdom of his father David, which he had been chosen to administer.

Captain Warren sunk shafts down near the south-eastern corner of the city and found the foundation of the wall sixty and even eighty feet below the present surface of the earth. Here on the slopes of Moriah it is not only founded upon the solid native rock, but a scarp about five feet wide is cut in the rock and the wall built in it so that it is impossible for the foundations to be removed.

There are seven gates to the present wall, five of which only are open. About a thousand and fifty feet from the south-east corner of the city wall, and near the north-east corner of the temple plateau, is the Golden Gate, the most beautiful in its architectural structure of any of the entrances to the Holy City. There is a projection of the massive wall of six feet for the length of fifty-five feet, in the center of which once opened this beautiful gate, entering into the temple plateau. It is walled shut on the outside, and has been so for probably a thousand years, and possibly much longer, though an entrance to its chamber on the inside is open. There is something suggestive in this splendid gate having been so long closed, and the more striking when we remember that it is most probable that it occupies the site of the "way of the gate of the outward sanctuary which looked toward the east," as described by the prophet more than five hundred years before Christ. Then he declared, "This gate shall be shut, it shall not be opened, and no man shall enter in by it; because the Lord the God of Israel hath entered in by it, therefore it shall be shut." (Ezekiel xliv. 2.) It had a double entrance, mounted with Roman arches, sustained on either side by Corinthian columns, richly carved and sculptured. Dr. Robinson thinks it possible that it was erected by Hadrian in the second century as an entrance to the Jupiter Temple, which he erected on the site of the Temple of Solomon. If so, it doubtless stands upon the foundation of another gate which was wasted in the destruction of the city. Its double entrance

shows us that it was intended by one opening to admit those who would enter the city, while the other might be thronged and pressed by those departing. The floor of the tower inside is about twenty feet below the level of the Haram plateau. The view, from the top, over the city and over the Valley of Kedron is very delightful. Tradition has connected this



THE GOLDEN GATE — INTERIOR VIEW.

gate with the "gate of the Temple which is called Beautiful" (Acts iii. 2); but this is a mistake, as that doubtless was an entrance to the Temple proper, though not far from this place. The tower of this gate is sixty-eight by thirty-four feet east and west and north and south, and contains the

most splendid chamber of any of the gates of Jerusalem. Our illustration on page 513 gives a fine view of the interior of the Golden Gate.

The great chambers of the gates are not only occupied by the guards of the city, but are the rooms where petty trials are conducted; and in times of war, councils are held in them. It was from this custom that Jesus drew one of his most powerful utterances when he spoke to Peter and his disciples of the security of his church, saying, "The gates of hell shall not prevail against it." (Matthew xvi. 18.) The council-chambers of hell and the armies of hell which come out of its gates shall not prevail against the church of Christ.

The Mohammedans hold the superstitious idea that it is at this gate the Christians will some day endeavor to enter the city to capture it; and hence it is walled shut. A little south of this gate, near the top of the wall on the outside, is a broken column about one and a half feet in diameter, which protrudes from the wall, upon which, the Mohammedans assert, Mohammed is to sit at the end of the world. A wire is to be stretched from this place to Mount Olivet, and whoever can walk, assisted by the angels, on that wire across the Valley of Kedron will enter heaven; those who fall off will be carried away to hell. A few hundred yards north of the Golden Gate is the St. Stephen's Gate, which is the great entrance and exit for the pilgrims and travelers from the Jericho country. Out of this gate, or the one standing at this place, Christ with his disciples often passed at even-tide as he turned away from the city to go to Bethany, beyond Olivet.

There are two gates in the northern wall. The one called "Herod's Gate" is closed, while Damascus Gate, at the *terminus* of the street of the same name, affords the passage for all who travel to Shechem or the country of the north. It stands in the valley which divides the hills Bezetha and Akra, and is one of the best-built and most strongly-fortified entrances to the city. (See illustration on page 475.) It was undoubtedly out of this gate that Saul of Tarsus, with his companions, passed proud and defiant, as he started for distant Damascus to arrest and maltreat the disciples of Christ.

Herod's Gate, now closed, is about three hundred and seventy-five yards east of the Damascus Gate, and three hundred and thirty yards from the north-east corner of the city wall. From the Damascus Gate the wall runs nearly west south-west, about six hundred yards to the north-west corner of the city. Thus the entire length of the northern wall is nearly three quarters of a mile. There is considerable depression of the earth at the Damascus Gate, and the wall gradually rises as it goes toward the west corner. The wall on the west side of the city is the shortest of any, being about half a mile long, with the *Yaffa*, or Joppa, Gate a little north of the middle. It is irregular and crooked north of the Joppa Gate. From that point to the south-west corner of the city it is almost straight and runs north and south parallel with the wall on the east of the city. Just south of the Joppa Gate is the Citadel, or Tower of David, as seen in our illustration on page 485. It is a quaint old structure or group of five square towers irregularly combined, with a deep wide moat surrounding it, walled up above the street to prevent man or beast falling into it. This moat is about eighty feet wide and probably originally as deep, but it is now considerably filled with earth. The tower is somewhat concealed from view as you approach the city on the Joppa road by the tower of the Joppa Gate, once called the "Fish Gate." (II. Chron. xxxiii. 14.) The foundations of the tower and parts of the structure are of great antiquity, being built of large stone, some of them ten feet long, and dressed with the bevel peculiar to Jewish structures. The height of the tower is given by Dr. McGarvey as about eighty feet. It is supposed to occupy the site of the Tower of Hippicus, as mentioned by Josephus.

The walls on the west and south do not embrace all of Mount Zion. About half of that sacred hill lies outside of the wall. Part of it is cultivated, while a considerable portion is covered with pottery and *debris*. In this is the prophecy of Micah fulfilled to this day—"Therefore shall Zion for your sake be plowed as a field, and Jerusalem shall become heaps." (Micah iii. 12.)

The southern wall of the city, crossing from Mount Zion to Moriah to the south-east corner of the city, is about two thirds of a mile long, and is the most crooked portion of the city wall. About three hundred yards from the south-west corner of the city, on the highest peak of Mount Zion, is the Zion Gate—sometimes called David's Gate. It is open for use, though not so much frequented as the Joppa, Damascus, and St. Stephen's gates. From the Zion Gate the wall makes four abrupt turns northward, running north-eastward in its trend over three hundred yards to a small gate called the Dung Gate. It is sometimes closed; though we found it open, and occasionally passed in and out of it in going to or coming from the Pool of Siloam, over the hill Ophel, directly into the city. Here the dirt has filled up on the inside of the city until it is almost as high as the wall, though the wall on the outside is thirty or forty feet high. In this part of the city are extensive gardens, in which vegetables are grown. There were large cactuses and other growths, which showed the soil to be productive. From the Dung Gate the wall descends Mount Zion, crosses the Tyropeon Valley, and strikes the slope of Ophel, about one hundred and seventy yards from the Dung Gate. Here it bends at a right angle and runs north up Ophel ninety-eight yards, and turns at right angle and runs east, forming for about seven hundred and fourteen feet the southern wall of the Haram or temple plateau. Thus the circuit of the city is given by Conder at two and three fourths miles, while Dr. McGarvey, agreeing with Dr. Barclay's estimate, makes it a little less than two and a half miles. The latter measured on the walls, while Conder probably measured on the outside of the walls. The style of architecture and the general construction of the walls, and the arrangement as to the streets, are no doubt much the same as in the long ages past. Whoever takes a journey around Jerusalem upon the wall of the city will join the psalmist in his praise when he sings, "Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is Mount Zion, on the sides of the north, the city of the great King. God is known in her palaces for a refuge."

(Psalms xlviii. 2, 3.) And again, "Walk about Zion, and go round about her: tell the towers thereof. Mark ye well her bulwarks, consider her palaces: that ye may tell it to the generations following." (Psalms xlviii. 12, 13.)

The Joppa Gate is the only entrance to the city on the western side, while on the south there are two—Zion Gate on Mount Zion and the Dung Gate. There is one open gate on the north—the Damascus Gate,—and St. Stephen's Gate on the east. For many years, and until recently, the gates were all closed at sunset, and remained so until the rising of the sun. This is not so now. Though they are closely guarded, persons are allowed to enter or pass out of the city at any hour of the night. I went out before daylight and entered far in the night. While the gate of the heavenly city is narrow and guarded, as in all eternity past, may it not be said that in the nineteenth century the pathway to that home in the skies is wide open all the time? "And the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day: for there shall be no night there." (Revelation xxi. 25.)

One walking about Jerusalem would readily be led to exclaim as did the disciples to their Lord, "See what manner of stones, and what buildings are here" (Mark xiii. 1.), and naturally enough wonders where the stones were secured, as no quarries appear as at Baalbec in Syria. The fact is, these stones have largely been taken from under the city, the quarry having been unknown until its discovery in 1852 by Dr. Barclay, who came upon it in an accidental way. It is the only case in which I have heard of a dog rendering service in the discoveries of the Holy Land. As the missionary was passing along the road north of the city, his dog scented some animal which burrowed in an opening in the rock, and began scratching at the hole. The dog soon fell in, but by and by made his appearance again. Dr. Barclay, anticipating some worthy discovery, one afternoon went outside the city, and with two sons arranged to elude the Mohammedan's eye by allowing themselves to be shut out of the city one night. In the night they effected an entrance to the quarry, and with lights in

hand explored it. It is called Barclay's Quarry, or the "Cotton Grotto." We spent a part of a half day exploring its wonderful recesses. It is entered through a hole in the rock, under the wall of the city a few hundred feet east of the Damascus Gate. Having secured a guide, and being well provided with candles, which we lighted immediately upon creeping down into this great cavern, we crept, and climbed, and walked for hundreds of feet in every direction. The bottom is very uneven, being covered with stone chips, and at places with great rocks which have during the ages fallen down from above. Frequent columns are left standing to prevent the rocks from above falling down in a mass. At places we found rocks hanging almost ready to be severed from the ceiling. Others at the side are partially severed from the native rock by a channel, or curve six or eight inches wide, and were thus almost ready for removal. It is evident that the stones were quarried by thus cutting a curve or channel several inches wide and inserting a block of wood which was wet until it expanded and split the stone from the rock. Some of the stones loosened in this way lie in the quarry and correspond in size and shape with those used in the substruction of the Haram and city wall. This quarry extends nearly one thousand feet toward the temple plateau, and is over three thousand feet in circumference. At many places the ceiling is thirty feet from the floor. At one point near the extremity from the entrance is a spring which trickles down into a basin in the rock; but the water is not good. The rock is a soft limestone and easily worked, but doubtless becomes harder when exposed to the atmosphere. I have no doubt that from this immense quarry under Bezetha, Solomon secured the stones for the city and temple of his day. The Grotto of Jeremiah lies in the same rock immediately north of these quarries, and is entered by an opening just north on the side of the moat cut through Bezetha, east and west, in the solid rock.

It is on the eminence just north of the city and a little way east of the Damascus Gate that many reliable modern writers locate "the place of a skull" where they crucified our Lord

and Savior. This was probably the place of public execution. Near it in the fifth century stood a chapel to St. Stephen, marking the traditional place where he was stoned to death. I have carefully read many authorities upon this question and am much inclined to believe this to be the site of the crucifixion rather than the place where the Church of the Holy Sepulcher stands. This, however, has all the force of tradition against it. Yet we know that the crucifixion of our Lord occurred without the city, for the author of Hebrews tells us that "Jesus, also, that he might sanctify the people with his own blood, suffered without the gate." (Hebrews xiii. 12.) John tells us that "the place where Jesus was crucified was nigh to the city." (John xix. 20.) In this region north of the city the ancient Jewish cemeteries were located; and if we should look for the place of the crucifixion near a highway, near the place of public execution, and convenient to Joseph's new tomb, we should hardly find a place answering so fully to these conditions as this knoll by the road to Shechem north of the city. Lieutenant Conder argues this view with great skill and plausibility. For some purpose we are perhaps wisely kept in doubt. The Church of the Holy Sepulcher has almost all of the traditions in its favor as the place of the burial of Christ, and his crucifixion as well. The one argument against it is its location so near the center of the upper city. At present it is far within the wall of the city, and whether its site lay within the wall of the city of Herod it is impossible to determine without extended excavations, which the Mohammedans will not allow. Just where the northern wall of the city of Christ's time was built no one can more than conjecture. Conjectures greatly differ as to this location. At present the belief of the people accredits the place of the crucifixion of Christ to the site of the Holy Sepulcher. And yet I can never forget nor escape the feelings which came to my heart again and again as I walked over the hill north and east of the Damascus Gate. Somehow it seemed to me that it was there that my Lord was crucified.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Streets of Jerusalem — Haram es Sheriff — Dome of the Rock — Sacred Place — Praying-Place of David — Superstitions — Dome of the Chain — Praying Before the Mosque — Cisterns — Mosque el Aksa — Cradle of Christ — Solomon's Stables — Wailing-Place of the Jews.

JERUSALEM is truly an oriental city. There is nothing like it in the world. It has really only four streets worthy of being named as streets. Damascus Street runs directly southward from the Damascus Gate; Christian Street runs northward from Zion's Gate; David Street goes eastward from the *Yaffa* Gate, and the *Via Dolorosa* (the way of the cross) runs westward from St. Stephen's Gate, being a short distance north of and parallel with David Street. These streets have frequent bends and are narrow and filthy. At some places the houses extend entirely over the streets. The buildings are crowded together, so that there is no arrangement for streets. No vehicles are driven or could be driven through the city. The donkeys and camels have just room enough to pass along the lanes crowded with men, women, and children, who sit in the dirt with their cakes and marketing to sell. Yet there is scarcely a nook or corner of this renowned city in which one does not find something possessing thrilling interest.

In the south-eastern corner of the city, covering Mount Moriah, is the *Haram es Sheriff* — the *Noble Sanctuary*, or the temple plateau. This plateau was formed by building walls on each side of the rocky mountain, and then filling up low places. This was accomplished in many places by building up substructions and arching them over, leaving great caverns

below. The southern portion of the east wall of the city forms the eastern wall of this plateau. The surface of this structure is almost level, and at some places the native rock has been cut away. The central part, however, is somewhat elevated above the other. The plateau is in the form of an irregular quadrangle, being one thousand five hundred and thirty feet long on the east side, and one thousand six hundred and one feet on the west, and on the south nine hundred and twenty-two feet wide, and one thousand and forty-two feet wide at the north end. It contains not less than thirty-five acres, and is almost a mile around it. It is, all things considered, the most interesting spot on the globe, and embraces the site of the ancient Temple of Solomon and its open court. It contains here and there a few olive-trees, and a number of buildings. We secured a permit from the government to enter this sacred inclosure, which costs about one dollar per person, and with a stout guard of soldiers for our protection passed most of one day visiting and inspecting this wonderful place. As we entered the Haram by David Street, through the cotton bazaars, there lay before us the vast court, and a little way from us the splendid building called the Dome of the Rock—called also *Kubbet es Sakhra.* This is the most interesting building on the Haram. It stands in the center of a platform elevated nearly ten feet above the other portions of the plateau. This table or platform is almost a rectangle, measuring on the east five hundred and twenty-eight feet, on the west five hundred and forty-four, on the south four hundred and twenty-five, and on the north five hundred and six feet. It is paved entirely with smooth white limestone, while the rest of the Haram is not. In the north-western corner the rock has been cut and leveled down to its present uniform plane. In the center of this platform stands the Dome of the Rock, which covers the sacred rock upon which it is believed Abraham offered Isaac, and which was the thrashing-floor of Ornan, in the time of David. The sacred rock occupies the center of the building. It is about six and a half feet higher than the platform all about it, slop-

DOME OF THE CHAIN. DOME OF THE ROCK.

ing lower toward the east side. This huge rock, the highest point of Moriah, is fifty-two feet long and thirty-eight feet wide. The surface is not flat, but broken off somewhat south and east. There is something which awes one into a reverence for this rock of antiquity when he considers all the traditions which worthily belong to it. It was no doubt included in the holy and beautiful Temple of Solomon, and may have been the place of the holy of holies, where rested the ark of the covenant. Tradition asserts that the ark yet lies buried and concealed beneath this sacred rock. If this should be indeed the place of the holy of holies, then upon this uneven surface of rock, which has stood here preserved and venerated for thousands of years, the feet of the high-priests stood before the cherubim over the mercy-seat and talked face to face with God. The rock is now surrounded with a heavy railing to protect it from any profane touch. The building around it has a double corridor with splendid ancient columns. It is entered by a gate from each of the cardinal points of the compass. Our illustration on the opposite page presents a splendid view of this structure, which next to the temple at Medina is the most venerated of all Mohammedan buildings. Of course the Mohammedans attach many traditions to this place.

The building as shown in our illustration is octagonal, each side being about sixty-six feet long. Its height to the dome is about forty-six feet. The dome, which rises from the supports of pillars, and the double row of columns, is ninety-seven feet high and sixty-five feet in diameter. It is of wood, covered with lead, which looked upon from without appears as though it leaned slightly to the west. The interior of the building possesses real grandeur, though there is less artistic skill than one expects to find. There is a circle of twelve columns around the rock which support the dome. Outside of these piers and columns is a space about forty-nine feet wide entirely surrounding the inner aisle. In this there is one circle of piers and columns supporting the outer portions of the roof. Lieutenant Conder thinks this outer wall and thirteen feet of the space is an addition to the building since

its first construction. The marble mosaic floors and marble columns of various colors, which were once in the Temple of Jupiter, and it may be were long ago in the Jewish Temple, upon which a mellow light is thrown through the shaded window, present a scene one can never forget. There are no images here, but many quotations from the Koran, in gilded letters, upon the walls. What a history this place has shared! Once the solitary mountain to which Abraham came from the south to offer up Isaac a sacrifice; once the thrashing-floor of Ornan, where David built an altar unto the Lord and offered burnt-offerings and peace-offerings; once the place where Solomon erected at great cost under the special direction of the Lord the most splendid temple to our God the world has ever known. Here stood the temple which the returned Hebrews built in their poverty and their sorrow, the inferiority of which must have added to their pains as they remembered the glory of the former temple. On this same site the splendor-loving Herod built the third temple of magnificence into which our Lord Jesus so often entered. Here was the altar of incense and the table of show-bread. Forty years after the time of Christ this third temple was burned and destroyed; and Hadrian, the Roman emperor, erected on this same place an idol-temple, in which he enshrined a statue of Jupiter. What other history lies with its dim shadow over this awful place, who can tell? The Jews are not allowed to enter this sacred inclosure, though they regard it as the place where once stood their holy and beautiful house where their fathers worshiped God. Yet for more than a thousand years the Mohammedans have held possession of this sacred place, with but little interruption.

There is a kind of pulpit erected at the south-east of the Sacred Rock, five or six feet high, from which a good view of the rock is obtained. Close by this pulpit our guide led the way down a flight of steps perhaps six feet wide, into a cavern cut in the rock about twenty feet square. The ceiling is of the native Sacred Rock, and about seven feet high, while the floor is handsomely paved with marble. There is a round marble slab near the center of the chamber which covers a

wall or passage, probably an opening to an aqueduct or passage from this chamber through which the blood and water may have been carried from the temple court. Just above this is a round hole in the Sacred Rock almost three feet in diameter, through which Mohammed is said to have passed when he ascended to heaven from his place of prayer in the chamber. The rock wanted to attend him, and after being lifted several feet was caught by Gabriel and stopped. The prints of his fingers are still shown, and the rock, by the Mohammedans, is believed to be suspended in the air without support. In this chamber, the real original uses of which can only be conjectured, there are several altars or praying-places where our guide solemnly informed us David, Solomon, Elijah, Abraham, and Mohammed once prayed.

As we were walking through the gorgeous building, conducted by a devout Mohammedan guide, a little way from the northern side of the Sacred Rock I discovered a jasper slab. Our guide told us that Mohammed drove nineteen gold nails into the slab, and that once in a long time an angel came down and removed one of the gold nails. When they are all gone then the end of the world will come. (There are three remaining.) He also informed me that any one who deposited a piece of money on any one of the gold heads remaining, would go to heaven sure. I thought it wise to defer making the deposit at least long enough to give the matter due reflection, and concluded to try a little humor on the priest. So, speaking through an interpreter, I asked him if persons performing this duty went up immediately, or at any specific time. The old man smiled, looked at me, and then gazed up at the great dome and answered, "I guess there have none gone up yet, as I see there is no hole in the roof." It is evidently a little trick practiced to get money out of visitors; and doubtless many a poor soul suffers from the delusion.

On the east of the Dome of the Rock is a small building about fifteen feet in diameter, the same in form as the larger building. It is called the Dome of the Chain. A very pretty view of it is given in our illustration on page 522. This little

building is sometimes called *Mehkemet Daud*,—David's place of judgment,—and there are some foolish traditions attaching to it. Its shafts and columns with their bases are very dissimilar, and are doubtless from ancient structures. The floor is of handsome marble mosaic work, and on the south side is a little recess for prayer. It is a Mohammedan praying-place.

PRAYING BEFORE THE MOSQUE OF OMAR.

All about on the Haram platform I noticed persons spreading down a mat and going through with their prayers as described on page 240. They always removed their shoes if they were not already barefooted, and seemed to be very devout.

Two tall thin men, very black, followed us almost all the time as we visited various places in the Haram, and some-

times beside us and sometimes behind us they would get down at their prayers. I thought possibly it was to be "seen of men;" for they prayed at least in half a dozen or more places, as they followed us slowly from place to place. Possibly they considered that our company desecrated or polluted the place, and they were sanctifying it again.

Beneath the plateau over which we are walking there are vast numbers of cisterns, some of which are very large. One of them is described by Captain Warren as being sixty-three feet long, fifty-seven wide, and forty-two feet deep. The same indefatigable explorer, to whom an endless debt of gratitude is due, found and examined not less than thirty-three of these cisterns beneath this temple plateau. A still larger cistern, found in the southern part of the Haram, and close by the *Mosque el Aksa*, the water from the roof of which runs into it, is about forty-two feet deep and seven hundred and forty feet in circumference. It is called the Royal Cistern, and, I believe, was first discovered by Dr. Barclay. The roof of native rock is supported by pillars of the original rock, left standing when the cistern was prepared. On the southern portion of this temple plateau or Haram stands the *Mosque el Aksa* (mosque far away—from Mecca), dating back in its foundation to the time of Justinian, who here built a Christian church in honor of the Virgin Mary. It is a huge and complex building, which shows great antiquity. It was first a church, then a mosque; then the Crusaders converted it to a church, eight hundred years ago; but it became a mosque one hundred years later. The stones in its subterranean parts exhibit the ancient Phœnician art. It retains much of the ancient basilica form. The entire building is two hundred and seventy feet long and one hundred and ninety-eight feet wide. The material is of all kinds, and shows that it also came from temples and structures which had yielded to destruction before its erection. Some of the precious contents are beautiful indeed; some of the paintings are miserable. There has long been a foolish superstition that whoever should pass between two monolith columns of stone, about

ten inches apart, standing in this mosque would surely go to heaven. This has, in the centuries, been the occasion of thousands and millions of persons pressing between these columns. They have thus been continually scraped until not less than two or three inches of the stones have been worn away. Many a fat pilgrim has squeezed hard to get through this narrow place, with the hope of eternal bliss. Now all such hopes are blasted, for a great iron frame-work has been erected in those passes so that none may pass that way.

Perhaps the most interesting substructions of the temple plateau are beneath its south-eastern corner. Descending a narrow flight of steps, thirty-two in number, we were at a small Moslem oratory, or praying-place, called "The Cradle of Christ," from a niche in the stone wall. It is said that anciently Jewish women resorted here in expected birth of children, and remained until the presentation of the child in the Temple. The story is that this is the dwelling-place of Simeon, and here the Virgin and her holy Child abode for a time when Christ was presented in the Temple. Soon we were in the great vaults called "Solomon's Stables." There are no less than one hundred square piers, built up of ancient drafted stones, which support the semi-circular vaults above, near thirty feet from the floor. To what uses these vast chambers, once called Solomon's Stables, have been subjected no one can tell. No doubt they have often been the sheltering-place of the inhabitants of Jerusalem in its times of war and destruction. These great drafted stones forming the hundred pillars which support the massive stones and floors above, however removed in the later ages and placed in new positions, tell the story of olden times. I have not time nor space to write of much which attracts the closest attention here, nor of the many foolish legends and traditions told to one as he travels shoeless over these cold floors, guarded by soldiers from the fanatical Mohammedans, some of whom follow menacingly and others of whom fall on their knees here and there and go through their prayers. There are various other smaller substructions here, and other rude buildings in the plateau,

but to visit them would require a more tedious journey than the reader would be willing to undertake.

The west wall of this Haram or temple plateau on the outside or west side is the "Wailing-Place of the Jews," who every day sit in mournful sorrow, bemoaning the desolation of the house of their God. Our illustration presents a very good view of the place and of the mournful scene. The wall for a distance of one hundred and fifty-six feet, and more

WAILING-PLACE OF THE JEWS AT JERUSALEM.

than fifty feet high, shows great antiquity. The nine lower courses of stone are of huge size. Some of these blocks of stone are over sixteen feet long and five or six feet thick. The old buildings forming the west side of the street stand some distance off, leaving a narrow street about fourteen feet wide. This little street is reached by a dirty alley from David Street. The largest company of mourners here is to be seen on every Friday afternoon. Then there are from one hundred

and fifty to two hundred persons. Old men and old women, young men and maidens, chant solemn songs and read mournfully over their old Hebrew prayer-books. How solemn the words on their lips as they mourn the desolation of Zion! Zion is a wilderness; Jerusalem a desolation. "Our holy and our beautiful house, where our fathers praised thee, is burned up with fire: and all our pleasant things are laid waste." (Isaiah lxiv. 11.) "O God, the heathen are come into thine inheritance; thy holy temple have they defiled; they have laid Jerusalem on heaps." "We are become a reproach to our neighbors, a scorn and derision to them that are round about us." "O remember not against us former iniquities: let thy tender mercies speedily prevent us; for we are brought very low." (Psalms lxxix. 1, 4, and 8.) These people seem to experience a bitter sorrow, as they kiss often these stones made wet by their tears, and pray that peace and joy may abide at Jerusalem, and the branch spring up out of Zion. I shall never forget the peculiar emotion experienced as I watched this strange and weird ceremony. Some of the women appeared very young, while others were quite aged. The men were mostly advanced in years, with a grave countenance and a manly, oriental bearing. No one of their number seemed to be at all disturbed by the presence of strangers. Many of them were poorly dressed, and I supposed were from the poorer class of Jews in Jerusalem. The men and women seated on the ground would go on reading mournfully from their books, in a sing-song tone, moving their head and body backward and forward in a regular seesaw movement. Then a number would rise and join those who stood by the wall and there kiss the century-beaten stone, while the tears now and again coursed down over their cheeks. Some were seated close beside the wall, while others were on the other side of the alley. I found my heart strangely touched. Just above and north-east from them is the place where once stood the holy Temple of the Lord, now occupied by a Mohammedan mosque. The nation of Abraham is scattered to the ends of the earth for its sin in rejecting the Lord's Anointed, the Son of

David, and yet these are mournfully looking for the coming of the Messiah and the restoration of the glory of former times.

Bædeker says that on certain days toward evening they perform a kind of chant, which he renders as follows:

For the place that lies desolate,
We sit in solitude and mourn.
For the palace that is destroyed,
We sit in solitude and mourn.
For the walls that are overthrown,
We sit in solitude and mourn.
For our majesty that is departed,
We sit in solitude and mourn.
For our great men who are dead,
We sit in solitude and mourn.
For the precious stones that are burned,
We sit in solitude and mourn.
For the priests who have stumbled,
We sit in solitude and mourn.
For our kings who have despised Him,
We sit in solitude and mourn.

Every alternate line is read by a leader, and the people follow with the words, "We sit in solitude and mourn." On another occasion they use the following litany, also in a responsive chant:

We pray thee, have mercy on Zion;
Gather the children of Jerusalem;
May beauty and majesty surround Zion;
Ah! Turn thyself mercifully to Jerusalem.
Haste, haste, Redeemer of Zion;
Speak to the heart of Jerusalem.
May thy kingdom soon return to Zion;
Comfort those who mourn over Jerusalem.
May peace and joy abide in Zion;
And the branch [of Jesse] spring up at Jerusalem.

These mournful cries are but as the lowing of the cattle. The Jews rejected, and continually crucify, the Son of God, by whose intercession and merit alone they might come to the Father and be healed of their sorrow. Thus do we learn the world-wide love of God, which embraced first the Jewish nation in a special covenant in order that he might show himself in all his fullness to all nations of men when the

fullness of time was come. And still may we not hope that the sorrow of this once-chosen people of God shall wear itself out and break them down, and that some newer and fuller manifestation of Christ to the world shall convince them that Jesus was and is the Messiah, and they yet be gathered into the divine fold.

This temple plateau was doubtless connected with Mount Zion by bridges and splendid walks. Quite south of the Jews' Wailing-Place is what is known as Robinson's Arch—named after the discoverer. These arches, which have their beginning in the wall of the temple plateau, were discovered lying fallen in the Tyropeon Valley, now covered many feet in the *debris*. Dr. Robinson found them by excavations sixty feet below the point from which the arch starts. Dr. Wilson also discovered a similar arch farther north. These bridges are supposed to belong to the time of Herod; but it is argued well and believed by explorers that other like bridges spanned this deep Tyropean Valley in the times of Solomon. There seems to be evident allusion to this in the account of what was beheld by the queen of Sheba, who was attracted to Jerusalem by the fame of Solomon; for she saw the "house that he had built, and his ascent by which he went up into the house of the Lord," and was so affected by these things that "there was no more spirit in her." (I. Kings x. 1-5.) This "ascent" was doubtless a royal passage across the valley to the Holy Temple.

CHAPTER XXV.

Via Dolorosa — Pool of Bethesda — Tower of Antonia — Pilate's House — Arch of Pilate — Church of the Holy Sepulcher — Stone of Anointment — Holy Sepulcher — Rent Rock — Chapel of St. Helena — Finding of the Cross — Sacred Pillar — Tomb of Adam — Pilgrims — Holy Fire — Pool of Hezekiah — Armenian Monastery — Tomb of David — Lepers — Synagogue — Bazaars — Hospital of St. John — Lady Riding a Donkey — Money-Changers — Arab Quarrel.

THE most interesting street in Jerusalem, and the one regarded with more superstitious reverence than any or all others, is the *Via Dolorosa*,—the Way of the Cross. If you are in the eastern part of the city, or outside the city in the Valley of Kedron, it is well to enter through St. Stephen's Gate, which leads into the *Via Dolorosa*, through a narrow street leading southward about sixty steps to a gate entering the Haram. Not wishing to enter the Haram, we turn to the right at the *Pool of Bethesda*, which is just north of the Haram or temple plateau. This is the largest pool or reservoir within the city walls, though it does not now contain water. It is almost seventy feet lower than the Haram just south of it, and occupies a deep valley or fissure in the rock, originally separating Moriah from Bezetha. It is called *Birkit Israil*—Pool of Israel. At its east end there is only a narrow street between this pool and the city wall. The *Via Dolorosa* runs on its northern side. The length of the pool from the east westward is three hundred and sixty feet, and its width one hundred and thirty feet, with a neck at its south-west end forty-two feet wide, extending one hundred and forty feet farther, making the length of the southern side of the pool five hundred feet. It

contains over one acre, and originally had a depth of eighty feet. It is said by Captain Warren to have a solid cement bottom, and openings twenty-five feet from the bottom for emptying it, and steps by which the water could be reached through a passage from the Haram plateau. It is now three fourths full of earth and *debris* from the city. When I visited it several times men and boys were carrying dirt in hopper-like baskets, hung over the backs of donkeys, and emptying it into this interesting pool. It was probably supplied with water from the Pools of Solomon below Bethlehem by means of an aqueduct. It is stated by Dr. Ridgeway that a few years ago an English gentleman, Mr. Maudsley, proposed to clean out and restore the pool at his own expense, but the silly, superstitious, dirt-loving Turkish authorities denied him permission to do so. It is highly probable that this pool was once a moat as well as pool, protecting the Tower of Antonia, which doubtless stood beside it.

The evangelist tells us, "There is at Jerusalem by the sheep-market a pool, which is called in the Hebrew tongue Bethesda, having five porches." (John v. 2.) But we can not with certainty identify this pool with that one at which Jesus healed the impotent man who had an infirmity thirty-eight years. And yet it is possible that it was somewhere near here that this notable miracle was wrought. West of the pool, between the *Via Dolorosa* and the Haram, is a mass of buildings occupied as barracks for Turkish soldiers. This is generally conceded to be the site of the "castle," or Tower of Antonia, in which Paul was confined a prisoner. (Acts xxi. 34; xxii. 24.) Here it is believed were the Roman headquarters and residence of Pilate at the time of the arrest and trial of our Lord Jesus. On the northern side of the street and at the west end of the Turkish soldiers' quarters is a Roman convent—a Catholic school for girls. It is shown as the tallest building in our illustration to the right of the street. From it is seen extending an arch, called "Pilate's Arch," from a tradition that it was under its span that "Jesus came forth, wearing the crown of thorns, and the

purple robe," while Pilate exclaimed "*Ecce Homo*"—"Behold the man!" (John xix. 5.) The arch has been shown for the last four hundred years, but its real origin is unknown. This *Via Dolorosa* is held to be the same street up which Christ passed from Pilate's judgment-hall to the place of crucifixion; and not less than fourteen sacred places are pointed out, all connected with that sorrowful journey to the cross. There is

VIA DOLOROSA, AND ARCH OF PILATE.

something deeply affecting in all this. Sometimes, however, the thought and the heart are hurled back as by a tide when it is remembered that this street must be from thirty to fifty feet above the one over which Jesus bore his cross to Calvary, and that traditions have often changed the location of these sacred places. Still, your guide will point out the spot where the cross was taken from Christ's shoulder and placed on

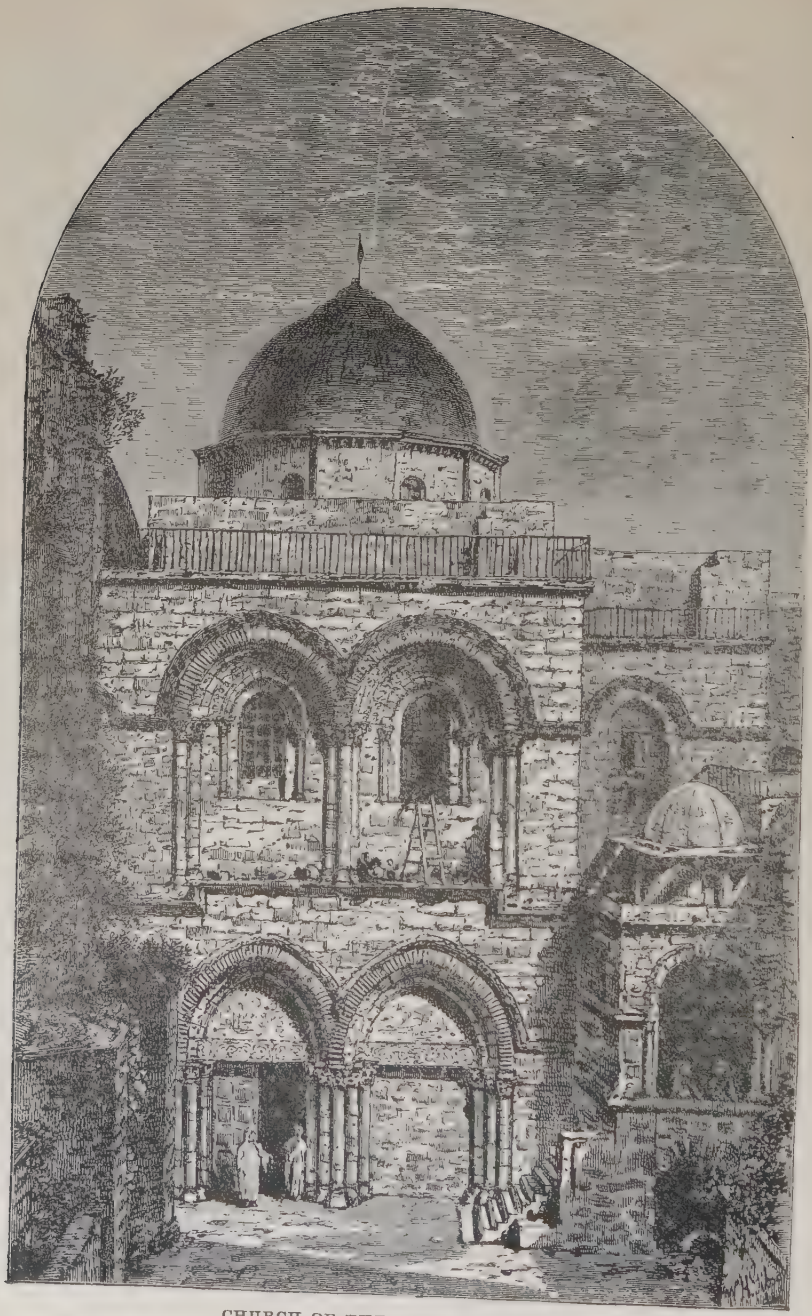
Simon, a Cyrenian (Luke xx. 26), the places where Christ fell under the burden of the cross the first and also the second time, and the location where other events occurred in the Savior's path of pain.

From the Arch of Pilate the *Via Dolorosa* descends for a considerable distance, crossing the depression or Tyropeon Valley between Bezetha and Akra. At the lowest point it follows the valley southward for a short distance, when it angles to the west up Akra, crosses Damascus Street, and continues westward through the city. In this course as it ascends the hill it passes the "Church of the Holy Sepulcher," the traditional site of the crucifixion and burial of our Lord. The entrance is through an open court on the south, as shown in our illustration on page 538. This court is always occupied by large numbers of persons. Men and women sit all the day with beads, cups, rings, and indeed all kinds of trinkets, made of olive-wood, ivory, pearl, etc., which they sell to visitors. Many of these things are of real beauty, and are sold for small sums and taken to all parts of the world.

Lieutenant Conder as he approaches a description of this place says, "It is a grim and wicked old building that we now approach. Perhaps no other edifice has been directly the cause of more human misery, or defiled with more blood. There are those who would willingly look upon it as the real place of the Savior's tomb; but I confess that for myself, having twice witnessed the annual orgy which disgraces its walls, the annual imposture which is countenanced by its priests, and the fierce emotions of sectarian hate and blind fanaticism which are called forth by the supposed miracle, and remembering the tale of blood connected with the history of the church, I should be loath to think that the sacred tomb had been a witness for so many years of so much human ignorance, folly, and crime."

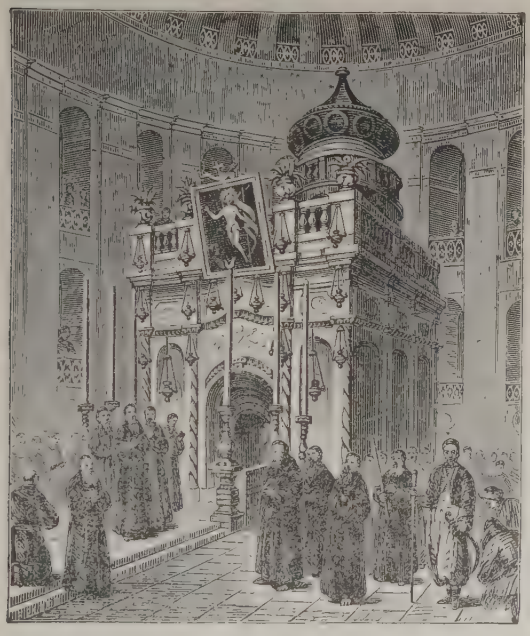
It is not within the scope of these pages to discuss the question as to whether or not this incloses the real tomb of Christ. The reader will find on page 519 an allusion to the perplexities of that interesting question.

The Church of the Holy Sepulcher attracts more visitors than any place in Jerusalem. It occupies the reputed site of the crucifixion of our Lord, and the tomb in which he was buried. The present building, greatly improved and changed, was erected by the Crusaders nearly eight hundred years ago. It is a vast structure, with numerous chapels, which are divided between the Greeks, Latins, and Armenians. The building is an antiquated, orderless structure, about two hundred and thirty feet long from east to west and two hundred feet from north to south. Covering the spot which the Christians, at least from the fourth century, recognized as the sepulcher of Christ, it at once becomes, to say the least, venerable with hallowed memories. Constantine fixed upon this location, as is well shown by various connecting links of history, down through the fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth centuries. The Crusaders erected the present building upon the site of former structures, about A. D. 1100. This building was largely destroyed by fire in A. D. 1808; but the southern portion is believed to be a part of the Crusaders' structure. Upon entering the sacred place by the large portal from the court, the first object shown is the "Stone of Anointment," on which it is said the body of Christ was laid when it was anointed by Nicodemus. It is a yellowish marble slab about eight and one half feet long and four feet broad. The stone is flanked by great candles, which reach far toward the roof. Priests and pilgrims kiss the stone in passing. Many of these superstitious persons secure cotton cloth which they touch to the stone, or measure by its size, and carry away to be preserved for their winding-sheet. Passing from this anteroom you enter at once into the rotunda of this strange clump of buildings and are under the great dome, as seen in our splendid illustration on page 538. The dome is sixty-five feet in diameter. In this chamber, directly under the dome, is the Chapel of the Holy Sepulcher, a structure of white marble, twenty-six feet long, seventeen feet wide, and fifteen feet high, within which is the sepulcher. Our illustration presents it to the eye in a most effective manner. Its walls are elabo-



538 CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHER.

rately carved, and all about are lamps of silver and gold kept constantly burning. In front of it are marble candlesticks, in which huge candles stand in stately order. Passing by these candles, and through the open door, we were in a room sixteen feet long and ten feet wide, called the Chapel of the Angels, because it is said to contain a part of the stone rolled away from the tomb of Christ by the heavenly visitors. The walls are of marble, and it is lighted by fifteen lamps, five of which belong to the Greeks, five to the Latins or Catholics, four to the Armenians, and one to the Copts. Through a low door we entered a still smaller room, the Chapel of the Sepulcher, which is almost square, being six and one half feet by six feet. From the low ceiling forty-three golden lamps are suspended. On the north side is a marble altar, the slab of which is said to cover the rock which formed a part of the tomb of the Savior. This altar is about five feet by two, and three feet high. This entire chapel and the Chapel of the Angels is a structure within the other building. In this little chapel, lighted by golden lamps, which lend a charm of glory mingled with shadowy gloom, the pilgrim believes that he stands beside the tomb of Christ, as did Mary of old, who wept, saying, "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where



THE HOLY SEPULCHER.

they have laid him." (John xx. 13.) As I entered the chamber some monks were rising from their knees beside the tomb of Christ. It was with emotions such as I had not before experienced that I stood in that sacred place. All about were superstitious worshipers, who all the time were coming and going, bowing and worshiping in this chamber. They of course shared none of my doubts about the genuineness of this location. They felt possibly none of the oppression of superstition which fills every department of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. They were more devout than it was possible for my undisciplined heart to be. So, with commingled feelings of wonder, belief, and love, and mental revolting, I came and went, but with a reverent tread. Upon a second visit to the same spot, as I saw others bowing down before this reputed tomb of Christ, I found my heart overcome, and with the rest I knelt beside the marble altar as one kneels beside the tomb of a loved one dead, but with a heart yearning not for the dead but for the living Christ, knowing that "he is not here: for he is risen" (Matthew xxviii. 6), and "hath ascended on high."

In a room about fifteen feet above the floor-level of the chapel of the tomb are several chapels, reached by steps, which are called Golgotha, or Mount Calvary. The room in the south-eastern part of this structure may be upon a natural rock; but I could not tell. In one of these chapels it is said the cross was raised and Christ crucified. This room is over forty feet long and fourteen and a half feet wide. In one apse of the room is a silver casing around a hole in the rock, which it is asserted is the socket in which the cross of Christ was fastened. About five feet distant are shown the places where the crosses of the two thieves were erected. Near by is shown a rock with a long rent in it, said to have been occasioned by the earthquake at the time of the crucifixion of Christ. (John xvii. 51.) This rent is said to penetrate to the center of the earth. There are numerous other chapels in the building, each one being dedicated to some event connected with our Lord's crucifixion or with the memory and burial of some

illustrious saint. Far below the level of the rotunda, sixteen feet below the level of the sepulcher, is the Chapel of St. Helena, sixty-five by forty-two feet. Thirteen steps below it is the Chapel of the "Finding of the Cross," a cavern in the solid rock, about twenty-four feet square and sixteen feet to the ceiling, where it is asserted Helena found the identical cross of Christ. In this chamber is a bronze statue of St. Helena, life-size, holding up the new-found cross.

I can not take the reader from one chapel to another without introducing him to superstition in its most glaring inconsistencies. In one chapel is shown the column to which the Savior was chained before his crucifixion. Through an opening you can look in and see it. I saw a number of pilgrims take a stick kept there for the purpose, and put it in the opening until the end of the stick touched the pillar, and then draw the stick out and kiss it with holy reverence where it had touched the stone. It is of a grayish color, and over a foot in diameter, and much resembles a stone said to be a part of the same column in a small Greek church in Constantinople, which I was there allowed to examine more thoroughly.

There are reliefs in the marble and pictures in the various chapels and parts of the church, which are the purchase of the wealth of popes, bishops, and kings. The chapel under the dome is surrounded with chapels built to the honor of many saints. Here are the tombs of Adam, and of numberless saints and holy men. With utter disregard to all history and fact, they have filled this Church of the Holy Sepulcher with all manner of traditions and superstitions which outherod Herod. I spent much time here, and all with deep interest, often made to lament that these people have even eclipsed the Mohammedans with their many superstitious, impossible stories. And yet withal it is a sacred place.

In this church is annually enacted one of the most disgraceful farces and frauds ever practiced in the name of religion. It occurs at the Easter season, when thousands of pilgrims from Russia and other places are in the Holy City. Lieutenant Conder, who twice witnessed this ceremony of fire de-

scending from heaven, describes it in a most graphic manner. From his thrilling account I gather a few facts. The day before the so-called "Holy Fire" the rotunda about the Chapel of the Angels and Tomb of Christ is crowded for many hours by infatuated pilgrims. Here they join in chants, thronging the entire church by thousands, until the Greek patriarch, who is concealed within the Chapel of the Angels, passes out to the throng a blazing torch, just lighted with fire caught from heaven. The throng light their tapers, provided for the occasion, from this lighted torch and thrust their hands into the flame of the tapers and scorch their heads and burn their clothing, under the supposition that it will be the occasion of great good to them. This practice has been kept up for the last six hundred years, though the Catholics abandoned their part in the superstitious fraud two centuries ago. It is said that as many as twenty thousand pilgrims visit the city at this season, ten thousand of whom crowd into the different parts of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher.

A little way south-west from the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, and a little way north of David Street, running east from the Joppa Gate, is the Pool of Hezekiah, incased between the walls of the Copt convent and walls of houses, which almost surround it. It is two hundred and forty feet long, one hundred and forty-four wide, and ten feet deep below the level of the street. Its water is not much used except for bathing purposes. An aqueduct from the upper Pool of Gihon (see page 505) supplies this pool, long named after Hezekiah from the belief that it is to this pool that reference is made in the words, "he made a pool, and a conduit, and brought water into the city." (II. Kings xx. 20.) We are told that "Hezekiah also stopped the upper course of Gihon, and brought it straight down to the west side of the city of David." (II. Chronicles xxxii. 30.)

Passing southward along Christian Street, we go through Zion Gate at the highest point of the wall crossing Mount Zion. On the outside a short distance is the Armenian monastery of Mount Zion, which they claim covers the site of the

house of Caiaphas. Here several curious things are shown, including the place where Peter denied his Lord and a stone containing the marks of the feet of the cock that crew, and other curious superstitions, with which the reader need not be taxed. Southward a little way farther is the *Cænaculum*, the Place of the Last Supper, but by the Mohammedans called *Neby Daud*—Tomb of David. Close by is the chamber dedicated to the last supper, and in which for a few *piasters* we were shown the room where the table of the last supper was placed. We were then conducted up a flight of steps to a large room, through the latticed door of which is seen the sarcophagus of David. The tomb is about twelve feet long and five feet high, shaped like a coffin, and closely guarded by the Mohammedans. It is asserted that this tomb is a copy of the real tomb, which is below in a cavern in the rock. The daughter of Dr. Barclay disguised herself in Turkish clothes, and through the female members of the family of the keeper of the place got into the tomb below and took a correct drawing. It is thought that the building dates back to the period of the Crusaders; but whether it is indeed the tomb of David it is impossible to tell. We are told that "David slept with his fathers, and was buried in the city of David." (I. Kings ii. 10.) This was no doubt in a prepared tomb in that part of Jerusalem built upon Zion. This tomb became the receptacle of the bodies of many of the kings and mighty men of Israel, who were "buried with their fathers;" that is, in the city of David. This place of burial, embracing the tomb of David, was no doubt well known for over a thousand years, at least. Peter in his address on the day of Pentecost says, "Let me freely speak unto you of the patriarch David, that he is both dead and buried; and his sepulcher is with us unto this day." (Acts ii. 29.)

Returning from these walks, we may enter again the Zion Gate and follow Christian Street westward to the place where it intersects David Street, then, turning to the right, pass to the east until the foot of the hill is reached, where Damascus Street from the north may be entered and the Damascus

Hotel reached. If one is not weary he may find it interesting to return on the west side of the city and enter at the *Yaffa* Gate. Doing so I had a good view of the people coming to market from Bethlehem, who enter the city at this gate, on account of which it is sometimes called the Bethlehem Gate. With this a distressing scene met my eyes. Here were more than a score of lepers crowding about the gate, whining, crying, and begging for *backshish*. (See page 425.) I was quite glad to hasten down David Street and make another brief visit to the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. Thus the days of my sojourn in the Holy City passed quite too quickly.

One day I visited a large Jewish synagogue, of which there are four or five in Jerusalem. Two of these attract attention. The largest one, a great square structure crowned with plastered domes of masonry, is situated upon the higher part of Zion. Passing up a number of steps and through a somewhat intricate way we were ushered into a pleasant chamber, provided with seats for all and elevated seats for instructors. Here a number of tall old men, with venerable beards, wearing heavy black gowns down to the feet and curiously-shaped black hats, were passing to and fro, while some were engaged in study. I was invited to a comfortable seat beside a rabbi, who showed me evident signs and tokens of friendship. In the midst of these he drew from his pocket a plug of tobacco and most kindly tendered it. With such gestures and pleasing smiles as I could command, his well-meant proffer of kindness was declined; and I soon withdrew from the synagogue.

The sojourner in Jerusalem will often have occasion to visit the bazaars, where all kinds of goods are sold. These do not materially differ in their general features from the bazaars of Damascus and Constantinople (see pages 241 and 316), though they are not nearly so large or interesting.

I was much interested in the partially-excavated ruins of the hospital of the Knights of St. John, a benevolent order which rose among the Crusaders about the middle of the eleventh century. The object of the order was to sustain pilgrims

to the Holy Land; and here not far from the Church of the Holy Sepulcher they built a hospital for the benefit of pilgrims, and dedicated it to the memory of St. John, a Greek, who in the seventh century had been patriarch at Alexandria. The order finally took the form of a military organization, which has almost become extinct, a mere shadow of it existing only in Russia. This hospital, the ruins of which are of vast extent, shows that the contributions from Europe must have given it no inconsiderable wealth and power.

LADY RIDING A DONKEY.

Day after day I wandered up and down and through these winding streets, and trod among these awful associations of the long-past ages. Outside the walls, upon the walls, through the winding, narrow, dirty streets, I hunted my way, some-

times almost bewildered with the profound and solemn sensations of reverence and awe which come to one as he stands face to face with the mountains of God—sometimes sorrowful and weeping at the remembrance of the sad history which followed the illustrious days of Jerusalem; sometimes filled with pity for the poor people who live here, desecrating this sacred soil with their low and bestial lives.

Now and then among the motley throng of men on foot and on donkeys, loaded camels, and women trudging along the streets with their dirty children, a richly-dressed, closely-veiled lady might be seen riding on a donkey, while one or two stout Arabs attended her.

When needing a gold coin changed into the money of the country, I found it very necessary to have the assistance of a guide who understood the business. The money-changers sit along the streets in great numbers, and can easily be found. One of them will count you out "good money" in silver coin in exchange for French or English gold; but at the next bazaar or place of the "money-changers" you will learn that one third or one half of it is in coin which is not in circulation at all, or is taken at enormous discount. I soon learned, however, the coins which were useless.

Coming out of my room in the hotel one day, and standing in the upper court, from which a splendid view of the mount of Olives lay before the eye, my attention was suddenly attracted by a great noise of voices in the street just below me. Walking to the balustrade, I looked down into Damascus Street and saw two men engaged in a terrible brawl. I could not learn the cause of it. Angry looks, terrific gestures, and boisterous words, all indescribable, continued for a long time. By and by one of the men determined to settle the difficulty. He made repeated efforts to kiss his enemy, but failed. At last he caught hold of the other man's head and held it fast until he could give him a good solid kiss. Quick as thought all was over, and one passed one way and the other in the opposite direction, again and again returning kindly salutations as they parted.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Land of Abraham — Sight of Bethlehem Fields — Tomb of Rachel — Giloh — Pools of Solomon — Tekoa — Mountain of Paradise — Cave of Adullam — Russian Pilgrims — Abraham's Oak — Plain of Mamre — Hebron — Cave of Machpelah — Pool of Hebron — Bethlehem — Church of the Nativity — Well of David — Birth of Christ — Lights of Zion.

ON Friday morning, November 18th, quite before daylight, Dr. Thompson, Dr. Fry, and the writer were in the saddle, headed by our faithful guide Joseph. Our purpose was to go southward, at least as far as to Hebron, the land of Abraham, and to see the home where he dwelt for so long a time, and where he bought of the sons of Heth the field of Ephron, which was in Machpelah, which was before Mamre, even the cave of Machpelah in which Sarah was buried and which afterward became the receptacle of Abraham, Isaac and Rebekah, Jacob and Leah, when their earthly pilgrimage was over.

We rode slowly through Damascus Street, passed out the Damascus Gate, around the north-west corner of Jerusalem, and across the Valley of Hinnom, with the Hill of Evil Counsel, in its dark outlines, to our left, and hurried southward toward Bethlehem. Soon we crossed the Plain of Rephaim, where David twice encountered the Philistines in battle after his possession of Jerusalem. (II. Samuel v. 18–25.) It was also called the Valley of the Giants. (Joshua xv. 8.) The plain is about two miles in length. For three or four miles we had a good road, and our horses made fine speed. The sun was just beginning to show its broad, shining face above Bethlehem, when we were in full sight of the town. It rose just above the white houses of the birthplace of our Savior, and

over the stony fields where once Ruth, the youthful widow, went out into the fields of Boaz to glean and gather after the reapers among the sheaves, and from which at even-time she carried into Bethlehem to her mother-in-law her epha of barley. More than three thousand years ago sorrowful Ruth came down these same hills, as the sun was rising, every morning all the days of the barley-harvest and the wheat-harvest. Thirteen hundred years later Mary came here on this same highway to become the mother of our blessed Lord. But here now are great caravans of camels and donkeys loaded with bundles of brush for fuel, coal, and other things which they are carrying to Jerusalem to the market.

Instead of entering into Bethlehem we turned to the right and passed southward toward Hebron. We had now come six miles; but it is yet fourteen or fifteen miles to Hebron. To our right, and close to the road, is the tomb of the beloved Rachel. It is a small stone structure of modern date, though this site has been held for many centuries as the place where Jacob buried Rachel. Christians, Mohammedans, and Jews all unite in holding this as the tomb of the mother of Joseph. There comes a strange sadness to one as he stands by the Tomb of Rachel and remembers the sorrow of her untimely death and reads, "And Rachel died, and was buried in the way of Ephrath, which is Bethlehem. And Jacob set a pillar upon her grave: that is the pillar of Rachel's grave unto this day." (Genesis xxxv. 19, 20.)

TOMB OF RACHEL.

Thus in the time of Moses, nearly three hundred years after her burial, her tomb was well known. Of course that pillar has perished long ago, but other structures have perpetuated the same sad memories upon the same lonely spot. Is it not strange that the beautiful and most loved and unfortunate Rachel was made to sleep here alone, while Leah was buried in the cave of Machpelah, to which years afterward the body of Jacob was borne from far-off Egypt?

As we continue our journey along the slope of the valley, far over to the right are splendid olive-orchards, and beyond the pretty-looking town occupying the site of ancient Giloh, the home of Ahithophel, the friend of the counselor of David who went over to Absalom. (II. Samuel xv. 12, xvi. 23.) Soon the road becomes exceedingly rough; and we were jolted severely, for we pushed our horses quite out of their usual gait.

We turned aside for a while to examine the Pools of Solomon, as they are called, situated about two miles south-west

POOLS OF SOLOMON.

of Bethlehem, close by the road leading to Hebron. There are three of these pools in the same deep valley. At each pool a wall is built across the valley, and the pools are walled up well and strong on all sides. They are partly hewed out of

solid rock. They are about fifty yards from each other. The upper one is three hundred and eighty-one feet long, two hundred and eighteen feet wide, and twenty-five feet deep. The middle pool is somewhat larger, while the lower one is not less than five hundred and ninety-two feet long, over one hundred and fifty feet wide, and nearly fifty feet deep. Our illustration gives a good view of these pools, and also the large square castle-like structure to the left, or at the north-west corner of the upper pool, which is used as a khan and barracks for Turkish soldiers. These pools are supplied from springs and wells, and were no doubt intended also to catch the rain-fall. They supplied, anciently as they do now, portions of Jerusalem with water, carried by aqueducts. Solomon says, "I made me gardens and orchards, and I planted trees in them of all kind of fruits: I made me pools of water, to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth trees." (Ecclesiastes ii. 5, 6.) These may be the work of his hands. Sure it is that it required a vast amount of labor to hew them out of this limestone rock. Very many now believe that these pools are of Roman origin, and that the aqueducts were constructed by Pontius Pilate, as mentioned by Josephus. It is more probable that they belong to a much earlier period, and were repaired by the Romans. The aqueducts are built in a manner which shows that the principle of the rise of water by hydraulic pressure, when confined in pipes, causing the water to reach the same level of its beginning, was understood by those constructing them. This is a principle which does not anywhere appear in aqueducts of Roman origin. If the pools were all combined into one, they would aggregate a surface of not less than six and one fourth acres, with an average depth of about forty feet. Thus their vastness, as well as marvelous arrangements for their supply, and the immense labor and expense of construction, show us that they belong to an illustrious period in the history of this wonderful land. They tell a silent but eloquent story of strength, beauty, and glory which have faded from Judea. Having examined them carefully, as I think of them now,

the feeling grows more convincing that they belong to the illustrious reign of Solomon.

From the Pools of Solomon the *Wady Urtas* cuts toward the Dead Sea. Three miles down this valley are the ruins of Tekoa, called by the Mohammedans *Khirbet Tekua*. It was the home of the Prophet Amos (Amos i. 1); and the home of the woman who at the instigation of Joab interceded with David so adroitly in behalf of Absalom. (II. Samuel xiv. 1–21.) Five miles farther south-east is the Herodium, a great hill four hundred feet high, with a top one hundred yards in diameter. It is probably, at least in part, an artificial structure. Here Herod had a palace, and his dead body was brought from Jericho and buried at Herodium in a gorgeous manner, "It being Archelaus' care that the procession to his father's sepulcher should be very sumptuous." (Josephus' Antiquities of the Jews, Book xvii. chapter 8.) The Arabs call the hill the *Mountain of Paradise.* Some distance south-east across the *Wady Urtas* is a large natural cavern long-time regarded as the Cave of Adullam, where David, with his men, was hidden from Saul. (I. Samuel xxii. 1.) Of late years it has been believed that the Cave of Adullam was near the Philistine country, and it is thought to be represented by a cavern north-west of Hebron, in the Valley of Elah.

From Solomon's pools southward the country is one limestone hill after another. The lands, after about six miles, are very productive, though hilly and rough. We saw great companies of Russian pilgrims on foot, traveling here and there visiting the sacred places. There were old men and old women by scores. In this country we passed a company of not less than four or five hundred going to Hebron. They were nearly all barefooted and roughly clad, and carried with them a few loaves of bread. Mohammedan men were seen riding along on donkeys in a comfortable manner, while the women with great burdens on their backs or heads, dressed in a simple cotton gown, trudged along behind. This we had often seen until our eyes grew tired of it. And here in the land of Sarah, Leah, and Rachel,—here where God hon-

ored womanhood in the person of Mary as never before or since,—this sorrow is borne by the poor women. Men were plowing in the fields, sometimes with a camel, sometimes with an ox and an ass, but usually with oxen. Here and there they were sowing their fields with grain. The plows were very rude indeed (see page 330), and the men seemed to undertake only the cultivation of small patches of land. In sowing grain they had the seed in their gowns, which they held up in one hand so as to form a kind of sack. All the way we were again and again reminded that over the same road Abraham and Sarah traveled together with lordly frame. Here Isaac and Rebecca often walked side by side. Over this same road Jacob escaped from Esau, and down over these rough hills Joseph fled with Mary and the young child to Egypt to escape the cruel rage of the wicked Herod.

Before twelve o'clock we had come down under the shade of the dry stone walls surrounding rich fields and gardens, and were resting beneath the shade of Abraham's Oak, on the plains over a mile north-west of Hebron. This is no doubt the plain of Mamre; and it is marvelously fertile. The vines in this valley answer well to those of Eshcol, from which the spies bore the grapes to Israel. (Numbers xiii. 22–24.) Among many splendid vineyards in Palestine, I saw none to be at all compared with the grapes and vines in the valley of Eshcol. The vines are not trellised but are trimmed somewhat closely, and planted only eight or ten feet apart; and their trunks looked more like trees than vines. Modern writers, however, are inclined to find Eshcol much farther south and nearer Beersheba.

The lone, solitary oak, long known as Abraham's Oak, spreading its great branches out like a patriarch of ages, reveals to us the fitting reverence for the oaks at Shechem and other places mentioned in the Bible record. It is thirty-two feet in circumference, and for five hundred years has been revered for its antiquity. Several of its great branches are dying, and are already propped up to keep them from falling; yet its mighty boughs form a crown and shade such as the

ancient Israelites were wont to assemble beneath in the worship of their God, and under which they were wont to bury their loved and honored dead. The tree is guarded with superstitious care; and though I paid a boy several *piasters* for an acorn from its boughs, it was with the utmost difficulty that I could get him to be quiet until I secured it, standing in the saddle, though no injury was done to the sage old tree.

Having rested awhile under "Abraham's Oak," we climbed into our saddles and rode south-east over a mile, into Hebron, just twenty miles south of Jerusalem, the old home of Abraham, the friend of God. It is the most fanatical Mohammedan town of Palestine; and Conder says seventeen thousand Moslems dwell here, while about five hundred Jews also have their home in this renowned city. No Christians attempt to live in Hebron. It is one of the very few towns of this land which is not built upon a hill; and yet the city lies much higher above the sea-level than Jerusalem. Its location must always have been very nearly what it is now; for the pools and cave of Machpelah determine with evident limits the boundaries for a considerable part of the town.

Hebron is divided into two parts, and lies against the western slopings of a hill, and in a narrow valley. Its streets are paved, but are nothing more than dirty alleys. Nearly four thousand years ago, when Lot had chosen to go to the east, and had "pitched his tent toward Sodom," "Abram removed his tent, and came and dwelt in the plain of Mamre, which is in Hebron, and built there an altar unto the Lord." (Genesis xiii. 18.) Nearly half a century afterward he purchased the double cave of Machpelah from Ephon, the Hittite, for four hundred shekels of silver, as a burial-place for his family in this land. (Genesis xxiii. 7–20.) Though he had received the land only by promise, he "buried Sarah his wife in the cave of the field of Machpelah" with confident hope. And here also, a few years later, Isaac and Ishmael, the sons of Abraham, laid the prince of patriarchs to rest. (Genesis xxv. 9.) Hebron was long afterward a city of refuge, and at that time no doubt covered the hill above modern Hebron. (Joshua

xx. 7.) To these hills and valleys David came down from Bethlehem, his home, when persecuted by Saul; and here, after God had given him the kingdom, for seven and a half years he reigned in Hebron in prosperity and ever-increasing power, until his throne was removed to Jerusalem. The city is not walled, though gates guard the entrances to its streets. It was at one of these gates that the mighty Joab slew Abner, one of Saul's chief captains, who had come to David and was departing in peace. (II. Samuel iii. 27.) In the lower part of the town are the two ancient pools, the

HEBRON AND THE HARAM

largest of which is one hundred and thirty-two feet square and over fifty feet deep. It is supplied by under-ground channels, which never become dry. Tradition with great plausibility fixes this as the place where David's young men took the hands and feet of Rechab and Baanah, the slain murderers of David's rival, Ishbosheth, "and hanged them up over the pool in Hebron." (II. Samuel iv. 12.) This was a remarkable example of stern justice to murderers, and magnanimity to the memory of a slain foe.

The most interesting place in Hebron is the Cave of Mach-

pelah, inclosed in the Great Mosque, or Haram, which is not accessible to Christians or Jews, being guarded with the strictest care by the Musselmen. It is situated toward the southern end, and near the upper edge of the city. The mosque is an oblong structure, about two hundred feet long, one hundred and fifteen feet wide, and fifty-eight feet high. It stands on a very steep hill-side; and the old wall much resembles the oldest portions of the wall of the Haram at Jerusalem. The stones are of immense size, and drafted after the Jewish style. Professor Palmer thinks this structure belongs to no period later than the time of Solomon. One of the stones is thirty-eight feet long and three and a half feet thick. Josephus, who speaks of this building with great praise, would doubtless have credited the structure to Herod had it been built by him. Before that era there is none in which such a building is at all probable this side of the days of Solomon. A modern wall with minarets has of course been made to surmount this ancient structure. It is asserted that beneath this building is the cave in which Abraham and Sarah were buried side by side, Isaac and Rebekah, Jacob and Leah. We were not allowed to come nearer than to the entrance-door at the front, and could only feel moderately safe from Mohammedan fanaticism and fury while examining the old castle thoroughly from without.

Is it not a little strange that Hagar and Keturah were not buried here with Sarah, neither Rachel with her older sister Leah? For some cause there is a recognition of the law of monogamy here in the Cave of Machpelah. I had greatly longed to see this old home of Abraham, and to stand on the ground where God met him face to face and told him to look to the south and east and west, with the assurance that the whole land should be given to his children, when as yet he had not so much as a foot of land to call his own. And here gazing upon the stars above, the patriarch from Haran believed that his seed should be as the host of heaven for number, when as yet he had no child. With peculiar emotions I stood beside the Cave of Machpelah, where they buried Abra-

ham and the beautiful Sarah, and where long after the embalmed body of Jacob, carried from Egypt by Joseph and his brethren, was laid away to rest. No Christian has ever been allowed to explore the cave, though Dean Stanley and the Prince of Wales, in 1862, were admitted to the interior of the mosque. There is a bare possibility that the mummy of Jacob is still sleeping here in a niche in the rock; but even the dust of the other patriarchs has long since wasted away. As I walked about the cave and rode up and down the plain of Mamre, only the memory of the patriarchs hovered over the hills and plains. Their foot-prints are lost from the streets of Hebron, their flocks no more low and bleat in the rocky fields, and Hagar no longer bears the grief of being sent away from the home of Abraham with her lone and loved Ishmael.

Turning away from the Cave of Machpelah, we rode through the narrow, crowded streets of Hebron—a city about half a mile long, and turned our course toward Bethlehem. I was indeed glad to be safely out of the excited Moslem throng. As we had entered the city we came in contact with a gay and excited procession, led by a number of persons with drums and other rude instruments of music, with which a great noise was being made. Banners were carried at the head of the procession, and a great throng attended a number of boys, gayly dressed, who rode on fine horses. This was a Mohammedan festival connected with the rite of circumcision.

When the evening came we had passed over the rich pasture-lands of the Hebrew patriarch, and just as the sun was going down beyond the Mediterranean, and there stood in full view one lone star over Bethlehem, we entered the pretty town where more than eighteen hundred years ago Jesus Christ was born a little child. We rode along the rough lanes beside the stone walls surrounding the gardens about Bethlehem to the north-east part of the town, and entered the gateway shown in our truthful illustration. How that evening sentinel vividly brought to memory the "Star in the East," which guided the wise men until it came and stood over where the young child was. What a contrast between Hebron and Bethlehem.

BETHLEHEM FROM THE NORTH-EAST.

The white stone houses and pretty fields of Bethlehem, well cultivated and productive in a high degree, make one of the most delightful places in all Palestine. It is built on two hills running east and west, which are connected by a ridge, or kind of saddle. The entire town is of stone, and in contrast with the dingy buildings of Palestine its white walls present a beautiful appearance. Of the five thousand people only three hundred are said to be Mohammedans, nearly a hundred Protestant Christians, and the remainder Greeks, Catholics, and Armenians. Though the lands about Bethlehem are studded with limestone rock, the hills are beautifully terraced and are crowned with olive-orchards, figs, and vines. It lies just six miles south of Jerusalem, and a little way to the left as you go to Hebron. As we rode through its long narrow street, from which narrower alleys lead off at various places, I was assured that on either side the scene was not unlike that which once greeted the coming of Mary and Joseph. There has been but little change in the location of the town since the days of Jesus. The destructive eye of war has not seen enough in this little town to attract the fatal armies, and here on this rocky ridge Bethlehem still sits in mellow majesty much as it did when the tender feet of the shepherd David led his father's sheep slowly and gently down eastward through the valley where a thousand years later the angels sung the first "*Gloria in Excelsis*," over the shepherds who gathered their herds into the winter folds and watched them for the night; for this was the childhood home of David, to which Samuel came to anoint him king instead of Saul, when he was yet a lad, and the keeper of his father's flocks. (I. Samuel xvi. 13.) This was called the "City of David," and would have always remained in honor as his home had it not a thousand years later shared a higher and richer honor in becoming the birthplace of our Lord. Bethlehem,—the House of Bread,—by the birth of the Prince of Peace, as foretold by the prophet seven hundred years before, was no longer the least among the princes of Judah; for out of it came forth the divine Ruler (Micah v. 2) "whose goings forth have been from of old, from the days of eternity."

The most interesting of all places in or about Bethlehem is the Church of St. Mary, as it is called, covering the spot where God was manifest in the flesh. It is owned jointly by the Greeks, Latins, and Armenians. There is no question as to the site of ancient Bethlehem being here; and the evidence which fixes the precise spot of the stable in which Christ was born, "because there was no room for them in the inn," is perhaps stronger than that which fixes any location in all Palestine. Justin Martyr, of the second century, and Eusebius, of a later time, fixed the birthplace of Jesus in a cavern. As early as A. D. 330 a splendid basilica stood over this spot, built by order of Constantine. It is held by many — and probably correctly,—that the present building is the one erected by Constantine. Its simplicity of style and other facts seem to warrant this belief. If so, this is the oldest building in the world, erected as a Christian church. The floor is paved with stone, and the walls are plain. The building has a nave and double aisles, separated by double rows of monolithic columns of reddish limestone, with Corinthian capitals, painted with figures of saints, dim with age.

These columns are nineteen feet high, the nave is over thirty-four feet wide, and the aisles are about twelve feet each. Passing through the church, we descended thirteen steps to the crypt, and were in the Chapel of the Nativity, a cavern in the rock, the floor and walls of which are paved and lined with beautiful marble. It is about ten feet high, twelve feet wide, and nearly forty feet from east to west. It is lighted by thirty-two beautiful lamps, which are continually burning. Tradition has long held this as the birthplace of the infant Christ. To our left is an altar, under which, in a recess, is a silver star in the marble pavement, with the inscription *Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est.* (Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary.) About the recess hang fifteen lamps, owned and kept burning by the Greeks, Latins, and Armenians. The two former have six and five respectively, and the latter four. This marks the spot of the birth of the Lord Jesus. To the right a few paces we descended a few

steps to the Chapel of the Manger, where Jesus was laid. It is covered with brown marble on the sides and white marble on the bottom. In the same chapel is the "Altar of Adoration," where the wise men are said to have worshiped the infant Jesus. (Matthew ii. 11.)

We were kindly shown through all the portions of the church; and with tender thoughts looked again and again upon these narrow walls, which once held a young mother, joyful at the birth of the long-promised Messiah. While the shepherds told the story of his birth, and the *Magi* went to their own land to relate the wonderful tidings, Mary, of royal womanhood, "kept all these things and pondered them in her heart." She had a deeper sorrow and pang; she experienced a higher joy and honor; she knew the secret of the Lord, but turned her loving, calm eyes on her infant Child and worshiped God, and thought upon his mercy to the world and to his handmaiden. Oh, wondrous night! Oh, happy, blessed family, crowded from the inn to teach the world a lesson of loving humility to the end of time.

Here the reader very naturally raises some questions which can not be at once dismissed. Is it true indeed that Christ was born in a cave, and if so, is this the place of his birth? To this it may be justly answered that there are no substantial reasons for asserting that the place where they "laid Him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn" (Luke ii. 7), was not in part or entirely a cavern in the rock. I found many such caverns now used as shelters for sheep, goats, and cattle. No doubt they were so used in the time of Christ. This cave at Bethlehem is so covered and lined with marble that it was impossible for the writer to examine its structure thoroughly enough to determine the means of entrance to it in its original condition. Many have asserted that it is unsuited to the uses of a khan, or part of a caravansary. Respecting this location Lieutenant Conder says, "It is almost the only site which we can trace earlier than the time of Constantine; and the tradition seems to me credible, because throughout this part of Palestine there are innumerable in-

stances of stables cut in rock, resembling the Bethlehem grotto. Such stables I have planned and measured at Tekoa, 'Aziz, and other places south of Bethlehem, and the mangers existing in them leave no doubt as to their use and character. The credibility of this tradition thus appears to be far greater than that attaching to the later discoveries, by which the enthusiastic Helena and the politic Constantine settled the scenes of other Christian events; and the rude grotto with its rocky manger may, it seems to me, be accepted even by the most skeptical of modern explorers."—*Tent Work*, p. 145.

Again, it is asked whether the account of Luke, who says "there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night [keeping the night-watches]," does not lead us to discredit the commonly accepted twenty-fifth of December as the time of the birth of Christ. Would the shepherds be "in the field" keeping the night-watches at that season of the year? To this a fair answer must be favorable to the accepted date. In the summer the flocks would probably be far away in the distant pasturages, while in December we would expect to find them at home, or in the pastures and folds about Bethlehem, and would be there attended by the shepherds.

Near the north-eastern entrance to the town is the traditional Well of David. There are three cisterns cut in the rock; but the southern is the largest. It is forty or fifty feet square, with five or six openings into it from the surface. This has long been considered as the place to which David turned when he was sheltering from the Philistines, who were in Bethlehem, and said, "Oh that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate." (II. Samuel xxiii. 15.) To this same place came the three mighty men, who "brake through the host of the Philistines, and drew water out of the well of Bethlehem," and carried it to David in the cave of Adullam. "Nevertheless he would not drink thereof, but poured it out unto the Lord."

It was late at night when we turned away from the Church of the Nativity and rode out of Bethlehem. With regrets

to leave this tender spot we gave the monk a few pieces of coin, thanked him kindly, and declined his well-meant offer of wine to drink; and though it was far in the night, we climbed in the saddle again and rode slowly past the terraced hills covered with vines and olives and figs. A number of women and men, with camels, were entering the town, coming from Jerusalem. Thus was it that the strangers from Nazareth came here almost nineteen hundred years ago, only to find shelter in the caravansary. From the elevation outside of Bethlehem our eyes, through the hills round about Jerusalem, caught sight of the lights upon distant Mount Zion, toward which we quickened our pace. Thus from the star over Bethlehem toward the lights of Zion we found our way onward to our journey's end. It was far into the night when we entered the gate of Jerusalem, which now stands always open, and being welcomed to our hotel found rest from the hard journey of the day. Though I had ridden over forty-six miles, and toiled hard for sixteen hours, still of the days brightest in memory there will be none brighter than the one which permitted me to look once on Hebron and twice on Bethlehem.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Climate of Palestine — Wood — Products of Palestine — Fruits — Silks — Cotton — Fig-tree — Beasts — Population — Jews — Turks — Arabs — Fellahin — Bedouins — Costumes — Women — Salutations — Land-tenure — Taxation.

PALESTINE has seen a better day. The pools and aqueducts and cisterns and ruins of cities, all tell of a glory that has faded from the land which once "flowed with milk and honey," and to which the Lord led his chosen people as unto a "good land." No doubt there has been a great change for the worse in the climate of the country; and in many places where plains and mountains were once cheered with forests, now there is utter barrenness. There are now but few forests. In all the southern country, here and there great oaks, terebinths, and sycamores stand as sacred places, while no large wild forests are to be found. In Galilee there exist a few forests with undergrowths. Still, it must be said that Palestine is almost destitute of wood. In former times it was doubtless much better timbered, though probably never a forest country. The olive, fig, lemon, and orange orchards in many places show what splendid growths could be produced under favorable conditions, all over the land.

The climate of Palestine varies much as you go north or south, and in different localities. At Jerusalem the temperature varies, according to Dr. Barclay's register, from ninety-two to twenty-eight degrees,— four degrees below freezing point. The mean temperature is sixty-two and a half degrees. On the higher mountains the snow lies a long time. We found the nights exceedingly cool, though the heat from

10:00 A. M. to 3:00 P. M. was oppressing and debilitating. From the middle of March to the middle of May the season is delightful, with occasional thunder-showers in May. We read of those manifestations upon one occasion in the "wheat harvest," in the time of the sins of Israel in asking for a king. (I. Samuel xii. 17.) Heavy dews fall in the night. In the early summer the land wears a dress of beauty. During the long, dry summer it is difficult to imagine a more barren and desolate land. In November, after a few showers of rain, the fields soon become green and beautiful, and delicate flowers spring up everywhere over the valleys and hills, showing their fair forms in perfect bloom. The peaks of Hermon and Lebanon are covered with snow most of the year. It is not uncommon for some snow to fall at Jerusalem, and even at Damascus, during the winter, but it disappears in a short time. The temperature in the Jordan valley is much higher and the climate unhealthy, and the inhabitants are sickly. Captain Lynch says that on the 8th of May his thermometer registered one hundred and ten degrees in the shade.

Wheat is cultivated throughout the entire land, and after being ground it is boiled with leaven and dried in cakes in the sun. I tried these cakes but found them poor food, though they are the common food of the peasantry of the country. Barley is also grown in considerable quantities. It is mostly used for cattle. Corn is grown in the plains, and especially in the Jordan valley. It is poorly cultivated and produces an ear one third the average size of an American ear of corn, with small shallow grains. Olives, apricots, figs, and grapes are the chief products. Pumpkins, sweet-potatoes, Irish potatoes, and kindred vegetables are grown, but not to any very great size or perfection. We were, however, able to purchase moderately good potatoes for use during our camping in the country. Grapes, oranges, and lemons were almost all the time within ready reach. At Nazareth and other places I bought very large oranges at the rate of three for a cent in the value of our coin. Tobacco is grown in large quantities in Syria, and I saw a number of cotton-fields, from which cot-

ton was being picked. Much of this cotton is manufactured by hand into coarse fabrics. Silk is also produced with profit. The worms are fed on the mulberry-tree, of which I saw many beautiful orchards. This has continued from the sixth century, when Justinian is said to have introduced the growing of silk by taking the silk-worm eggs from central Asia. The silk is spun by hand and woven in the rudest kind of looms. I saw a number of these old-fashioned looms at Beyroot and Damascus. The silks, finely striped with gayest colors, are sold in the silk-bazaars, and furnish beautiful adornments for the heads of the Bedouins. These silk-handkerchiefs are the most beautiful products of art I saw in all Palestine. The finest specimens were seen at Damascus. Cucumbers, as well as onions, lettuce, etc., are great favorites with the common peasant-people, all of which they eat raw.

The fig-tree is abundantly grown in all parts of the land, and the poor people are pleased to find food from this historic tree. The fig-tree, like the olive, lives and grows throughout the long dry summer. The first crop is borne in June, a second in August, and a third as late as October and November. The parable of the "fig-tree" is one of the most soul-stirring parables of our Lord. (Luke xiii. 6–9.) The fig-tree has a beautiful yellowish-green leaf as large as a man's hand, and presents a very beautiful appearance. The fruit usually forms on the tree after the appearance of the leaves, though Dr. Thompson says he has known the fruit to come even earlier than the leaves. So Christ expected it, as we learn from his conduct as related by the evangelist (Mark xi. 13); for "seeing a fig-tree afar off, having leaves, he came if haply he might find anything thereon." It is presumable that the tree withered immediately, though the disciples did not notice it until the next morning. Probably they crossed Olivet to Jerusalem by the steeper route but returned to Bethany by the easier, southern road, and did not pass by the tree in the evening.

The domestic animals are the sheep, goat, camel, donkey, horse, and cow. Of these I have spoken elsewhere. Ducks are numerous along the Jordan, while the domestic hen is

very common in all parts of Palestine. The hen is one third smaller than the ordinary American chicken. We were fortunate enough to be well supplied with eggs and chickens during most of our journey in Palestine. Little honey is now produced, and the milk and butter of the country are poor indeed. We found but little use for their butter.

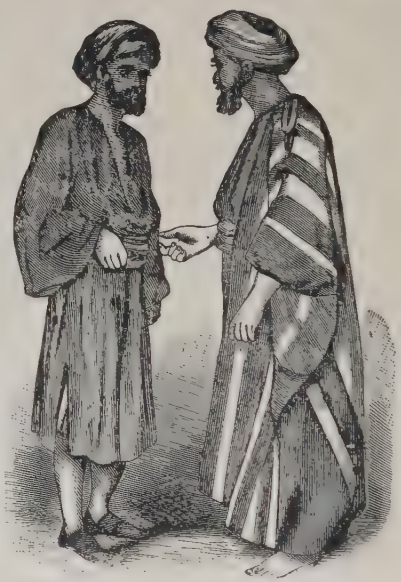
The population of Palestine is made up of Arabs, Turks, Jews, and a few Europeans. The Jews in Palestine are far from that lordly nation which we picture to our fancies as worthy descendants of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. They inhabit the larger towns, being found chiefly in Jerusalem, Safed, and Tiberias. It is estimated that there are about eight thousand Jews in Jerusalem, and probably forty thousand in Palestine and Syria. No correct census is taken of the population of the country, and statistics are largely made up by conjecture, which to the writer seem to be always too large. Of course these Jews are not natives of the country, but are from foreign countries. They are from Germany, Russia, Poland, Spain, and other countries, and largely maintain their citizenship in the countries from which they came in order to secure the protection of the consuls from their native countries. A considerable number are artisans, and others, Jew-like, keep stands for exchanging money, and others carry on business in the bazaars. Many of them are in Palestine as the merest sentimental religious enthusiasts, and do nothing, being extremely poor and supported by contributions from Europe and America. They attend upon the Wailing-Place of the Jews, and mournfully lead a strange, sad life in the land of their more favored fathers. They inhabit distinct quarters and seem to have but little ambition for cleanliness or improvement. Still, it is evident that from some cause the Jews are on the increase in the land of Abraham. They are courteous to strangers and hospitable to one another, but ignorant and fanatical. The thin, gaunt, sallow forms of the Jews, clad in their high-colored cotton gowns, and wearing a rimless fur cap, with here and there a Pharisee with his hair cut short behind and a long dangling lock in front of each ear, present

figures which once seen are never to be forgotten. Their women appear on the streets dressed somewhat more like Europeans than the women of the country generally, with uncovered faces, but wearing a kind of shawl or cloth around their heads hanging down over the body. They are said to have little security for their place in the home, being divorced for the most trivial causes. In their superstition they resort to peculiar methods to maintain the affections of their husbands, even putting the trimmings of their finger-nails and hair in their husbands' food for that desired end.

The Turks are perhaps less numerous in Palestine than the Jews, but constitute the ruling class of the country. The rulers, soldiers, and tax-collectors are usually chosen from among the Turks. They wear the ordinary Turkish costume, with the rimless red fez on the head. One tenth of the products of the land is claimed by the sultan; and these Turks rob the people of all they can get, while their courts, custom-houses, and offices are controlled almost exclusively by bribery. They are Mohammedans in faith, but not "over-much" religious.

The Arabs are divided into two classes, the Fellahin and Bedouins, the former inhabiting the towns and the Bedouins living in tents. The Fellah towns all have sheiks or chief men, who govern them, subordinate to the Turkish authority. They are a sober, lordly, delicate, and really handsome people. Being strict Mohammedans, they wear the fez and on it a white or green turban or rag entwined about the head. If the person is a descendant of Mohammed or has been on a pilgrimage to Mecca he wears a green turban, otherwise white. They are allowed to have as many wives as they can procure and support. They seemed to be in the country, during our journey there, for the specific purpose of annoying us, and begging us for *backshish*. They shave the hair off the top of their heads, and I frequently saw them outside the towns, seated by the road-side, while a barber practiced the tonsorial art. They are given to profanity and lying. In cursing, they always call down bitter anathemas upon the mother of any person

or thing. An instance of this method of cursing, in Old Testament times, is shown in Saul's anger against Jonathan, "Thou son of the perverse, rebellious woman." (I. Sam. xx. 30.) In begging of you they are never satisfied or thankful. If they succeed in extorting *backshish*, which they will most probably do, instead of receiving it in a pleasing and thankful manner, they always do so with a sullen, sulky look or scowl, which causes you to wish you had not given it. In some cases I knew them to throw the money given upon the ground in contempt, as though it was too little to be received. If the giver proposed to pick it up they would usually change their attitude and accept it.



Fellah. ORIENTAL COSTUMES. Bedouin.

The Bedouins, a gypsy-like people, who live in rudely-constructed tents (see page 349), give but little attention to agriculture, and make their living by growing cattle, sheep, and goats. They have no fellowship with the Fellah people, and they are not allowed to intermarry. They however carry on trade with the townsmen, exchanging their cattle, goats, and sheep for the products of the Fellahin. The dress of the Bedouin is still more simple, as a rule, than that of the Fellahin. Their shoes are of red leather, crooked bottom, and sharp toe, the same as is worn by the townsmen. A few wear the sandal, which is a piece of wood or leather fastened upon the foot with straps. Some of these sandals are made of wood, and have short legs like a bench running down two or three inches from

SANDAL.

the foot to the ground. These seem to be very unhandy. The red pointed shoe is, however, most worn by those who do not go barefooted. Many of the Bedouin men have only a white cotton gown, and white, short, baggy breeches fastened around the waist with a draw-string, the legs coming down to the knees, and over these the Bedouin cloak of white and black stripes, as shown in our illustration on the opposite page. The most attractive part of the dress of the Bedouin is the fine, richly-colored silk handkerchief, which he usually wears folded and tied about his head in the place of the fez.

The women of Palestine present to the traveler a sorry figure. If their real life is as desolate and uninviting as their appearance indicates, then they have indeed a sad life-pilgrimage to the grave, with little promise or hope of a better future life. They are the veriest slaves to the men, and have imposed upon them the hardest tasks of life without the inspiration or joy known among women who are honored and loved by their fathers, brothers, and husbands. Those who belong to the more wealthy of the Fellahin are never seen out of their houses unless they are closely veiled, so that their appearance or face can not be seen. The Turkish women often appear with a kind of white sheet covering their faces and entire persons. Many of them wear a veil or head-covering coming down to the eyes; then another veil coming up to the nose. These are coupled together with a string running through a hollow brass tube about the size of a thread-spool, with four or five sharp fangs around it setting on the nose. Many of them color their faces with soot and other substances, while others have their faces sadly disfigured by tattooing, and with rings hanging from one side of their noses. The women are very fond of ornaments of silver, such as coins and rings of

WOMAN VEILED.

glass, which are worn about the neck and on the wrists and arms. The common peasant-women do not wear veils. A single blue cotton gown which barely covers their person, with a girdle about the waist, is the chief part of their dress as they appear about the camp or the town, or on the way to market. They are never seen walking beside their husbands, but always trudging along behind. They usually pay no attention to the traveler, but occasionally ask for *backshish*. It is considered no insult for you to salute them or speak to them. No attention is paid to the education of girls, and from an early period in life they are assigned to the hardest of toil. A number of times when we were camped near a town we found it necessary to contract with some one to furnish us water for culinary and camp purposes. A well-dressed man would agree to furnish the needed supply for a stipulated sum, and then he would put his women or girls to the task of carrying it from the distant fountain. Upon one occasion this sheik sat in our camp smoking his nargile and conversing with our camp attendants until nine or ten o'clock in the night, while his delicate girls, not over ten or twelve years old, filled his contract by carrying water in great jars on their heads from a spring half a mile distant.

The usual method of salutation in Palestine, Syria, and Egypt, is by three gestures of the hand and arm. The first brings the hand to the heart, the second to the lips, and the third to the forehead with a graceful move toward the person saluted, similar to our military salutation. It is probably an abbreviation, so to speak, of the custom of taking the skirts of the garment worn by the one saluted and putting them to the lips and kissing them. They do not shake hands or necessarily speak, but go through these gestures. If a slight token of respect is shown, only one, or at most two movements of the hand will be given, but the three show the full and respectful salutation. We were greeted with this hearty salutation in almost all parts of the country. The people sometimes kiss each other, but the Arabs often put their foreheads together and smack their lips as if they were kissing. They never

remove their fez from the head in respect for either person or place, but wear it all the time in the house and out of doors, but they remove their shoes when approaching a sacred place, or entering a mosque for prayer.

The lands of the country are in part owned by the Turkish sultan, and some by individuals, and some by mosques and Mohammedan institutions. The purchase of lands by securing good titles is very difficult. Where owned by individuals or families there is no end to the owners of the land, and when the purchaser supposes he has paid for and secured the interests of all parties in the land, there soon appears some new relative who claims his share. It is related by Conder that a Greek banker named Sursuk, because of his claims on the Turkish government, was allowed to purchase the northern part of the Plain of Esdraelon, embracing seventy square miles, including some small towns, for twenty thousand pounds,—one hundred thousand dollars. The taxes were such on these lands that he realized on an average from the twenty villages, twenty thousand dollars alone, while the entire income reached about sixty thousand dollars per annum.

The taxes are assessed before the crops are taken; and no person is allowed to gather his crop until the levy is made, even if the officers delay their coming until it falls into the ground. Thus the poor peasants are sometimes compelled to give half of their earnings to bribe the officers to come and assess the crops and allow them to gather them. From the times of Christ until now the people of Palestine have been destroyed by the tax-gatherers. "The Miri tax has been definitely fixed, without regard to the difference of the harvests in good and bad years. This again is a crying evil, and leads to the ruin of many a village. At Kurawa, in 1873, the people told me, with tears in their eyes, that the olive-crop had been so poor that the value was not as much as the amount of the tax about to be collected. The taxes are also very unevenly assessed. In one case four thousand acres paid one hundred and forty pounds; in another, six thousand acres paid sixty-five pounds; in a third, three thousand acres paid three hun-

dred and twenty pounds. The taxes are brought into the towns by the Bashi-Bazouks. Sometimes the Kaimakam will himself make a tour to collect them, and he, with all his followers, is received as an honored guest, and fed and housed at the village expense. The soldiers also live at free quarters, and exact money under a variety of pretexts from the luckless villagers, who have no man to speak for them." (*Tent-Work in Palestine*, page 333.)

Thus the people are reduced to great poverty, and compelled to live in the rudest and most frugal manner. Dr. Wilson, our consul at Jerusalem at the time of our visit there, told the writer that he believed an average peasant-family would subsist an entire year on what might be purchased for fifty dollars. From what I saw it seems probable that this estimate is not too low. If there is to be the dawn of a brighter day for God's chosen land,—the land of Canaan,—the foot of the Turk must cease to press the soil. The sentiments, ideas, and forms of government which have been built by Christianity in the Western World must be brought again to this land of the fathers from which Christianity was cast out, and in which Christ was rejected and crucified; and here they must be enshrined and given dominion and power, until He comes whose right it is to reign.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Church in Jerusalem—Leaving the Holy City—Trouble with the Driver—Last View of Jerusalem—House of Obed-edom—Kirjath-Jearim—Valley of Ajalon—Latrun—Ramleh—Tower of the Forty—Plains of Sharon—Joppa—Simon's House—Orange-Orchards—Mohammedan Funeral—Ships of the Desert—Thanksgiving Dinner—Leaving Joppa.

DURING the writer's stay in Jerusalem he attended the Protestant Episcopal Church in company with Dr. Wilson, our consul, on Sabbath morning, when we heard an English sermon. The church is supplied alternately from the English and German churches. There was a good congregation for Jerusalem. The liturgical service embraced one hour and five minutes, and the sermon thirty-seven minutes, upon the text, "Our God is a consuming fire." The discourse was able in thought, with a good degree of annihilation doctrine in it.

Day after day the writer and his associates in the journey wandered around the city and through its narrow, crowded, crooked, filthy streets, visiting one sacred place after another. I often slipped away from the company and returned to some interesting spot for a second or a third observation. Thus I frequently taxed the patience of dragoman and guide, as well as the company. But their patience and kindness were sufficient. In all the journey I did not miss the steamer, the cars, the horses, the donkey, or anything because of tardiness. Thanks to the promptings of the company, or I might have been left behind and not reached America to put my notes and observations together so as to form these pages.

Too soon the hour came when we were to leave the Holy City. I had very many times wished that some of my dearest friends in America could be with me to behold these scenes. Nor can I forget how fresh and cheering and blessed came letters from far-off home-land and loved ones. Though those letters were really a month old, they were fresh as a lily. While the thoughts turned toward far-off scenes and loved ones, still there was pain to the heart when the days brought the last hour in Jerusalem, which was spent in packing valise, rolls, and bundles, and preparing for the journey homeward.

At noon on the 22d of November stout Arabs came to our hotel and took up our baggage and carried it out Damascus Street and out of Damascus Gate, where wagons were to be in waiting for us. No vehicles of any kind for the carrying of burdens enter the city — nothing for this use but camels, donkeys, men, and poor women. Our baggage was in the wagons; and we were really to have a wagon-ride in the Holy Land. From Jerusalem to *Yaffa* there is a good road, over which wagons run daily. This is the only wagon-road in Palestine. We were tearing away from a sacred place. Subdued emotions settled the heart down to a quiet and an awe as we drove slowly westward with the great city wall on our left. As the hill is ascended the city is full in view, and beyond it the majestic mount of Olives. We are past the city and where we see the hills on the way before us. One point after another is quickly scanned from which we suppose the last view of the Holy City must be taken. Meantime every moment is employed in scanning the city, which has become more and more interesting every day, and from which we part so reluctantly.

Perhaps amid the awful grandeur of Olivet, of Mount Moriah, of Mount Zion, or of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, we have become superstitious. But suddenly our wagon stops! The man will not go a peg farther. We can not understand what he is gabbling about with the dragoman. We might have known. He wants more *backshish*. Of course there was a fair bargain with him, and his team furnished and all to order; but he thinks we will "take up a collection." He is mistaken.

Our dragoman has done us good service as a guide, interpreter, and all that; and how he does fight here! We did not know he had that kind of manhood in him. It was a full hour that we lost in this parley. The officials were summoned to arrest us. More than a hundred and fifty people gathered about us. They talked and gestured at a round rate, and seemed all to be against us. When our dragoman informed the officials that we were Americans and could not be molested or hindered in our journey, and that he would carry on the battle in our interests, they turned sheepishly to their quarters. Meantime we had secured another wagon and were ready to proceed. We learned that it was no mean thing, even under the shadows of the walls of Jerusalem, to be a citizen of the country over which float the stars and stripes. This little incident threw me out of my reverie and destroyed any traces of superstition.

Our first full view of Jerusalem was from the delightful summit of Mount Olivet, directly eastward from the city; our last sight was from a hill over a mile north-west of the city. Here we had a little time to gaze upon the walls and towers and domes and minarets of the Holy City, and upon the sacred mount of Olives beyond. Then we quickly drove over the summit of the hill, and this city of ages, the city of renown, the home of kings, the most revered and loved city of the world, the type of heaven, was out of sight forever.

Our way lay by a winding road, over many hills, before we reached the Valley of Ajalon, on the borders of the Plain of Sharon. When we had traveled nearly an hour we found ourselves in a great valley, called *Wady Kuloniyeh*, from which on the east and west the hills rise, now in gentle slopes and then in higher shoulders. The vast elevations on which several towns are visible, surrounded by olive-orchards, spread out a worthy theater for pageants and battles. In the wady a stream flows down most of the year, which is spanned by an arched stone bridge. On these great slopes the armies of Israel once lay encamped, while the Philistines lay over against them, with a valley between them. Goliath came out morning

and evening for forty days to defy the armies of the living God, when David the shepherd, son of Jesse, came from Bethlehem with his sack of parched corn, his ten loaves and cheese for his brethren who were in the army. From this brook he chose the smooth stones, with one of which he smote the giant in the forehead and he fell down slain in the valley in full sight of the armies on either hill-side. (I. Samuel xvii. 1–54.)

After traveling a half hour over these hills, we passed by a round hill, just to the north of the road, on which are a few ruins. It is here that the house of Obed-edom is believed to have stood, into which the ark of the covenant was carried when David feared to take it farther. (II. Samuel. vi. 10, 11.) They had it on a new cart; but the oxen shook it, and Uzzah, thinking he could take care of the ark better than the Lord, put forth his hand to steady it, but was smitten with death by the side of the ark. So it was that they bore the ark up this conical hill and lodged it in the house of Obed-edom, where it remained three months. Now the hill is barren, and bald ruins cover it—for that was a long time ago when David and the ark were here. Still, we remember that the record says, "And it was told King David, saying, The Lord hath blessed the house of Obed-edom, and all that pertaineth unto him, because of the ark of God." (II. Samuel vi. 12.)

After traveling about three miles farther toward Joppa, we came to *Abu Gosh*, as it is now called, a town of about fifty houses. This is the ancient Kirjath-Jearim, where the ark of the covenant abode for a long time. The people of Kirjath-Jearim went down to Bethshemesh and brought the ark here after it had been seven months in the hands of the Philistines, and all this time the sure token of distress and death wherever it was taken. (I. Samuel vii. 2.) Here is an old church, built probably by the Crusaders. It was a vast and grand structure. It yet shows its double basilica form and is covered with stone. Its mosaics and beauties have been destroyed. A number of beautiful palm-trees grow close about it. The town is situated on the north-west side of the hill.

Almost northward from Kirjath-Jearim, on the road from

Jerusalem to Joppa by way of Lydda, is *El Kubeibeh*, a town of considerable ruins, which has been regarded for several centuries as the Emmaus mentioned by the evangelist as being "from Jerusalem about three-score furlongs." (Luke xxiv. 13.) It was the place to which Jesus journeyed with two of his disciples on the day of his resurrection. Some have erroneously located this place at *Kuloniych*, by which we pass in going from Jerusalem to Kirjath-Jearim. But this place is too near the city. Others have located Emmaus at *Amwas*, north of Latrun; but this is twenty miles from the city. Lieutenant Conder, in the first part of his book, advocates this place, but farther on he gives an account of the discovery of what he regards as the site of Emmaus at *Khamasa*, southwest of Jerusalem, on the way toward Gaza. It is like *Kubeibeh*, about sixty furlongs from the Holy City; and Lieutenant Conder undertakes to trace its name from *Khammath*, which means "a hot bath," from which Emmaus is derived. *Khamasa* would be an easy corruption of *Khammath*. This view has much that is worthy of consideration.

Before the night-fall was upon us we could see from the hilltops the distant sea and the broad, beautiful plain of Sharon stretching along the coast. But unlike the orb of day in the time of Joshua, the sun refused to stand still in the Valley of Ajalon, to prolong the enchanting view to our delighted eyes.

The Valley of Ajalon is an interesting, historic spot. The confederate kings here once made war upon Gibeon. The Gibeonites sent word to Joshua, who was camped on the plain of Jericho, that all the kings of the Amorites were come up against them because of the peaceful treaty they had made with him. All the night long, by a forced march, Joshua came from the region near Jericho, and when the morning dawned his mighty men of valor smote the armies of the five kings until they fled beyond the hills. As the sun was sinking over Gibeon, the retreating armies fled across the valley. "Then spake Joshua to the Lord in the day when the Lord delivered up the Amorites before the children of Israel, and

he said in the sight of Israel, Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou, Moon, in the Valley of Ajalon. And the sun stood still, and the moon stayed, until the people had avenged themselves upon their enemies. Is not this written in the book of Jasher? So the sun stood still in the midst of heaven, and hasted not to go down about a whole day. And there was no day like that before it or after it, that the Lord hearkened unto the voice of a man: for the Lord fought for Israel." (Joshua x. 12–14.) The Valley of Ajalon is a beautiful cove in the borders of the mountainous or hilly country, extending four or five miles in either direction. Its westward boundary connects with the Sharon plain.

Here at Latrun, about eighteen miles from Jerusalem, we passed the night in a comfortable hotel. The next morning we were out early, destined to reach *Yaffa*, the ancient Joppa, before the sun should go down beyond the sea. This day took us eighteen miles across the Sharon plain, the most beautiful in all Palestine. We spent an hour or more at Ramleh, a town on the plain, containing a population of three or four thousand. The country around is beautiful and productive. There are great cactus-hedges around the fields and orchards. Here are luxuriant orchards filled with olives, sycamores, carob-trees, and palm-trees. A thousand or more years ago it was a powerful city, rivaling Jerusalem itself. Coming into Ramleh, for many miles we passed scores of people going to market. It must have been a great day. Hundreds of women were coming to town loaded with figs, oranges, barley, grapes, corn, wheat, mutton, beef, sugar-cane, cakes, olives, lemons, pumpkins,—indeed with almost everything that could be produced in that country. Most of them were barefooted and had on a single blue cotton gown, and a covering for their face, while a great load of produce was piled up in a kind of tray or basket placed upon the top of their heads. Many of them, besides these burdens on their heads and others on their backs and great loads stuck in their bosoms, had little children astride their shoulders. Sometimes two or three women were together, sometimes half a dozen, and often as many as

twenty were in one company. Often the company, whether large or small, was headed by a stout, well-dressed man, who rode a donkey in comfort, smoking his pipe, while his women followed along behind. Could the women of christendom see these poor slaves of Mohammedanism, compelled by their condition to sustain the relation of wife and mother under influences and circumstances which have nothing like those which womanhood enjoys in fair America, they would more and more appreciate their blessed state, and labor more through missionary agencies to build up womanhood in the sorrowful ends of the earth.

There is a grand old tower at Ramleh, named the "Tower of the Forty," from the tradition that forty martyrs were buried here. The tower was probably a part of an ancient mosque, though one can hardly convince himself that the structure does not belong to the period of the Crusaders. Old broken walls connect with the tower, and a vast burial-ground surrounds the place. Ramleh is supposed, and traditionally held, to have been the home of Joseph of Arimathea, who assisted at the burial of Christ.

TOWER OF THE FORTY—RAMLEH.

From the top of the tower, which is a hundred feet high, we had a grand view of all the Sharon plain. Far on the west was the blue Mediterranean spreading out like the sky; southward and northward the beautiful fertile plain stretching along the sea; while to the east were the blue and barren mountains

of Judea. North-east, four or five miles away, the white houses of Lydda appear above the olives and palms. Once Peter went there "to the saints which dwelt at Lydda." "And Peter said unto him, Eneas, Jesus Christ maketh thee whole: arise, and make thy bed. And he arose immediately. And all that dwelt at Lydda and Saron saw him, and turned to the Lord." (Acts ix. 34, 35.) Then a great revival followed, which had barely closed when the tidings came up from Joppa to Peter that Dorcas was dead; and in the sorrow of the church the brethren desired that he would not delay to come to them. Far to the north are the mountains of Galilee, the giant of which is Carmel, thrusting its bold form out to the very sea. This is the finest view of the plain to be secured in all the land.

From Ramleh we hurried across the plain, and then through the great orchards of lemons and oranges, which grow luxuriantly all about Joppa, and were in the ancient sea-port of Jerusalem.

Joppa is mentioned under the name of "Japho," nearly fifteen hundred years before Christ. (Joshua xix. 46.) It was to this port that Hiram, king of Tyre, proposed to Solomon to bring, on "floats by sea," wood from Lebanon for the Temple. And from here Solomon was to "carry it up to Jerusalem." (II. Chronicles ii. 16.) Two hundred years later it was from this inhospitable harbor that Jonah sailed out on his way to Tarshish, fleeing from the command of the Lord to go to Nineveh and proclaim the destruction of that city. (Jonah i. 3.) Here at Joppa dwelt Tabitha, named also Dorcas, whom Peter raised from the dead. Her benevolence and care for the destitute had given her such a place in the affections of the people that they sent to Lydda for the apostle. And so it was, in the early days of Christianity, that the minister of Christ was needed in the hour of affliction and death. It is exceedingly fortunate if the minister of Christ knows how to enter the home of death, and what words to speak. It is a great trial to one to enter a group of sorrowing ones who weep for the dead. It was so no doubt with Peter. "When he

was come, they brought him into the upper chamber: and all the widows stood by him weeping, and showing the coats and garments which Dorcas made, while she was with them." (Acts ix. 39.) After kneeling down and pouring out his heart to God in prayer, Peter presented Tabitha alive to the saints and widows.

JOPPA.

Here at Joppa, by the sea-side, lived the benevolent Simon, at whose house Peter lodged. The house of "Simon, the tanner," is still pointed out on the rocky shore of the sea, and to it we paid an interesting visit. It is built of stone, has several apartments, and a flat stone roof, which is reached by narrow stone steps from the court, in which is a well and a huge

stone sarcophagus, used as a trough for the water. The entire features of the place, with the ancient traditions, much incline one to believe that this house-top is indeed the very spot to which Peter retired for prayer when the great sheet was let down before him, the lessons of which were to prepare him to go to the house of Cornelius and teach him the way of salvation. (Acts x. 9–18.) I had as long a time on the house-top as was desired, and then was permitted to go through the interior, which is now kept as a Mohammedan mosque.

Joppa is built upon a hill, or great rock, on the very edge of the Mediterranean, and though comparatively uninteresting, is one of the oldest cities of the world. The town has about eight thousand inhabitants. Its streets are narrow, crooked, and dirty; but the orchards of olives and lemons which surround it are not equaled in all the Holy Land. The orchards embrace nearly fourteen thousand acres of land, and it is said not less than three hundred thousand bushels of oranges are shipped from this place every year. The fruit is luscious and the most beautiful anywhere to be seen. Oranges are of immense size and rich in flavor.

While at Joppa, one day the writer attended a Mohammedan funeral. A large company marched in procession around the grave-yard, and approached the tomb from the west. First came some boys, then the band playing, then persons with banners, then a large company of men, and then the bier carried on the shoulders of strong young men. The body was in a box of wood, with comb roof, and a covering of light cloth over a part of it; then the hired mourners around it, and then the women. At the grave, which was five feet wide, they held a large blue cloth over the corpse, so as to shut out the view. They drew off the covered bier, or slipped the man out of it, took off the rugs which were wrapped around the body, slipped it into the vault, and piled stones upon it. The mourners sat around and whined and chattered prayers. They were poor and for the most part ill-clad persons. When the grave was filled, a man with a few coppers distributed the money to the mourners. Some got a cent, and others half a

cent. One old man who got a half-penny seemed quite happy. After several hours a priest came to the grave-yard, and then more prayers were said at the tent. The people joined in by singing prayers and bowing or bending forward and backward.

I was also much interested in visiting the markets, to which the people came with all kinds of valuables, from a dozen camels down to a stalk of sugar-cane or a pumpkin. A stick of cane can be purchased for a penny. The poor people buy a stick of the sweet, juicy cane, and chew it as they have hunger until it is all gone. Many of the peasant people live in this way. Here, also, were great crowds of camels brought to the market for sale. They are, indeed, "Ships of the Desert." For a description see pages 320 and 340. A camel can be bought for fifteen to twenty-five pounds; that is, from seventy-five to one hundred and twenty-five dollars.

One thing not to be forgotten, which occurred during our stay at Joppa, was our Thanksgiving dinner, on November 24th — for at home, far away, it was Thanksgiving. At the hotel Mr. Alexander Howard had two turkeys prepared and a royal dinner. Our hotel was decorated with United States flags and presented a scene of real beauty and home-likeness. Throngs of men and women and caravans of camels passed beneath the folds of the great flags on the way to and from the city. It was twelve o'clock (but in America it was only 3:30 A. M.) when we sat around the Thanksgiving dinner. While good housewives and mothers in America dreamed of joy, and of families gathered together in affectionate reunions, a company of Americans who had traveled together for months through many perils, eat a glad Thanksgiving dinner six thousand miles from loved ones, but in a city of antiquity, where Peter once saw "a great sheet knit at the four corners, and let down to the earth," filled with all manner of beasts and creeping things; respecting which he had divine orders to "kill and eat." (Acts x. 13.) I do not know what his bill of fare was; but we had turkey, pumpkin-pie, and plum-pudding, with glad hearts, and such things as make up

SHIPS OF THE DESERT.

a Thanksgiving dinner. At the close of the dinner, Dr. Fry in fitting words presented the thanks of the company to Mr. Howard for his attention to our wants, and for the repast. He also tendered the testimonial presented by the company. Mr. Howard responded happily, and congratulated the company upon its completion of the long tour in the Holy Land.

The following toasts were prepared, and responded to by those named: "Our Country," A. Howard, and J. C. McGrew; "President Arthur," W. Sharman; "England and her Queen," J. W. Hott; "The Day we Celebrate," W. D. Love; "The Girls we Left Behind Us," H. A. Thompson; "The Protestant Clergy, and the Bible they Teach," Dr. Fry; "American Flag and Alexander Howard, tourist, as a Protection in Palestine," W. H. Steck and W. W. Sedgwick. It was a pleasant occasion, and one never to be forgotten. It was doubly fitting to the company to give thanks, since they had just completed a tour of many weeks of travel in the Holy Land, and no serious accident or hinderance had befallen them. I spent the afternoon, and the morning of the following day, in visiting several places of interest about Joppa, gathering shells along the shore, scanning a few sail-vessels which passed within the range of our glass, and in writing. I also had time to visit the Baldwin Memorial School, under the control of Miss Davidson, a consecrated Christian woman, and a native of the writer's own county, Frederick, in the Old Dominion. She has about ninety students, all boys, nine of whom are Mohammedans. She has been at Joppa four years, and is doing a noble work for Christ.

On the 25th of November, about 9:30 A. M., the steamer came in sight, and by 3:30 P. M. we were to be on board. The Joppa port is a very dangerous one. The vessel anchors a mile or more off at sea, and we were to be rowed out in small boats. The sea is often so rough that it is impossible to land or embark. For three days we had occasionally watched the mad waves lashing the beach; and this morning it was rougher than at any time. How strange the way of the sea! Does God command it? We stepped into the boat to be rowed

out to the steamer; and the sea was found to have become a perfect calm. We had no more delightful embarkation anywhere in all our trip than here in this dangerous harbor. We watched the loading of the cargo. How busily they push the boats laden with sacks of rice. In the midst of the bustle, one Mohammedan Turk walks to the rear of his boat, spreads out his handkerchief, and goes through with his prayers. We had a good dinner, which was relished; afterward came the singing of appropriate songs, closing with the doxology.

At 8:00 P. M. our anchors are taken in, and the vessel, the "Aurora," begins to move away. Joppa looks beautiful in the night as it sits on the rocks high up above its surroundings. But its white and gray houses fade; its lights are gone one after another. From the stern of the vessel, while heavy lightnings break and flash from a threatening cloud almost in our front, but somewhat northward from us, we watch the light of the light-house as it flashes out again and again, till at last it is out of sight in the darkness over the sea; and our long and silently contemplated visit to Palestine, our sight of its many sad, sacred, and touching scenes, our gazing upon its sacred mountains and valleys, its cities and sacred spots, were all a thing of the past. Our sojourn in the land which the Lord has both honored and cursed as none other, was now forever over.

I find this entry made in my diary as the vessel rode out of the harbor at Joppa: I sorrow that my eyes shall see no more the streams, and ruins of cities, mountains, hills, and valleys, illustrious with the memory of the divinest men who have ever lived, and ten thousand times more dear because of the foot-prints of the feet of our Savior, Jesus. With all the disadvantages and hardships of the journey, God has been wonderfully near. I am amazed beyond measure at his unbounded goodness and mercy. To him be all the glory. The lightnings flash a terror over the dark waves of the Mediterranean; but our vessel rides the billows nobly. The storm may bring great waves and a rough voyage; but there may be a calm, and the morrow may come with sunshine. We are committed to the bosom of the deep sea.

(Copyright 1880

The American Sunday School Union Philadelphia

PART FIFTH.

EGYPT—LAND OF THE PHARAOHS.

CHAPTER I.

Land of the Pharaohs—Port Said—Suez Canal—Desert—Land of Goshen—Joseph and Jacob—Home of Israel—Ismailia—Rameses—Bondage of Israel—Zakazik—Palm-Trees—Women—People of Egypt—Pyramids—Donkeys—Cairo.

ON Saturday, November 26th, about noon, the steamer Aurora entered the harbor at Port Said, Egypt, and my feet for the first time stood on Egyptian soil. I was at last in the land of the Nile, the land of the Pharaohs, the land of Joseph and of Israel's bondage. My feet were on the soil from which Moses, the grandest of Old Testament characters, arose to be the leader of God's chosen people. The balmy air and summer-like sunshine seemed to give a cheering welcome.

Port Said is of course a modern town. It is nearly midway between Alexandria and Joppa,—about one hundred and eighty miles from the former and one hundred and fifty miles from the latter. The coast is exceedingly low, so much that it is not seen from the sea until the vessel is very near to it. In building the town, the first thing done was to make a place to put it by filling up the lowlands with dredgings from the sea. It is only a little over twenty years ago that M. De Lesseps, with about a dozen Europeans and one hundred native laborers, began here the opening of the Suez Canal, with the construction of which Port Said grew into being. Aside from

the old Turkish town it is European in its structure, having wide streets crossing at right angles, and wooden houses with tile roofing. It looks like a neat, progressive western town in the United States. Here, with the scintillations of civilization, we meet again the whisky-shop, which in Palestine and Syria is unknown. The city has perhaps eight or ten thousand people, many of whom are engaged in mercantile business of various kinds. This point is indeed the connecting link, by means of the canal, between the seas of Africa and Asia, and into this harbor come the great vessels from India and different parts of the world, all stopping here. The splendid light-house in the harbor, a tower one hundred and

SUEZ CANAL.

sixty feet high, is lighted with a revolving electric light, which flashes every twenty seconds a gleam of light upon the Mediterranean which can be seen in the darkness for twenty miles over the sea. Our stay here was short, but quite long enough. At midnight we took passage on a little steamer on the Suez Canal for Ismailia, fifty miles toward Suez. This canal, which was completed so far as to allow ships to pass through its waters in November, 1869, though its entire completion was not effected until some time later, has a capital stock of about seventeen million pounds sterling, — eighty-five million dollars. It is about ninety yards wide, thirty feet deep, and one hundred miles long. It is a queer sight to look

at these great ships which go through it, as they seem at a distance to be steaming through a great desert of sand. It is indeed a triumph of modern skill and enterprise in invention and in navigation. Our ride would have been pleasant enough but for the fact that about seventeen persons were crowded into a small room with capacity for only about ten or twelve. But the riding was easy, and by morning our little boat, which glided along smoothly and quietly, halted at Ismailia, where we disembarked, took lunch, and waited for a train to Cairo. Ismailia is a beautiful town in the desert. Fresh water brought from the Nile by the fresh-water canal, irrigates the gardens and yards and parks of the town, and makes them blossom like the rose. Here are all kinds of tropical trees, plants, and fruits in abundance. The gardens are kept with the greatest care, and the palm, acacia, and all kinds of beautiful trees, with choice flowers, present a freshness and beauty, spring-like indeed. At eleven o'clock we were on the railroad train. We had seen cars only twice since leaving Italy,—once at Piræus, and also at Smyrna. The cars in Egypt are of the English style and quite comfortable. For about twenty-five miles our way lay over a perfectly barren desert of reddish sand. Then almost instantly we enter the region watered from the Nile by means of canals; and at once all is life, fruitfulness, and beauty.

A tenfold greater interest attaches to this country because of its long-ago history. We were now in the heart of the land of Goshen. As Israel, with his family and flocks, journeyed to Egypt in the days of famine in the land of Canaan, Judah was sent forward by the patriarch to meet Joseph, in order that provisional arrangements might be made with Pharaoh for them to dwell in Goshen. "And they came into the land of Goshen." As I looked out over the plain, fruitful amid the desert, I could not but think of the scene which transpired here more than three thousand years ago, when Jacob, bending with the burden of one hundred and thirty years upon him, reached the land of plenty, and waited to meet his long-lost darling Joseph. "And Joseph made ready

his chariot, and went up to meet Israel his father, to Goshen, and presented himself unto him; and he fell on his neck, and wept on his neck a good while. And Israel said unto Joseph, Now let me die, since I have seen thy face, because thou art yet alive." (Genesis xlvi. 29, 30.) And here in the land of Rameses, even this goodly land of Goshen, "Joseph placed his father and his brethren, and gave them a possession in the land of Egypt, in the best of the land." Over these broad, level plains the sons of Israel kept their flocks while the famine was sore in all the land. And here their little ones and herds were left while Joseph and his brethren carried Jacob into the land of Canaan and buried him in the cave of the field of Machpelah, which is at Hebron. About twenty miles from Port Said, southward across Lake Menzeleh, and thirty miles north-west from Ismailia, is a little town, *Aboo Khasheb*, believed to occupy the site of Zoan, or Rameses, one of the cities built by the children of Israel. We are told that "they built for Pharaoh treasure cities Pithom and Rameses." (Exodus i. 11.) This Zoan was the capital of Egypt in the days of Hyksos Pharaoh, who exalted Joseph "over all the land of Egypt, and under whose dominion the Hebrews prospered in this land, being multiplied in number, and allowed to gather their harvest in peace. Zoan also was the residence of Rameses II., the Pharaoh "who knew not Joseph," and from this city went out the orders of oppression for the Israelites, dooming them to their tale of brick without furnishing them straw. (We have described the manner of making brick on page 314.) To this same city came Moses, the man of God, to stand before Meneptah and work those "wonders in the field of Zoan." Some of the brick made, as is believed, by the Israelites, when they were made to serve with rigor, have been discovered. When greater excavations are made, vast treasures of antiquity will doubtless be brought to the knowledge of our times. This land is sometimes called Ramesus, or Raamses, and Goshen. A grand monolith was found here, bearing the name of Rameses II. If this identification of the ancient Rameses is to be relied upon, then it was from this point that Is-

rael, under the command of Moses, began their journeying to Canaan, going first to Succoth, after the ten plagues had wasted the Egyptians, and after Israel's sojourn of four hundred and thirty years in Egypt. It was a great company, "Six hundred thousand on foot that were men, besides children." "And a mixed multitude went up, also; and flocks, and herds, even very much cattle." God had wrought mightily for Israel in the plagues and the slaying of the first-born of all the Egyptians, until Pharaoh cried, "Rise up and get you forth from among my people," and the Egyptians came urging Israel to depart "out of the land in haste," saying, "We be all dead men." (Exodus xii. 33.) Thus it was that here on these vast, well-watered plains, Israel had found nourishment in time of famine, and oppression beyond measure from another king, and task-masters who made them to "serve with rigor," and last of all, deliverance from a national and terrible bondage.

In the Museum at Cairo is a bust believed to be that of Meneptah, the Pharaoh who a little later took six hundred chariots, all the chariots of Egypt, and followed Israel with his captains and mighty hosts to the Red Sea. What comforts these fruitful fields of Goshen afforded starving Israel in the days of Jacob! These sands also drank the tears of their bitterness and sorrow when Jacob slept in Machpelah, and Joseph's embalmed body waited long the men who should carry it to Shechem. These people now seem to cultivate the soil, ignorant of the feet which trod it in the long time ago.

From Ismailia to Zakazik, and then to Cairo,—in all about seventy-five miles,—the country is a garden. The lands are perfectly level, so that the water is conveyed all through the plain with readiness. Ditches surround every parcel of ground, and from these water is let in as desired and closed off as wished. This sand of the desert is made the most productive by the water of the Nile, which, overflowing it, deposits a sediment which enriches it at once. One can scarcely believe that such indescribable barrenness and dearth could so soon be made to teem with wealth and beauty by the waters

of the Nile. No wonder the Egyptians of olden times worshiped the river and called it a god. What would Egypt be without the Nile? Only one vast desert of sand from side to side. The country here looks like the best cultivated plains of the West, only delightful groves of palms stud it with beauty everywhere. They have a delicate majesty which no one can appreciate but a traveler who has for many weeks been roaming over the desolate countries of Palestine and Syria, where trees are so rarely to be seen. There are great cotton-fields, and piles of cotton sacks on the banks of the canal and at the railroad stations. There are fields of grain just peeping through the earth, and others quite green. There are fields from which the corn has been gathered, and others which will not be ripe for a month or more. There are numbers of others the corn of which is gathered in heaps, where women and children are husking it, while men upon little donkeys and huge camels are carrying the fodder into stacks and piles. There are others with the corn yet on the stock, the land flooded with water, and men are in the water up to their bodies, wading about, pulling off the corn, and putting it into floating baskets which they pull after them. The women dress strangely, in a single blueish gown, and have curious ornaments of the face, like coins, or even spools strung up, hanging down over their noses. The head and face are closely covered, while great dirty feet go bare. Half-grown children crowd around the train at depots for *backshish*, or run after the passing train, or in wild delight throw dirt at it as it passes quickly by. The country has the Turk, Arab, Egyptian, Abyssinian, and whom else we can not tell. But of course some English, Italians, French, and Nubians are about the towns. The plowing is also going on with musk-oxen pulling at a yoke about ten feet long. Two things are universal with the men,—the red fez on the head, and dirt. Beyond the fertile plain we can see the elevations of the sandy desert.

What are these queer-looking forms rising in the dusky air above the palm-trees far off in front and to the right? They look like strangely constructed roofs of houses at a great dis-

tance, or like huge bee-hives. We should have been on the lookout had we not known that we were fifteen or twenty miles from Cairo. They are the great pyramids of Egypt,—one of the wonders of the world. And the gray old sentinels of the ages, which have stood four thousand years or more, are the first to welcome us to the capital of Egypt, by showing their great forms to our wondering eyes. And as the sun was setting just behind these pyramids, our train hurried between the beautiful gardens and yards which surround the city, and in which we should look for modern improvements in cultivation of the soil if we did not remember that we are in Egypt. We are in Cairo, the great city of Egypt. It is a busy time at the depot. There are hacks, a few of them, to be sure; but here are Arabs by the score and hundred. They want to take care of the traveler. And instead of the carriage of America and the cab and hansoms of London, here are scores and almost hundreds of donkeys standing everywhere with saddle, ready for the traveler to mount and ride where he will, with an Arab to punch, and kick, and drive the donkey along. We are soon quartered at the *Hotel du Nil*, where our wants are met to a minimum of a fraction. The rooms are large and well furnished. The table is sumptuous, and the large court within the buildings is filled with choicest trees, flowers, and walks amid the oriental bowers. More than a dozen stately palms of graceful form and delicate beauty lend their charm to the deepening shades.

CHAPTER II.

Ancient Egypt — Its Antiquities — Ancient Government — Abraham in Egypt — Egyptian Glory and Plagues — Plato in Egypt — Egypt the Shelter of Christ — Virgin's Tree — Climate of Egypt — Copts — Abyssinians — Turks — Women as Slaves — Cairo — Egyptian Gardens — Blind People — Mosques — Grand Mosque — Citadel — Mamelukes — Mohammedan School — Mohammedan Students — Missions in Egypt.

EGYPT is not what it was four thousand years ago and more, when the great Pyramid was built by Cheops; nor what it was in the twelfth dynasty, two thousand and eighty years before Christ, or two hundred years later, B. C. 1900, when Abraham came down from Canaan; nor what it was when Joseph rode in the chariot next to the king; nor what it was during the Theban dynasty of eleven kings, a period of two hundred, or two hundred and fifty years, when she rose to her most brilliant place in history as attested by the splendid monuments erected at Thebes; nor yet what it was in the time of Rameses and Moses, nearly fourteen hundred years before Christ; nor what it was under the dominion of the Ptolemies, beginning with Soter and Philadelphus, when it rose to its greatest power, and ending with Cleopatra, when it became a Roman province, thirty years before the Christian era. It could not now rear an obelisk in a century, nor build a pyramid like that at Gizeh in a thousand years, nor hold Israel in bondage a fortnight. It has not even appreciation enough of its own antiquity to preserve the mementos and monuments of its illustrious and marvelous history. Its antiquities, the most marvelous of the world many times over, have been carried away to enrich museums on other continents. Its obelisks

have been taken on crafts to Paris, London, and even America, where they stand monuments of the world's hunger for Egyptian wonders. It has now no decent building in which to preserve and exhibit the rare specimens and bits of antiquity which have struggled down through thousands of years, to stand as the most curious and illustrious mementos of the past on which the eye of man ever rested. And yet, outside of Palestine, there is to the Christian and Bible-reader no country that can be visited with such expectation and interest; and no land better repays the traveler for the labor and expense incurred in seeing it.

The marvelous prowess of Egypt and its splendor of government thousands of years ago, cause it to possess the greatest interest to all. Its kings and armies held the world in terror, while its skill, wealth, and art built up a civilization which, whether general in its influence upon the ancient Egyptian or not, developed a type of learning, and learned men, which challenges the admiration of the present age, even after the lapse of thousands of years. Then, it was by very nature, as well as by providence, the sheltering home of Abraham in time of famine, as early as the thirteenth dynasty of its kings, or nearly four thousand years ago. And yet, here at Heliopolis, I visited a well-preserved Syenite granite obelisk erected by Osirtasen, whose name it bears, and who was the first king of the previous dynasty, and the fourth predecessor to the reigning sovereign of Abraham's time. More than two hundred years after Abraham's visit, Egypt became the protective home of Jacob and his sons, and afterward the home of their slavish sorrows. It was here that God manifested his power as to no nation known in history. At the word of his servant all the waters of the great river Nile, along whose banks I was privileged to travel, became blood. Then plague after plague wasted the land and destroyed the Egyptians until Israel was let go. Here the great Jewish lawgiver, "learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians," probably studied in the city of On, the ancient seat of wisdom and learning, to which in later times Plato and other ancient philosophers

resorted, and where they studied for years. Egypt garners a history which may be counted among the wonders of time.

There is one fact which casts a special interest upon the face of this land. When the cruelty and wickedness of Herod denied the life of the child Jesus a place in Judea, the angel of the Lord pointed out Egypt to Joseph as the asylum for the infant Prince of Peace until death should silence the rage of the slaughterer of the babes of Bethlehem. And so it was said of Joseph: "When he arose, he took the young child and his mother by night, and departed into Egypt: and was there until the death of Herod: that it might be fulfilled which was spoken of the Lord by the prophet, saying, Out of Egypt have I called my son." (Matthew ii. 14.) Tradition has been busy in this country in the location of sites visited by the holy family. One shows the "Well of the Virgin," at which the family drank, and another points out an aged sycamore-tree as the "The Virgin's Tree," a little east of Heliopolis, under the shade of which the virgin mother and her child rested. Of course I visited these, with other traditional sites, admiring more the ingenuity and credulity of those who could rely upon such fancies, rather than having any faith in the reliability of such legends, however ancient the traditions or the sites they point out. But still, it was in some humble place along the Nile valley that Joseph and Mary lodged with the child Jesus, waiting till God should bring them word. These facts, aside from the renowned ancient art and political history of this land, make it a place of importance in the travels of a Christian, and embrace it in tender memories, and awaken affectionate emotions.

The climate of Egypt is dry and salubrious; and though the mortality of children and adults is great, this is to be attributed to the filthy habits and mean living of the people, rather than to the climate of the country. Thousands of the poor surely must die from the lack of medical attention. At Cairo we are in about the same latitude as New Orleans, with a mean temperature, throughout the year, of seventy-one degrees, though the temperature from morning to noon sometimes varies

twelve degrees, and the same from noon to evening—the nights being cool and the days warm; yet the climate as a whole is through the year more uniform than anywhere else on the globe. The summer season extends from April to September,— the remainder of the year being winter. There are but two seasons here. August and September are the hottest months, and December and January the coldest. As I write this, December 3d, the court of our hotel is blooming with flowers. The jessamine, the palmetto-palm, and the date-palm, a half dozen of which grow luxuriantly, the banana, the acacia, and the bamboo, are all in royal verdure, while choicest flowers cast their fragrance into our chamber. The air is balmy and delicious. Were it our lot to remain here even for months, "my summer would last all the year." Snow is unknown here, and it is a rare thing that the freezing-point is ever reached. Here at Cairo the mean temperature in winter is fifty-eight degrees, while a half-dozen showers of rain at the most is all that may be expected in a year. The air in the winter, however, is humid on account of the watering of the land by the Nile.

Only a few of the Coptic people remain as the representatives of the ancient Egyptian race. They are darker than the Arabs, but not so black as the Abyssinians. There are a few English people, more French, some Germans and Hebrews here. Most of the people are Arabs, with a sprinkle of Abyssinians, and indeed with representatives of every race known in these ends of the earth. The religion is Mohammedan, and everywhere the mosque and its minaret greet the eye. The dress and habits of the people are oriental. The dress of men and women is much the same. A great proportion, indeed nearly all, of the population, seem to be poor. Women are little more than slaves. We have seen thousands upon thousands—indeed they are everywhere — at the hardest toil, and bearing the heaviest burdens, with often one or two children loaded on them. Most of them are barefooted, and wear but a single blue cotton gown with a covering of black over most of the face, and an ornament hanging down on the nose so that just their dark eyes are to be seen behind this black

covering, and shining brass or silver covering the face and adorning the nose. They carry everything on their heads, except their children, and these are often put on the back with a cloth stretching over the top of the head forming a swing, in which they lie half covered with great swarms of flies. Men, women, and children sit in the markets and along the streets, and about the fountains, and along the roads, down flat in the dirt, with a little fruit, or corn, or cakes, or fuel to sell; or they fall asleep by their scanty stores, or play in the dirt, or smoke at the nargile, or jabber and gossip and quarrel, or run after the passing traveler to sell him "antique," or beg of him "*backshish*," or ride on donkeys, or pick the lice off their gowns. Young women here, as in Syria, look old. There are really no young-looking women, though those who are young have a somewhat more graceful form and somewhat better faces than those of Syria. These people live an indescribably strange life.

In the country the women are at all kinds of labor. The men are plowing with what Americans would call little more than a crooked stick, to which are attached sometimes two musk-oxen or Egyptian oxen, or one of each, or an ox and an ass, or a cow and an ox, or two cows, or an ox and a camel, or a single camel. Along the slopes up the sides of the canals, much of the land is cultivated with hoes. A dozen or more men are often to be seen digging away in the hot sun, with their bodies bare down to the waist, or with only a cloth or garment tied around their hips. The people all live in villages and towns; and these peasant towns are dirty and often unfitted for even the habitation of beasts.

Cairo, the capital of Egypt, is the residence of the khedive, who is the chief ruler of Egypt, but who is subject to the sultan of Turkey. Cairo is both a modern and an oriental city. It is modern in many of its buildings, which are very fine, and after the French style; but many of its streets, bazaars, and people still have the oriental style. It is situated on the east side of the Nile, one hundred and thirty miles from Alexandria, which is on the coast. It has a mixed popu-

lation of probably three hundred and fifty thousand, and was founded about eight hundred years ago. It is about two miles wide and three miles long. It has Jewish, French, and Copt quarters. It has some most luxuriant gardens filled with the most delightful trees and flowers, from the palm and banyan down to the most delicate of blooming plants. It has a number of splendid hotels where foreigners find the choicest entertainment. These surround courts or gardens, or are surrounded by them, which present the beauty of the tropical trees, shrubs, vines, and flowers. Our hotel, the *Hotel du Nil*, has magnificent rooms, well furnished, a table suited to the most fastidious tastes, a court of beauty, with a large octagonal reading-room in its center.

There is no place where there are so many blind people as here. You see men, women, and children at every step, blind in whole or in one eye. Indeed it would seem to be the fashion here to be blind at least in one eye. The most popular business is begging. One anticipates a hundred times a day the joy of the time when he shall return again to God's country, where the people are not all asking for *backshish*. Hire a carriage and pay for it, and you must pay again. Hire a donkey and pay for him, and pay for the driver of the donkey, and make him a present or two of money as you go along, and before you are done with him he is calling, "Good donkey; satisfied?" That means, if it is all right "Please give me *backshish*." If one does not so understand it at first, he will do so before he is done with the donkey. Stout young men, as well as old, riding or leading camels, stop in the road, hold out their hands, or run after you asking "*backshish*." Sometimes when you just want to be alone, want to study, or make an entry in your note-book, this annoyance will happen to you a half-dozen times at once. You almost want to kill somebody. Your soul and body cry out for deliverance, but it does not come.

There are nearly five hundred mosques in Cairo. But many of these seem to be falling into ruins. Most of them are a kind of synagogue to which the people are permitted to

come for prayer or for the study of the Koran any time during the day. There are a few mosques which are noted. The Mosque of Mohammed Ali is perhaps the most noted of all. This is rather from the material used in its construction than from the design and skill of its architecture. It is built entirely, except the outside wall, of beautiful alabaster. Its minarets are exceedingly high. It contains the tomb of its founder, after whom it is named. The vast columns and great walls of pure alabaster present a pleasing spectacle for the eye. The citadel close by was the scene of the massacre of the Mamelukes, in 1811. There are a number of fine mosques which were built by the Mameluke kings. Some of them are worthy of preservation as specimens of Arab architecture. Yet a number of them are slowly falling into decay. One of these ancient and massive structures, held in high regard by the Mohammedans, is called the Mosque of Hassan, after the grandson of Mohammed. It contains the shrine of his head, which was taken from him when he was a youth.

The Mosque Lazhar, or El Azhar, more than any other in Cairo, repays a visit. It contains the largest Mohammedan school in the world. We secured a permit from the government authorities to visit this school, and being well equipped with interpreter, guide, and soldiers, succeeded in passing several hours within the precincts of this wonderful institution. We were assured by the officials that fifteen thousand names of students were enrolled. There are in the mosque vast courts and immense chambers; and from what we saw of the school I should estimate that from six to ten thousand persons were actually in attendance. These embrace all ages and classes of persons from all Mohammedan countries. Of course the women are not allowed to be taught here, or even to enter the place. The Koran is the exclusive textbook. Groups numbering from twelve to seventy-five were huddled together, seated on rugs, around a teacher who usually occupied an exalted seat. At places the teacher sat on the floor in the middle of the group. Some of them had tin slates and were copying texts from the Koran with a sharp

stick and ink. There seems to be no order observed in the school, and they were coming and going at pleasure, and all the time repeating their lessons. Much of their work seemed to be to recite after the teacher. This whole scene makes up a picture which one can never forget. There were evident signs of disapprobation at our presence. At the entrance to the mosque, where our company took off their shoes in true oriental style, some objected to our entering, saying "We do not know what the Christians want in here." Our interpreter told them that we were Americans, and no respectable Mohammedan would have any objection to our entering the mosque. His talk was quite good; but under all such circumstances a permit from the government secured through the American consul, and a good guard of soldiers, were better dependencies. We were sharply watched by hundreds of the Moslems, and now and then a hiss, or noise, betokening the disfavor with which we were regarded, saluted us. These persons come from all parts of the Mohammedan world, and go out as priests, teachers, and conjurers, to delude and deceive the ignorant people.

The utter lack of any adequate accommodations for those thousands of students amazes one. About the different courts and porches were great numbers of rude boxes, divided into small compartments less than a foot square. Every student has one of these little holes in which he keeps his books and slate and pencil, with whatever else of earthly store he may possess. The great portion of these students beg their living, or get it in whatever way they can earn it. Those not reciting were sauntering about at pleasure, or studying their book, or eating their coarse meal, or waiting patiently until the thin cake, spread out on a flat stone to dry in the broiling sun, should be done. Much of their bread is prepared in this manner.

The United Presbyterian Church has a most prosperous mission in Egypt, and at Cairo their work is well established. They have excellent buildings, well located. The buildings contain school-rooms, chapel, and residence for the mission-

aries. Here we met Drs. Watson and Harvey and other missionaries. The Sabbath-school and Arabic congregation number several hundred. On Sabbath we attended the various meetings, and the writer preached at the hour of English service. An English service is held every Sabbath, though the meeting for natives is much more largely attended.

The streets about Cairo are crowded. Some of them are wide and attractive, but for the most part they are narrow and crooked. Camels, donkeys, mules, and tradesmen jostle about everywhere. All branches of trade are represented in the bazaars, which resemble closely those of Constantinople. Persian rugs, silks from Damascus, and splendid goods from the Indies, all oriental in magnificence, appear to the eye in attractive display.

The most interesting people of Egypt are the Copts, who, though not easily distinguished by a traveler from the common population, have maintained their peculiar tenets and religious customs from ancient times. They are believed to be genuine representatives of the ancient Egyptians. They retain among them the ancient Egyptian language, though it is imperfectly taught. They are Christians in faith, and have maintained their religion through the centuries, though they were disowned by the Council of Chalcedon, in A. D. 451. They follow the faith of the Jacobite sect, believing that the human and divine in Christ constituted but one nature and one will. In their dress they closely resemble the Mohammedans. Some of the Copts hold the Roman Catholic faith. They are generally educated, and in intelligence and art are the superiors of the Arabs. Their women are secluded, and their marriage-feasts are attended with peculiar ceremonies, such as ablutions and processions, and the bride's stepping over the blood of a slain lamb at the door of the bridegroom, the coronation of the bride and bridegroom, and protracted feastings. They have a patriarch, who resides at Cairo, and twelve episcopal sees. They number about two hundred and fifty thousand. Through their language the Egyptian monumental inscriptions have been interpreted.

CHAPTER III.

Festival of Hassan — History of the Celebration — Scene in the Streets — — Murderous Procession — Fanaticism — Curious Belief — Baal Worship.

AN account of a curious celebration witnessed by the writer, will furnish the reader an idea of the fanaticism of the Mohammedan people. The history and celebration of many of the religious beliefs of the Mohammedans would make chapters of the wildest romance. Among the most striking and horrible of these feasts is that of Hassan, celebrated on the tenth of the month *Maharam*. The writer witnessed this most appalling and blood-curdling celebration at Cairo, Egypt, on the first of December.

It commemorates as a religious festival the murder of Hassan, the grandson of Mohammed. That this celebration is under the control of the assassins is very probable, but this history may not be traced. When Mohammed died he appointed Aboo Bukr his successor — a pious and generous man, who reigned a little over two years. Upon his death Omar was to succeed to the throne of Mohammed, after whom Othman was to inherit dominion and bear the authority of the great Arabian prophet. These thus appointed by Mohammed were ultimately succeeded by Ali, the great rival of Othman, who was married to the daughter of Mohammed. Upon the death of Ali, El Hassan, his son, a mere child, succeeded him in Arabia, and though very young, nominally reigned six months. Soon a conspiracy arose, headed by Moaweeyah, who, the Mohammedans claim, succeeded in slaying El Hassan at Bagdad, after which Moaweeyah became the caliph and

the head of the Omeyyad dynasty. By this conspiracy and the death of El Hassan, the family of Mohammed lost control of the government which he had established.

At Cairo a mournful and cruelly torturous festival is annually celebrated on the tenth day of their month *Maharam*, by the Persian Mohammedans residing in Egypt, in commemoration of the assassination of El Hassan and his brother El Hasseyn. It is conducted by what are known as *elars* or chiefs among these religionists. At Bagdad this festival has often been celebrated with cruelties more appalling than are to be witnessed in the Egyptian ceremonies, resulting often in persons being so infuriated as to sacrifice their lives in the procession. The ceremonies as celebrated in Egypt are melancholy, weird, and even horrifying beyond description.

Soon after dinner, or by 7:30 P. M., our company hastened from the court of the *Hotel du Nil*, led by a faithful guide, who assured us he knew where the ceremonies were to occur. We were soon plunged into the narrow, crowded streets, which were thronged with all classes of persons clad in oriental costume. Women closely veiled, clad with snow-white robes or richest silk garments, sauntered by us in their seclusive, oriental modesty and concealed beauty. Others, with piercing eyes peering out above dark veils covering the lower half of the face and below the heavier head-covering, and with noses mounted with that strangest of all woman's ornaments, the nose-jewel, glanced bewitchingly at the Americans as we passed. Men with long, flowing robes of gaudiest color and shoes of dazzling red, or girded about with heavy Bedouin cloaks, barefooted, sauntered here and there in crowds and throngs, as we pressed our way up the narrow streets, around one corner after another, through one narrow passage-way after another, on and on until we were in a narrow street close by the great Mosque of Hassan. Investing a few *piasters* in hiring seats which were carried from some neighboring *cafe*, we sat watching the throng and waiting for the hour of ceremonies, really not knowing what awaited our vision.

A motley scene presented itself, and one such as is sel-

dom seen even in oriental countries. Hundreds and thousands, strangely clad, aimlessly pressed their way hither and thither, and crowded each other along the street. There were men of all classes. Among this multitude now came a man on a donkey, with an Arab driver pushing and scratching and pounding the poor creature to crowd and goad him through the throng. Then came a veiled woman, astride a fine fat donkey which was hurried and tortured along in the same manner. Here came a royal carriage, and before it two, four, or six heralds, carrying lances, and dressed in uniform, calling aloud and clearing the way for the chariot. Then there were men with great bundles of sugar-cane on their backs or heads, selling a stalk now and then to some hungry boy or man, who at once proceeded to take his dinner from it. Then another with a great glass jar on his back, filled with water, crying as he rattled his brass cups, "*Aqua buono!*" (good water); then in the Arabic again he would call out, "*Moya! moya! moya! Aqua buono!*" letting down his jar and pouring out a drink to those who would buy. Following would come a man with a great tray or basket on his head, mounted with a curious lamp, carrying bread to sell. Men barefooted, by scores and hundreds, some in purely oriental dress, Turkish and Greek, and others in dress half oriental and half European; men of all colors, and men attended with women; women alone, strangely, some gaudily, many poorly clad; women with children; children half clad, from three to six years old, covered with dirt; children well-dressed and clean, some walking, some running, some quiet or swaying with the throng, some pushing, some talking and gesticulating wildly, some hallooing loudly. This, altogether, made up such a night-scene as mortal eyes rarely look upon. All were expectant of some great event, but none knew when the procession would begin. Thus an hour and a half wore slowly away.

Suddenly far down the street, as emerging from some inclosure, there appeared a band of about forty stout men bearing torches, which flickered and blazed above their turbaned heads. Closely following them, riding upon a large horse,

came a little boy about six years of age. The horse was closely covered with white cloth striped and sprinkled with blood, presenting a ghastly appearance. I could scarcely believe my sense of sight. The child held in his hand a large, sharp knife, shaped like a small crooked sword, which he moved about him and above his head in every direction, every now and then drawing the sharp blade down across his head from front to rear, cutting and chopping the scalp each time. With every stroke of the sword the crimson blood streamed, or trickled, down over his forehead and face and body upon the white, close covering of the horse, presenting a sight the most ghastly and horrifying one can imagine. Never a halt in the procession nor a hesitancy of the infuriated lad lulled the stately horror of the scene.

This scene was closely followed by a company of about thirty stout men, dressed in long flowing gowns, with their brawny bosoms entirely bare. As they walked they threw their arms wildly about them, smiting their left breast with the right hand with stunning and awful force. With this they cried in a pitiful, mournful tone, "*El Hassan, El Hassan, El Hassan.*" Infuriated with their demonstrations, they seemed with every stroke to almost crush their breasts as they mourned out, "*El Hassan, El Hassan.*"

This company was immediately followed by four men bearing large banners with devices of various kinds. Abreast with them on either side of the street appeared the foremost of another company of about fifty persons, like the former, walking rather sideways in a line, half of the company on either side of the street. Between this company of men rode another boy somewhat larger than the first one, gayly dressed, like his predecessor, having his head shaved entirely bare. He also held a sword somewhat larger than the first one, which he brandished steadily in the same manner, now and again drawing it down upon his head in a murderous manner, cutting a gash with every stroke, while the blood ran down over his gay garments. The company of men around him, like the others, cried mournfully, "*El Hassan, El Hassan, Allah, Allah,*

El Hassan." Some of them held their hands upon their breasts. Others had their bodies bare down to the waist, and carried scourges made of small chains, with which they smote themselves in the most beastly and barbarous manner, leaving great bruises with every stroke, and often inflicting gashes from which the blood oozed forth, and trickled down over the lower part of their bodies.

A third company of the same size followed in like order, in the center of which also rode a boy, probably nine years of age, dressed in gorgeous robes and wielding his sword in the same heart-sickening and demoniacal manner. His sharp, minor-key voice, like his predecessors, mingled in the melancholy cries of the men around him, "*Allah, Allah, El Hassan, El Hassan.*" With almost every step of the horse his sword came down upon his bleeding head, carving its way to the skull with every stroke, while the blood flowed more freely than from any of the others. He seemed to be utterly reckless of all feeling of pain or fear of death, and went on in the insane, suicidal process with the precision and decision of an artist. The company around him was dressed in rich Persian costume, with heads shaved entirely bare, and they filed slowly along the street in the same order as those who had preceded them. Their faces were thus turned directly toward each other; and in their hands they carried huge swords, which they threw and hurled about them in the most insane manner, crying as the others, in the most mournful tones, "*El Hassan.*" Some of them carried great knives. In the same frantic and fanatical manner they drew their knives and swords across the top of their heads in various directions, making horrid gashes followed by drops and spurts of blood with every stroke. The scene was frightful beyond description. Far up the street the mystic, fanatical-looking, strangely-clad, torturous, murderous procession passed, headed by the torch-light, while here and there the lights of adjacent windows, or a torch-light, flashing out upon the scene, lent terror to the somber shadows which begloomed the festival of blood. Swaying throngs and crowds of thousands pressed hard after them, eager to catch another view of the horrid scene.

The whole ceremony was a species of religious fanaticism of the most astounding character. This procedure continued during the entire time needed to pass the Mosque of Hasssan, which is several hundred feet long. I was glad when the procession was out of sight, though we were left to the merciless swaying and jam of a crowd excited almost to frenzy. Thanks to our dragoman and several policemen for a safe arrival at our hotel. We could do nothing but allow ourselves to be pressed along with the throng for a number of squares, when the mass divided and we could choose our own course.

Every year this strange and horrible self-inflicted cruelty is practiced by these deluded Persian Mohammedans. The boys and men who are the mournful and bloody performers in the ceremony are induced to their part in it by the fact that forever afterward, if they survive, they are saints of a peculiarly high order, and expect to be the recipients of very great favors from Mohammed. It is to be hoped that the influence of western civilization may soon be so powerful in Egypt as to induce the authorities to abolish such atrocities and save the victims of this superstition from the miseries of their fanatical ceremonies, as well as the public from witnessing such demonstrations of self-inflicted torture. The protection of innocent children, the sacredness of human life, and the interests of public decency, all demand it.

This method of mourning for El Hassan is in striking similarity with idolatrous worship in olden times. When the test of fire was being made by Elijah and the priests of Baal upon Mount Carmel, and the fire came not down upon the altar even till noontide, the prophet "mocked them, and said, Cry aloud." Then the prophets of Baal "cried aloud, and cut themselves after their manner with knives and lancets, till the blood gushed out upon them." (I. Kings xviii. 28). This same appeal of blood is made in the festival of Hassan year by year, only tenfold more horrible.

CHAPTER IV.

Visit to the Pyramids — Arabs — Burial-Ground of Egypt — Cheops — Size of the Pyramid — Interior of Cheops — Queen's Chamber — Sarcophagus in the King's Chamber — Ascending the Pyramids — View from the Top of Cheops — Pyramid of Cephren — An Arab Race Down the Pyramid — The Sphinx.

DURING our stay in Egypt, one day was spent at the great pyramids of Ghizeh. These pyramids have long been numbered among the wonders of the world. There are nearly one hundred of them in the valley of the Nile, all of which are on the west side of the river. Those at Ghizeh are the largest and most interesting. The trip to these, from Cairo, is made by carriages, and they can be reached in a drive of about one hour and a half. There is an elegant iron bridge over the Nile above Boolak, a suburb of the city, and beyond the bridge the way lies over an excellent road leading up the Nile for a distance, then straight to the pyramids for about four or five miles. On both sides of this entire drive is a row of large acacia-trees, the boughs of which meet over the way so as to form a perfect arbor and delightful shade. The drive is thus rendered a very pleasant one. The visitor soon finds his carriage attended by Arabs, who at every little space join in the chase, having "antiques," scarabs, images, gods, etc., for sale. This crowd increases every quarter of a mile, despite your repeatedly telling them that you do not want any. Thus you learn that the trip to the pyramids is to have a "thorn in the flesh." Each Arab wants to sell. He also wants to guide you up the pyramid. He says over, "Amerka," "Yankee Doodle," and a few English words he has picked up, for the purpose of pleasing you.

These Arabs can outrun a race-horse, and keep at it all day. "Don't you get tired?" I asked one who had run a couple of miles by the side of our carriage trying to effect a sale. The answer came, "This me beesness,—run all day." And sure

NILE AND PYRAMIDS.

enough, barefooted and bareheaded, with a simple gown on him, he was with the crowd of others when we reached the pyramids. Old men, who seemed to be the children of Methuselah, ran all the same.

But all the way there are the dusky forms of these ancient towers just before you, rising in grandeur with the nearing approach to them. There is nothing like them on the face of the globe.

These pyramids stand on a plateau of rock about one hundred feet above the level of the plain of the Nile. From the fourth dynasty, that is, from about two thousand, five hundred years before the Christian era, for many centuries, it was one of the great burial-grounds of Egypt. The origin and design of the pyramids have been the subject of more discussion by Egyptologists than perhaps any other one question. With all possible respect for the learning, study, and research of those who have held to the various theories respecting the design of those pyramids, I can hold but one opinion. The simple observer who comes here to look upon these wonders in their ostensible relations can not conceive of them as being other than great monumental tombs erected to perpetuate the memory, name, and fame of their founders. All the internal design culminates in the sarcophagus and its chamber. One fact which of itself is sufficient to settle this question is the location,—always in a necropolis. They are always surrounded by tombs.

The great pyramid, Cheops, dates back, so far as can be known, to the fourth dynasty, about two thousand, five hundred years before Christ; though some endeavor to place its origin quite beyond that date. Herodotus writes of this pyramid, and of the vast number of persons employed in its construction. He says one hundred thousand men were employed all the time, with the company changed every three months, for thirty years. Ten years were employed in constructing the causeway by which the stone could be brought from the quarries, and twenty years in the actual building of the pyramid. Diodorus and Pliny also write of this pyramid, but they disagree in some respects with Herodotus. They assert that three hundred and sixty thousand men were employed in its building. These writers speak of the stone as being brought from Arabia. It is probable that a considerable part of the magnesian limestone was taken from the quarries a few miles south of Cairo, on the east of the Nile. But nummulite stone composes much of the pyramid. The structure of these pyramids is in layers of great stone from six to ten feet long, and from

two to five feet thick. The lower courses are thickest. Each layer recedes from that on which it is placed, so as to form a step whose width is almost equal to its height. These were, originally, cased over with hard stone, so shaped as to make the surface perfectly even and smooth All of this casing has been long torn off from the large pyramid and used for building purposes. Most of it has also been removed from the second pyramid. On the top of the last mentioned, however, the covering or casing remains, presenting a plain, smooth surface. The mortar used in the construction remains as hard as the stone itself. I can hardly expect to give the reader any adequate idea of the immensity and imposing grandeur of Cheops, this giant of the ages past. The measurement of Colonel H. Vyse is as follows: "Length of each side when entire, seven hundred and sixty-four feet; present length, seven hundred and forty-six feet; former perpendicular height, four hundred and eighty feet and nine inches; present perpendicular height, four hundred and fifty feet and nine inches; former area covered, thirteen acres, one rood, and two poles; present area covered, twelve acres, three roods, and three poles." The solid contents have been calculated at eighty-five million cubic feet. It is higher than the dome of St. Peter's, or St. Paul's at London, the former being four hundred and twenty-nine, the latter four hundred and four feet. It is only a little lower than the tower of the Strasburg Cathedral, which is the highest in Europe — four hundred and sixty-one feet.

The interior of the pyramid is even more interesting than the exterior. Its entrance is from the north side. Formerly, for perhaps three thousand years or more, its entering-place was unknown, and was at last penetrated or discovered after long and discouraging efforts, the workmen penetrating more than one hundred feet through solid rock. This forced entrance has long been closed with stone, the real entrance having been opened and found more convenient. The entrance is about twenty-three feet from the center of the northern side and forty-five feet from the bottom. It is reached by climbing up over a mass of stones and *debris*, which has accu-

mulated largely from the decaying structure. There is a stone of vast size over which four other large blocks of stone are laid, dressed and placed so as to form the appearance of a steep arched roof. Upon entering, duly equipped with candles and an Arab guide, we first came into an inclined passage, three feet five inches in height and three feet eleven inches in width, running downward at an angle of about twenty-six degrees. This passage continues in a straight direction for three hundred and twenty feet. From its lower end another horizontal passage, somewhat smaller, and twenty-seven feet long, leads to the sepulchral chamber, forty-six feet long, twenty-seven feet wide, and eleven and a half feet high. We did not, however, follow the passage to this lower chamber, but stopped sixty-three feet from the place of entering the pyramid and turned abruptly around to the right, through the passage effected at the time of the opening of the pyramid. Climbing up over high rocks by means of niches cut for the hand in their surface, we entered another passage, ascending at about the same angle of the descent of the first. This is followed for one hundred and twenty-five feet, until it enters what is called the "Great Gallery." At this point a horizontal passage proceeds a distance of one hundred and ten feet, entering into what is called the "Queen's Chamber," which stands directly under the center or apex of the pyramid, sixty-seven feet above its base, and four hundred and seven feet below its summit, and seventy-one feet below the upper or King's Chamber. It is eighteen feet nine inches long, seventeen feet wide, and twenty feet high.

We took time to examine, besides the Great Gallery, what is called a well—an irregular passage, nearly vertical, one hundred and ninety-one feet deep, evidently cut in the rock after the building of the pyramid as a means of communication with the lower passage. It is about two and a half feet square. Having looked down it sufficiently, we continued our way through the Great Gallery, which is on the same ascending angle as the passage up which we had passed. It widens to seven feet, and its height is given at twenty-eight feet. The passage of the

gallery on the floor is narrowed by a ramp on each side, twenty inches wide and two feet high. It would be difficult to make the ascent were it not for niches cut in the rock, for the feet, at convenient intervals. We ascended through this passage, or gallery as it is called, one hundred and fifty-one feet into a short vestibule, from which is a short passage into the King's Chamber. The workmanship in the gallery through which we thus passed is very fine, the stone being jointed precisely, and each one of the eight courses of stone projecting about three or four inches over the one on which it is placed. The King's Chamber into which we thus effected our way is the principal chamber of the structure. It is thirty-four feet three inches long, seventeen feet one inch wide, and nineteen feet one inch high. Its position is a little south of the center of the pyramid, perpendicularly, and its floor is one hundred and thirty-eight feet from the base of the structure. The ceiling is flat and made of plain blocks of granite resting on the side walls. The workmanship in this chamber is very exact and handsome, and the joints in the walls and ceiling are so closely fitted that the thinnest substance could not be inserted between the stones. This beauty of art appeared strikingly when the chamber was illuminated by the burning of magnesium wire. It is an awful surrounding presence. The chamber thus incased in these massive walls of rock on every side, and hundreds of feet above, contains absolutely nothing but a sarcophagus of red granite resting in the upper end of the chamber. It has no lid and bears no inscriptions. It measures, according to Colonel Vyse, about seven feet six inches in length, three feet three inches in width, and three feet four inches in height on the outside. The thickness of its sides is about six inches. Relic-mongers have picked at it for centuries, until its sides have been greatly destroyed,— almost one third of one side being thus broken away. In this place of sullen darkness some king of Egypt took up his last abode among the dead, thousands of years ago. But all has departed now. No echo of this deep darkness comes to our ears to tell the story of the proud monarch whose dust was once deposited

here. Alas! how the proudest glory fades; and ambitious triumphs are lost in the rolling ages! The sensations and feelings which follow the reflections of one standing in this tomb of surpassing monumental greatness, are not to be described.

We found the entrance much less difficult than had been expected. The dust and suffocating heat were the worst things to be experienced, while the smoothness of the inclined rocky passages rendered it sometimes difficult to proceed. There are three small chambers immediately above the King's Chamber; but these can only be reached with difficulty, and none of our company undertook it. Having explored quite as far as was desirable, our exit was made by the same passage through which we had entered.

If the entering and traversing of the internal chambers of the pyramid have a depressing and overawing influence upon the spirit, the previously made ascent to its apex had enough of the heroic, the novel, and the perilous, to give courage to any task. It was indeed a novel sight to behold, as well as a heroic thing to do. Our company of over a dozen all ascended at once. The old sheik who has charge of the pyramid was paid two francs apiece for attendants furnished, and the helpful and enthusiastic Arabs paraded out to the company, or rather the company turned over to the Arabs, and the ascent began. We went up at the north-east corner and descended on the south-west corner. Each step is from two to five feet high. Often the stones are broken off so that one must travel a distance to the right or left, or around the corner to where another step can be made. Three Arabs took the writer in charge,—one held him by the right hand, another by the left. Their gowns were closely tucked about the bodies, and they climbed up like squirrels on a tree. The two climbed above and pulled, while one followed behind with a strong push and a "harp" with the making of every step. And thus pulled at and pushed at and tormented with the questions of the Arabs, "Satified?" "All right?" "All good?" all of which had a bearing on the *backshish* (though we had a

contract that they were to be paid at the end of the task, and not a word was to be said about *backshish*), I at last, and without a stop to rest, reached the summit of this majestic height. The attendants insisted upon stopping to look about, and wanted to rub my limbs, while a lad wanted me to drink some water; but I declined all these, and made them pull and push without intermission, until the height was scaled.

The view from this lofty eminence is one to be desired. There is a square of about thirty feet, with a few huge blocks of stone on which we could sit and look about with wonder. Southward, toward the noontide sun, in the sands of the desert, stand up the pyramids of Sakkarah, Aboo Seer, and Dashoor—eleven in full sight. All about them, and beyond as far as the eye can reach, are continued hills or elevations of sand. A mist, or fog, seemed to be sifting thinly down over the grayish pyramids in the distance. Just to the left, facing toward the rising of the sun, is the luxuriant valley of the Nile skirting up against the desert. The valley is dotted with pools cut through with channels and canals for the water, and divided in many places by winding streams. Here and there are little villages, and about them beautiful groves of graceful palms, which in the distance somewhat resemble the tall pine of the American forest. In the distance is the broad stream of the life-giving Nile, and beyond it the Mokattam hills, with the quarries of Mosarah, from which many of these huge stones were lifted. Stretching far southward, at a distance of eight miles away, and beyond the Nile, is Cairo, stretching like a crescent with its convex side to the Nile, and its concave circling apparently about the castle on which stands the Mosque of Ali, with its tall minarets piercing the very heavens. Across this plain, or valley, stretches the highway eastward, like a line or row of green acacias, with its farther end lost in the city. Northward, far as the eye can reach, the valley of the Nile, fertile and decked with groves of green, seems to widen greatly. Westward is the Sahara with its endless plains of burning sand. Looking downward over the rugged slope of the pyramid from its edge, nearly five hun-

dred feet, your head has a sense of giddiness you do not wish to feel again. The coaches and busses and men about them are but apparent toys. Close to the south and west stand the two adjacent pyramids, — the one, Cephren, almost as large as Cheops, and the other behind it, Menkara, only half the dimensions of Cheops, or less, but beautiful to look upon, doubtless, when long ago, untouched by the cruelty of time, it represented the ideal beauty and strength of kings who disappeared from men long before the most ancient records of profane history. About your feet are thousands of names carved in the solid rock. Visitors are eager to leave their names on the great pyramid. Among these are the initials of the Prince of Wales, marked by his own hand and carved by his guide. I had a nervous feeling of achievement as my feet stood upon the top of this huge structure of wondrous fame, like which there is none other on the globe, built to perpetuate the name and fame of those really unknown. The very thought of the past in which their memory or times are placed, seemed thinner and more vague to the intellect than the filmy clouds which like spider-webs spread all over the heavens. This pyramid stands amid the sands of the desert, which seem eager to spread farther eastward and cover the fertile plain. It is on the verge of the desert and the plain. It marks the place of high ambition. Its shadow falls all the day over unnumbered tombs whose decaying walls are half buried in the desert sand. And thus, as we try to look back over the past history which it would join to the green and living present, it presents in the far-away only a desert. How wide or fruitful the green plain on this side the sands, only the ages to come shall tell. It is not alone the age of the pyramids that impresses one. The sweep of time past, and the thought of kings and nations dead which beheld these monuments of that ancient and wonderful civilization, bewilders the imagination. Such a scene I shall never witness again. But the pyramids, like the mountains, laugh at time and change.

At the suggestion of some of the company two Arabs ran a race from the top of the great pyramid on which we were

standing to the top of Cephren. The one made the descent in two minutes, in two minutes more he walked leisurely across the plateau to the other pyramid, and in six minutes more climbed to the summit. We were content to go down more slowly. Holding to the hands of the two Arabs, and with a turban tied about my waist and the third man behind to hold me back, I stepped, and slipped, and jumped down over one step after another until I stood at last on the ground below, tired and contented.

Several other smaller pyramids besides those just mentioned, of which I can give no further description, stand a little way east of Cheops.

Nearly a quarter of a mile east and a little south of the great pyramid is the Sphinx. It is one of the most remarkable of

SPHINX.

all the objects of antiquity found in Egypt. The more recent discoveries of Mariette have led to the conclusion that the Sphinx is of greater antiquity than even the pyramids themselves. It is the image of a great human-headed lion cut out of the native rock. It is called the Sphinx of Hor-em-Khoo, of which god it is a supposed image. The Arabs speak of it as the "Father of Terrors." Most of the colossal form is covered with

the sand. The breast, shoulders, and head, however, stand out in bold appearance. "Hor-em-Khoo" means "the sun in its resting-place," and it is the supposition that he had the king's life in his hands. The body of this creature of strange fancy is no less than one hundred and forty feet long, while the head and face alone, from the top to the chin, is thirty feet, and the width of the face from side to side fourteen feet. Mariette removed the surrounding sand down to its base, and found its measurement from the base to the crown to be about sixty feet. He discovered between its legs an altar, which the worshiper of Horus reached by a flight of steps cut in the rock. It is the most wonderful monument of all Egypt. This awful face and head once wore a cap and beard; but with these time has dealt cruelly, for both have been knocked almost entirely off. The face looks directly east, and presents a picture of a strange design and mold of some ancient ideal of beauty. Close to it are the royal sepulchers, partially excavated from the great banks of sand, while north are the remains of an ancient pavement leading from the royal tombs toward the second pyramid. The color of the Sphinx is reddish, as if the red sands had given its color. The stone shows various strata very distinctly. The preservation of the form and expression is a marvel, though truth must confess that a large portion of the nose has gone to pay tribute to some museum.

The annoyance anticipated from the Arabs about the pyramids far exceeded our utmost expectation. There is no place in all the Orient where the traveler is so persistently tormented as here. Through an engagement made to have control of a large room in an adjacent building, erected as a kind of lunch-house, we had comparative peace for a half hour, while taking lunch. During the remainder of the time there were from two to a dozen Arabs following us all the while, incessantly pulling and coaxing and begging me to give them *backshish*, or to buy a scarab, or some other worthless trinket, or representation of an Egyptian god or of a mummy. Some were determined to render service by showing us something

about the place. Again and again they were assured that their services were not needed, but all to no effect. When driven off they would notice the direction in which we were going, and when we had reached some place of interest they would suddenly put in their presence and at once render unsolicited service in pointing out things which we could have seen better if left alone. Some of our company had literally to stone and cane the Arabs from following them. Upon descending the great pyramid I gave each of the three attendants *backshish*, which for a time seemed to satisfy them. But soon the one who had descended the pyramid behind me demanded half a franc (ten cents) for the use of his turban. He had taken his turban, (a long, narrow piece of white cotton cloth), from around his head and fastened it about my body, while he went behind, holding to it with the view to prevent my falling. Though I had paid him well for his services, he insisted upon this claim. He followed me for a half hour, until I was compelled to yield to his plea, and gave him the coin, which he received in a sullen and unthankful manner. These Arabs are shrewd, and understand their business. They can talk very little English, having picked up some sentences from travelers. Our guide said they could at once pick out the Americans and Englishmen of our company; and at one time we submitted a number of them to the test, there being three gentlemen from England in our company. In every case they answered correctly,—"English," or "Americie," as they discerned the nationality of the person. Such a little episode and display of their skill increased their relish and hope of *backshish*. When the carriages were driven out and we were ready to depart, the throng increased. Some held to the wheels of the vehicles, and others held to our clothes, intent upon getting more money, until we drove them off with our canes, and the driver drawing up the lines and cracking his whip, hastened down the hill out of their reach. Most of these pests were stout young men, while a few were old and decrepit. The whole procedure is a licensed robbery, and a disgrace to the government of Egypt.

CHAPTER V.

Visit to Heliopolis — Watering of Lands — Virgin's Tree — City of On — Obelisk of Heliopolis — Marriage of Joseph — Decay of Ages.

DURING our stay at Cairo I made a visit to Heliopolis, situated six miles north of Cairo. Having enjoyed a considerable amount of donkey-riding, our company chose a carriage for this trip. The road over a sandy plain is delightful. Along the road there are beautiful gardens and small farms, and at many places, indeed almost at every small farm, there is a water elevator for the purpose of dipping up the water from the channels below and pouring it out in the channels a few feet higher, in which it is carried over the field, and to distant fields beyond. The construction is very simple, and consists of a large, rude cog-wheel, which lies horizontally four or five feet from the earth, and a smaller wheel into which it works fastened upon a stout shaft. Over this shaft is a heavy band with large buckets holding a gallon or more each, placed at a distance of a foot from each other on the belt. This is turned by a donkey, if small, but usually with a yoke of oxen or a single musk-ox attached to a sweep. The buckets turning over the shaft empty out the water into a trough, which carries it to the channel. In some places men and women dip the water up.

Some were seeding the ground, while there were fields of barley almost ready for the reapers. The crops are produced earlier or later as the husbandman chooses, and according to the time when he floods the land and sows the seed.

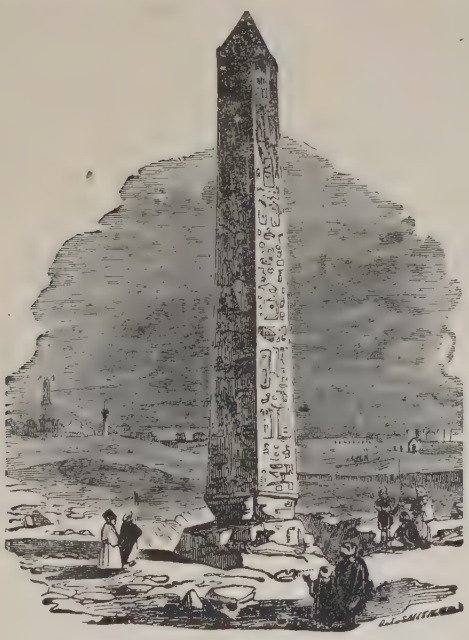
Near the valley of Matareah is a beautiful garden owned by a Copt. Just to the right of the road a little distance is the

"Virgin's Tree." It is a fine old sycamore, no doubt of great age, and under its spreading branches and boughs the holy family are said to have found shelter. Where this tradition is obtained I do not know. The tree is as greatly venerated by the Egyptians as is the Oak of Abraham, near Hebron, by the people of Palestine. Close by the "Virgin's Tree" is the "Fountain of the Sun," which doubtless supplied the Temple of the Sun with fresh water. It is said to be the only living spring in Egypt.

Heliopolis is marked by a lone obelisk standing in its strength through the passing ages. A few ridges and elevations, which are remains of the ancient walls, add a solitude to this once renowned place. Its old name, "*Ei-Re*," means the "Abode of the Sun," and here this lone obelisk stood thousands of years ago, guarding the entrance to the splendid Temple of the Sun, which was one of the great features of the ancient city. The Coptic and Scripture writings call the city "On." It never was a large city, but was more noted for its intellectual and religious character than for anything else. In early times, even from the remotest history, it was the site of the schools of learning, long before Alexandrian days. Some fragments of marble are scattered here and there. Strabo saw this a wasted city. It is not improbable that here Moses, who, Stephen tells us, "was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians" (Acts vii. 22), studied the mysterious systems of thought and religion which have scarcely left a trace of their being or character to the world. Plato was a student here long before the Christian era. The Temple of the Sun, which stood here, must have been possessed of great magnificence and splendor. Heavy walls once stood around an inclosure, three miles in circumference, at one end of which stood the Temple of the Sun, on an eminence. The Nile valley is constantly being filled up, until now the obelisk seems to stand in a low place, and the ancient city and the ruins of the walls doubtless lie covered by the sand. Sphinxes and obelisks once adorned a beautiful court which led to the great entrance to the temple. The ancient name for these Egyptian obelisks has been lost,

though the Greeks called them obelisks, or needles. The two shipped to New York and London have each been called "Cleopatra's Needle," but for what reason I can not tell, for she had nothing to do with their erection. They ante-date her time two thousand years.

Two great obelisks stood in the eastern front, guarding and ornamenting the royal entrance to the Temple of the Sun. One has been removed to Paris, while the other still remains, the lone sentinel of the passing ages. This one is of red granite. The sides of this great monolithic square column measure at the bottom six feet and one inch on the north and south and six feet and three inches on the east and west. It stands upon a large pedestal now covered with earth. The whole is sixty-four feet and four inches high above ground, or sixty-eight feet and four inches above the pedestal. One has a feeling of solemnity and reverence as he gazes upon the proud form of this monarch of stone. It is the oldest in all Egypt. It was erected by Osirtasen I., the second king of the twelfth dynasty, whose name it still bears in simple inscriptions which run down each of its sides. These characters are as splendidly preserved as if they had been chiseled there only a century ago. Yet it was erected over two thousand and eighty years before the birth of Christ. When Moses was here, the "son of Pharaoh's daughter," being educated in the "wisdom of



OBELISK OF EGYPT.

the Egyptians," it had already been standing more than half a thousand years. For more than three gray centuries before Joseph, the Hebrew slave, "Ruler of all Egypt," here married Asenath, the daughter of Potipherah, the priest in the Sun Temple (Genesis xli. 45), it had witnessed the passing throngs which came to, and went from, the worship of the Sun-god. Still lifting its form bare to the glare of the sun through the slow changing seasons year after year, and century following century, for almost four thousand years, it has defied all change and even the grinding teeth of Time, and is here to throw its slender shadow over us as it did on Joseph, the excellent son of Jacob, when God raised him to honor in a foreign land. All about it has faded away, and the idol-temple has fallen into ruins, the foundations of which lie buried in the sandy soil. The heroes of those days have faded out of history, save those whom God made mighty, and the few whose names were carved in the eternal rocks. The people, the civilization, the religion, the learning of these ages agone have faded from the face of the earth. It is the tombstone of Heliopolis, and of four thousand years. Good-by, imperishable monarch of stone. May the coming ages be as kind and gentle to you as the past have been.

The garden of Mataseek, close by the site of On, was once owned by Cleopatra, and was the place where then grew the far-famed balsam which she had brought from Judea. This was the "Balm of Gilead" spoken of in the Bible. Long ago it has been removed to Mecca, Arabia. Abundance of cotton is now grown luxuriantly in the fields and gardens.

CHAPTER VI.

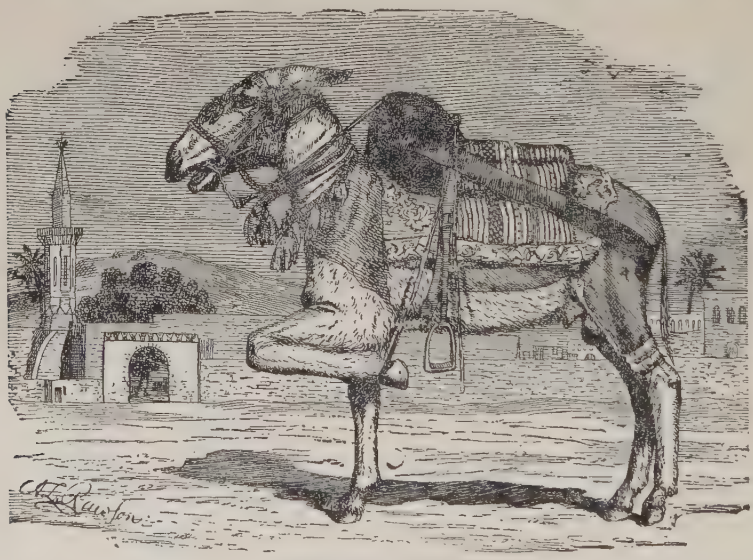
Visit to Sakkarah — Donkey-Riding — Sad Sight — Women Mourning — Ancient Memphis — Statue of Rameses — Groves of Palms — Burial Places — Serapeum — Tombs of the Sacred Bulls — Tomb of Tih — Crossing the Nile — Moses in the Rushes.

ONE day was devoted to a trip to Sakkarah. Does the reader ask how we traveled — whether by rail, or on foot, or by donkey? Well, we used all these means. Of course the donkey is the ever-present friend, and, with a driver, the reliable traveling companion of Egypt. I shall never forget the sight which met our eyes at Cairo the evening of our arrival. There seemed to be thousands of donkeys. They are of all sizes and colors. Each one has a driver, who calls out "Rose Neal," or "Yankee Doodle," or "Good Donkey," and motions and pulls at you to get on his donkey and ride.

We had been in Cairo only a part of a day when all resolved to have a ride on the donkeys. Accordingly a company of the kindly animals, with their Arab drivers, were ordered to our hotel. Cairo, with all its points of interest, was to be visited on donkey-back. Thirteen of us were soon duly mounted. No attention was paid to getting a large beast for a large man. It was just as likely to be otherwise as not. Some of these animals are very small. Mr. Miller took the pains to measure the one he rode the day of our visit to Memphis — extreme length, fifty-eight inches; height, thirty-nine inches; ears from tip to tip, twenty-one inches; name, "Yankee Doodle." Hon. Mr. Sedgwick was interested enough in his to measure its ears. From tip to tip they were thirty-two inches. These donkeys are well-conditioned and well

kept. Indeed they are the delight of their Arab owners. They are usually well clipped, with fancy cuttings about their legs. They are very gentle, and only kick now and then when the driver whacks them too soundly. Our illustration is a perfect picture of an Egyptian donkey.

It is a sight, and an experience not soon to be forgotten, when one joins a company of a dozen, all mounted on these donkeys, and starts to travel through a great city like Cairo. Each donkey has a driver. These drivers, as well as the donkeys, seem to have an appreciation of the fact that they



EGYPTIAN DONKEY.

have Americans, raw as to donkey riding, in hand, and wish to make the best of it; so they make the best of it out of the rider. The saddle sets one up half a foot above the back of the creature; the stirrup-straps are not fastened to the saddle but swing over it, so that one stirrup lengthens as the other shortens—just as you want it. I could not see the use of this until in getting off several times it came to me that it was a kindly arrangement to assist one in dismounting. Putting the weight of the body upon the left stirrup to alight, about the time one is half off the creature the strap slips and lets

the rider fall to the ground. To prevent such an occurrence the driver must be on hand. Then he continues to attend to the call for *backshish.* In riding, the only thing to be done is to remain on. The driver does the rest. One can kick if he desires. He has a rein from the bridle. He can pull it squarely or at either side, or do whatever interests him most. It will do neither good nor evil. The donkey goes where he pleases, or where the driver pushes, drives, or tickles him to make him go. Our company went like a drove of sheep, all through each other. Sometimes one was behind, then in the middle, then in front. You have nothing to do with that matter. When the trot became gentle and one fancied a pleasant gait, suddenly a "whack" came from the driver on the poor donkey's back, which was often reciprocated with a tremendous kick which made the rider fear that the man or himself was in danger. Thus we often went from place to place. On a journey of this kind through Cairo, when going at full speed down one of the great streets, the objects of gazing from every quarter, suddenly the donkey of one of our company upset forward, or in other words, turned a complete summersault, and yet, strange to say, the rider was not injured. As to the injuries of the other gentleman, no inquiry was made, and no medical aid was tendered.

It was early morning when our company started to visit the site of ancient Memphis and other places, some thirty miles southward, up the Nile. Between two and three miles were to be made on donkeys before reaching the depot. On the route the donkey on which I rode ran against a wall, and I escaped without serious injury to the right leg only by good fortune. As the animal stood bearing against the huge, rough stone wall, I was reminded of trouble of the same kind an old prophet got into up in eastern Palestine.

Just as we were approaching the railway station an old man, who was coming toward the city, leading a donkey heavily loaded with vegetables for the market, was run over by the cars just before our eyes. The man was cut entirely into two pieces, and he lay with his staff tightly grasped, while

his donkey was, if possible, still more frightfully mangled. My eyes never looked upon a sight so horrible. Some time elapsed before the body was removed. News of the accident was soon carried to the neighboring village where possibly the old man lived, or through which he had been seen to pass. All the people came out. A canal prevented their approaching nearer than within a few hundred feet of the dead man. Hundreds of women ran up and down the canal throwing their arms and entire bodies about in the wildest manner. The hair of their heads was disheveled, and with their arms and hands they smote themselves and hallooed, and lamented, and screamed, and mourned, and cried. Such wild, inhuman yellings and expressions of grief I never could have imagined to be possible. This continued to increase as scores and scores were added to the company, until the dead man was removed.

Our donkeys were loaded into a car and we took our places in another, and our train drove off at good speed toward Bedrashayn, where we were to quit the cars with our donkeys and journey to Sakkarah. This was a ride of over seven miles out and return. Our way led along well-prepared highways, amid fields whose sandy soil, watered and cultivated, produces abundantly. A few miles' ride from the railway station brought us to where the ruins of ancient Memphis are to be seen. The drifting sands from the desert have covered up the moldering pride, ruins, and glory of the first Egypt known in history. The topography of the lands, with various ruins, indicates only faintly what may some day be uncovered here. Memphis, the great Egyptian city which stood here, was founded by Menes, the first monarch of the first dynasty of Egyptian rulers. It was described by Diodorus as being nineteen miles around it and six miles through it. There are but few ruins visible, while all about are huge banks of *debris* and broken fragments of towers and columns which for thousands of years have defied the pelting sands. Perhaps the most interesting figure here is a colossal statue of syenite granite, which lies prostrate, with its face half cov-

ered with water and sand. Its feet and head are broken. In full order it must have stood about forty-eight or fifty feet in height, and with equal proportions. Our illustration presents a good view of this statue. It was partly covered with sand and water when we saw it.

STATUE OF RAMESES, AT MEMPHIS.

We are reminded that here once stood the splendid Temple of Apis, and that here the worship of Apis, the bull-god of the ancient Egyptians, who was believed to be the embodiment or symbol of Osiris, the god of the Nile, was conducted with splendid pomp. It was probably as early as under the second dynasty of Egypt that this Apis or sacred bull-worship was introduced. It is believed that Osiris, the great Egyptian god, was incarnated and manifested in the shape of a bull. Here he had a splendid temple. He must be of black-colored hide, with a white spot triangular in shape in the forehead, and the hair turned in the figure of an eagle on the back. No bull-god was allowed to live over twenty-five years. He was at that age put to death and concealed in a great well. Dying before that age, he was buried in great pomp in the Serapeum. This burial was attended with a great bacchanalian feast. Search was then made for another bull, and when a calf was found he was kept forty days at Nilopolis, according to Diodorus, and then taken by vessel to Memphis, where he was kept forty days attended alone by naked

women. After that, he was enshrined a god. His worship was attended with great feasts and revelry. I could hardly realize that I was upon the very soil where men enacted these strange scenes of worship thousands of years ago. That the golden calf made by Aaron in the wilderness, and those of Jeroboam, set up at Bethel and Dan, were the outgrowths of this strange idolatry, there is much reason to believe. Can these things be? Is history not at fault? Are not these inscriptions upon monuments and upon the ancient mummies delusions? Verily, this is a land of realities, and these are the remains of decayed ages. This Egypt is of itself a world of wonders. Not only have these sheltering sands preserved ruins of cities and temples; but the very burial-place of these sacred bulls was a few years ago discovered by Mr. Mariette, and we must hasten on to see it.

Our road over Sakkarah leads us through great native groves of palms which extend for many miles along the banks of the Nile. Many of them are much over a foot in diameter in the trunk, and are very tall and straight. Seen from a distance, they remind one of the tall pine-groves of America. A beautiful cluster of leaves and branches and dates adorns the top of these trees.

This great necropolis, or burial-place of Memphis, was almost five miles long, and was the oldest in all Egypt. On this plateau of Sakkarah there are no less than eleven pyramids. I have not space to take the reader to many of them, nor would it be profitable to do so. The largest one, Ko-Komeh, belongs probably to the first dynasty, and dates back about two thousand, seven hundred years before Christ. It is one hundred and ninety feet high, and three hundred and fifty-one by three hundred and ninety-three feet in size at the base. Some of the pyramids are quite small. They present a marvelously strange sight to the eye as one remembers how in the long past ages they were reared as great monumental tombs to proud and mighty rulers of this wonderful land. What countless dead were laid to sleep here in times long past! Many of these tombs southward are said to belong

to the eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth dynasties, and those eastward to later times.

As the hot sun poured its melting rays down upon us, our donkeys jogged along, impelled by the pursuing drivers, until before noon we had reached the lone house, surrounded by oceans of sand, built by the French archæologist, M. Mariette, a few years ago, for his accommodation during his explorations and excavations here. From here, with candles in hand, we visited the Serapeum, or Apis Mausoleum, where the sacred bulls were embalmed and buried in great splendor. This is one of the most wonderful remains of all Egypt. For ages it was unknown until discovered in 1860 and 1861. Wading through the sand we soon came upon the opening, which is ten or twelve feet wide and probably thirty feet deep, but now largely filled with sand. Walking down the passage I found myself at the entrance of the great chambers cut in the native rock, through which the embalmed bodies of the ancient bull-gods had been borne to their entombment within, thousands of years ago. While their worship was conducted at Memphis, a splendid temple was erected upon this spot covering the Serapeum, in which these gods were honored and worshiped after they were buried here. There are various parts to this wonderful burying-place. The first contained the bulls from the time of Amenophis III., of the eighteenth dynasty, down to the twentieth; the second part, the bulls from Sheshauk, the first king of the twenty-second dynasty, to Tirhaka, the last of the twenty-fifth dynasty; the third part, the bulls from Psammilichus, the beginning of the twenty-sixth dynasty, B. C. 650, down to the Ptolemies, only sixty years before the Christian era. These great excavations through the solid rock, making one vast chamber, of various parts, are about twelve feet wide and the same in height, in all more than one thousand two hundred feet long. On either side of these chambers are ante-chambers, or niches, twelve feet wide and fifteen feet deep, for the tombs of the bulls,—each one having a chamber or room to himself. Each chamber contains a great sarcophagus, the receptacle, or coffin,

of a sacred bull. There are twenty-four of these *sarcophagi*, made of red granite. Measuring one, I found it thirteen feet long, seven feet six inches wide, and eleven feet high. Each is covered with a heavy lid of solid stone, made to fit tightly upon the sarcophagus. The thickness of the sides and bottom and lid, varies, but is from four inches upward, to a foot. The *sarcophagi* are dressed, and polished smooth. Some of the lids had been moved, and I clambered into a few of these huge bull-coffins. The lids were found, at the discovery, slidden aside and the chambers empty. For a good while I walked up and down exploring these awful vaults, until my candle was well-nigh consumed. There is nothing like this place in all the wide, wide world. How such an art as Egypt cherished and boasted of in those days, could obtain under a religion which had a bull for one of its gods, is a wonder to the ages.

A few hundred yards distant we examined the tomb of Tih, one of the most splendid specimens of ancient Egyptian tombs. A description in detail is beyond the purpose of these pages. The covering and other parts of the court have disappeared. Still, the walls, columns, and carvings are splendid to look upon. The three chambers leading one after another toward the sepulchral chamber contain the best preserved specimens of ancient Egyptian art. The priest, whose tomb this is, lived under the fifth dynasty, B. C. 2200 years, as learned from inscriptions found here. The walls of each of the chambers, which are solid rock, are covered with carvings. Hieroglyphics, all manner of art, industry, worship, and indeed all kinds of employment are represented in these reliefs—slaying of a bull, funeral rites, hunters, garden scenes, boats and crews, battle with a hippopotamus, cows crossing fords, cattle grazing in meadows, harvesting, donkeys laden as we see them here on every hand, carpenters, and artisans. In every chamber there is the figure of Tih, who looks down upon all, while singers dance and play about him. These carvings and reliefs, though delicate and fine, are as sharp and well preserved as if wrought a few years ago. The colorings are as striking and clear as if produced yesterday. How can it be that

these chambers were hewed out and these figures carved and these paintings produced four thousand years ago? And here for almost two thousand years they have lain covered by the sand, unknown to the world or to history. Now they open up from their long sleep of silence, and with their own inscriptions and records silently tell their awful history of years.

We had our lunch, and coaxed an Arab to show us, close by the house of Mariette, a splendid sarcophagus of stone with a marvelous Egyptian figure on the lid, which he uncovered by removing the sand, and then covered it again nicely, while we mounted our donkeys and rode away. On our return, another splendid view of the ancient ruins of Memphis and the palm-groves was enjoyed. We rode about six or seven miles to the Nile. Here almost an hour was consumed while our donkey-

SCENE ON THE NILE.

drivers tried to get our donkeys to walk a plank from the bank to a kind of flat-boat, on which it was proposed to cross the Nile to the east side. They succeeded at last in getting one of the donkeys to "board" the boat, but the remainder refused stoutly to the last. There seemed to be but little prospect of

our reaching the city that night at that slow rate. We determined to go on without the donkeys; so, discharging the one on board and dismissing them all with the drivers, to get to Cairo when and as best they could, we crossed the Nile on the boat driven by one large sail, and being landed on its sandy banks journeyed on foot four miles under the broiling sun, through the hot sand half-ankle deep. Among all the "weary marches" of our journeyings, this jaunt on foot through these Egyptian sands was the most fatiguing. Surely an artist could desire no more dramatic scene than that presented by our company as its members, straggling along for a distance of half a mile apart, waded through these burning sands. We had a few minutes at Helawin, a kind of summer resort for the people of Cairo. It is the beginning of a very beautiful town. We had enjoyed a very splendid view of the Nile. Beautiful sail-vessels, not large, but very beautiful in arrangement and decoration, with now and then a little pleasure steamboat, and great quantities of small sail-boats, were seen plying in this historic river. The Nile is always to be looked upon with interest. Somewhere along these sandy shores, amid the rushes, Jochebed concealed her infant boy, Moses, in a basket of wattled rushes cemented with pitch, a kind of coffin for the little one now dead to her, but brought again, living, to her bosom by Pharaoh's daughter, and Miriam.

At Helawin we took the train which bore us in full sight of the great stone-quarries from which the materials for the pyramids were probably secured. A few *piasters* at the depot for a donkey and a driver, brought the writer weary and sore to the hotel, where a tired and sluggish hand calling for rest pushed the pen through these lines.

CHAPTER VII.

Museum of Cairo — Old Statue — Mummies — Whirling Dervishes — Nilometer — River Nile — Overflowing of the Nile — Camp-fires of Israel.

THE museum of Cairo, unlike those of European cities, has no general collection of natural, scientific or literary curiosities, or works of art. It is small and without orderly arrangement; yet its few treasures are the most wonderful of the world. We were most deeply interested here, but can not give a description of the treasures of antiquity it contains. One of the most remarkably preserved statues of the world is here,—that representing, no doubt, an ancient chief. It is two and a half feet high, of perect form, carved of solid wood, with eyes of bronze and pupils of crystal. It was discovered at Sakkarah, and is four thousand years old. Here, also, is a statue of Cephren, the builder of the second pyramid, which stands just north-west of Cheops. Here, too, are splendid *sarcophagi* of great antiquity. I was especially interested in looking upon the collection of ancient mummies recently discovered near Karnak, one of which is believed to be the "Pharaoh which knew not Joseph."

We made a visit to the Whirling Dervishes, and witnessed the silliest performance enacted on earth in the name of religion. The dervishes are a sect of religionists, among the Mohammedans, who devote themselves entirely to religion, living upon what they can secure from the people in their various methods. They have a large room in which their worship, if such it may be called, is conducted. A few persons are seated on an elevated place on a kind of balcony, making screeching music, while an old priest, or chief among

them, has charge of the affair. There are as many as can perform well in the large circular room surrounded with a railing. They are dressed in large skirts like the dress of a woman, and wear a tall, stove-pipe-like hat, tapering smaller at the top, made of gray or white material. For twenty-five minutes they whirl around on their toes and bare feet, with their arms extended and their hands elevated about as high as their heads, and their heads leaning backward. So rapid is their fanatical whirling around like a top, that their long skirts stand out almost straight. This Mohammedan dervish-worship is performed every Friday, which is the Mohammedan Sabbath. Although but two rests of one minute each are taken during twenty-five minutes' whirl, still they walked out of the circle without staggering. They live in a miserable old convent here at Cairo. They are evidently a simple, silly people. In Palestine and Syria the writer found the name "dervish" applied among the people to simple, homeless, semi-idiotic persons. While their worship is less fanatical than the performances in the celebration of the death of Hassan mentioned in a former chapter, it is no less silly. There are also what are called the "Howling Dervishes," whose performance, at another place on the same day, is accompanied with an ugly noise. Our illustration, on the opposite page, is a fine presentation of the Whirling Dervishes as the writer saw them.

EGYPTIAN MUMMY.

The Nilometer, on the island of Rhoda, close to Cairo, though a simple structure, possesses considerable interest to the visitor. It is an arrangement for the measuring of the rise and fall of the Nile. It consists of a well, about

eighteen or twenty feet square, with a graduation pillar in the center, with measures marked upon it, divided into seventeen cubits. These are about twenty-one and seven sixteenth inches. The ten uppermost are divided into twenty-four digits. This building is approached through a beautiful garden. As we were desiring to enter the garden, the keeper, dressed

WHIRLING DERVISHES.

in flowing robes, approached and walked before us with stately tread. I noticed that he had three or four sticks of wood about an inch square, and probably a foot or more in length, which were fastened together with a string and swung over his shoulder. When he approached the closed gate, I learned

that these pieces of wood were so many keys for locking the gates of which he had charge. He inserted his hand in an opening just large enough to admit the hand, and using one of the sticks which had been taken from his shoulder, proceeded to open the bolt. The stick, or key, had several small pegs near to the end, which precisely fitted into holes in portions of the lock. Applying these pegs to the holes in the blocks of the lock and pulling, a number of other pegs were slipped and the bolt was thus loosened and was soon drawn back by the hand, the door thrown open, and we admitted to the garden. There is evident allusion to this kind of a lock in the passage, "My beloved put in his hand by the hole of the door." (Solomon's Song v. 4.) To the same manner of carrying these keys, a poetic allusion is made by the prophet when he says, "And the key of the house of David will I lay upon his shoulder; so he shall open and none shall shut." (Isaiah xxii. 22.) When the door was open the keeper closed and locked it, and replaced the key on his shoulder. When we entered the garden we found it abundant in oranges, mandarins, grapes, etc. We purchased some of each and found them delicious.

The building surrounding the Nilometer is surmounted with a dome, and the walls are covered with passages from the Koran. It was erected in A. D. 848, though these Nilometers probably existed in various towns in the time of the Pharaohs. They were the means of determining the amount of water put upon the lands, for which the people were taxed. Now they are used to ascertain the rise of the river. By means of men appointed for that purpose, the news is carried throughout the entire country, so that the people know how to open and close the canals, and how far to prepare for the overflow of the land. The rise of the Nile at Cairo is twenty-six feet.

While the Nile does not have to us the sacred association of the Jordan, or the mystery of the Dead Sea, yet it is not less interesting to the traveler; indeed, Egypt were a vast Sahara without it. Nothing would grow here, and no being could live on its soil except for the Nile. It is no wonder that

the idolatrous Egyptians worship it. Its soft waters contain multitudes of fishes, and when filtered by the sand and conveyed in fresh-water canals, furnish supplies for all Egypt. Its annual overflow irrigates the land, and the alluvium brought to the soil by the same overflow of the Nile enriches it from year to year, and from century to century. The water of the Nile has been analyzed and found to contain ingredients as follows: Clay, forty-eight; carbonate of lime, eighteen; carbon, nine; water, eleven; oxide of iron, six; silica, four; carbonate of magnesia, four. This varies in different distances, when more or less land, or clay, is carried by the current. Thus, for thousands of years the Nile has spread out its waters over all the land to almost the same depth each year, varying in the season of its rising only a few hours. The rise comes almost with the regularity of the planetary revolutions. The bosom of the river is covered with small vessels and boats, and its banks are adorned with groves of palms. At Cairo the rise begins about the twenty-fifth of June, and continues for about three months. The last of September and first of October it remains at a uniform height ten or twelve days, and then gradually subsides. The rise of the water is attributed to the melting of the snow in the mountains at its head, thousands of miles away. The length of this wonderful river is more than three thousand miles, while for one thousand five hundred miles from the mouth it has no tributary, and yet performs its mission of life amid the sandy plains.

Although there are no marshes lying along the Nile now, surely we have somewhere looked upon the spot where Moses, the great lawgiver of the Hebrews, was concealed when a babe by his loving mother; for I have scanned these muddy waters and sandy banks again and again everywhere.

Wonderful Nile! Wonderful land of the Pharaohs! Wonderful land of Joseph and Moses! Can it be that for days and days I have been walking, and visiting places where they once lived and suffered for the cause of God? Was it here that Pharaoh in his pride said to the man of God, "Who is the Lord, that I should obey his voice?" "I know not the

Lord, neither will I let Israel go." Was it not here that the meek but resolute Hebrew came from Midian with the vision of the burning bush before his eyes, and standing in the presence of Pharaoh, exclaimed, "Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, let my people go that they may hold a feast unto me in the wilderness." And in those days this great Nile, with all the canals and water-tanks, became blood when Aaron stretched his rod over the water; and for a long week this whole land had no water, but blood. More wonderful than this land and more marvelous than its history is the God of all history, and the God of all lands. I have here been filled with thoughts of his power and grace. His being and deeds are for all ages.

The obelisks and pyramids of Egypt, with all their imperishable fame, are not so immortal as the memory of God's love and care for his people, his displeasure shown his enemies, and their dreadful punishment. His bosom is a pillow of love where every one may rest his aching head and be still.

The testimony of the hieroglyphics and monuments of Egypt is a new and striking corroboration of the statements of sacred history as given in the Bible. Some of the Egyptian tables discovered within recent years present hieroglyphic figures representing slaves carrying sacks of grain to royal granaries, and others show slaves at work on a brick-yard. The best Egyptologists, with great plausibility, assert that these slaves show the Hebrew form and features, and that they represent the events which the Bible records. The entire process of brick-making is shown, while the slaves pass under the tyranny of task-masters. It is confidently believed by eminent and learned men that they have discovered the ash-beds of the camp-fires of Israel on their journey from Egypt to Canaan. In these mounds, which are in the direct route of Israel, the stones show the action of fire, while charcoal and other substances indicating fire are found in them. These hillocks are in large numbers, and surrounded by vast burial-grounds. Dean Stanley supposed these to be the tombs of those of Israel who were cut off by the plague. Lieutenant Conder thinks the hillocks about Gilgal are the ash-heaps of Israel's camp-fires.

CHAPTER VIII.

Egyptian People — Route to Alexandria — Fields — The Delta — Ancient Alexandria — Schools of Alexandria — Alexandrian Libraries — Pompey's Pillar — Doom of Alexandria — Modern City — Memories.

OUR stay at Cairo was quite long enough. It is scarcely possible for a traveler here to do more than see the surface of things. The people seem to have but little interest in public affairs. How striking the contrast with our own country in this regard! The masses of the people appear contented in their humble life. There are some of the more active and intelligent, who are interested in governmental matters. These seem to look with suspicion upon all the governments of the world except the United States. They have a fear that any and all the eastern governments would like to have Egypt; but the United States has territory enough, and does not want their country. The Arabs are being quietly but assiduously taught that the English and Europeans are enemies, stealing from them their wealth. Our company was treated with courtesy by all, and yet we could not escape the consciousness that we were closely watched.

It was three o'clock P. M., December 5th, and the sun was sloping behind the pyramids, when we crowded through the throngs of donkeys and Arabs along the streets, and down to the depot to take the train for Alexandria. It is about one hundred and fifty miles to Alexandria, and a little over five hours' ride brought us to this far-famed city. Our course lay through the Delta, a vast level expanse of sandy soil, cut with canals and smaller channels for the watering of

the country. Here and there were persons employed in dipping up the water from the channels and pouring it into those provided to water higher lands. At places there are groves of palms, and now and then towns which resemble those of Europe, while others look like groups of hay-stacks without orderly arrangement, with small openings near the ground of each house for ingress and egress. In many fields women are employed in gathering the corn and sugar-cane, while camels are loaded with these products to be conveyed to town. In a few places we saw men wading in water quite above their knees, gathering corn, the whole field having been flooded in order to get the water upon adjoining lands. The corn was picked off the stock and placed in a basket which floated on the water. When full it was drawn to the bank, where it was spread out to dry. The women, clad in their single gowns of bluish cotton cloth, attended by a group of children, looked with amazement at the passing train, and now and then boys, men, and women picked up stalks, bunches of grass or dirt, and threw them at us in great fury. Whether they were mad, or whether they were amusing themselves, or seeking to amuse us, I can not tell. There was probably a commingled feeling of wonder and indignation. It was a delightful evening,—December was as pleasant as May. As the sun sunk down beyond the sand-hills, the paler moon showed its smiling face far away to our right, attended with here and there a star. Soon we noticed a strange shadow thrusting itself over the northern edge of the moon. The phenomenon was presently discovered to be almost a total eclipse of that nocturnal orb. Seen in this clear, transparent atmosphere, it was the most beautiful pageant I ever saw the "pale empress of the night" offer as an entertainment. When we were satisfied with this feast of the eyes, a *table de hote* dinner at the Hotel Abbott furnished a season of needed pleasure. The smallest possible breakfast, a cold lunch at noon, and dinner at nine o'clock P. M., are stimulating to the appetite.

Had Alexandria those representative ruins proportionate with her renown which are found at Baalbec, Ephesus, Rome,

and Athens, then we should have a rare delight before us. The very ruins of Alexandria have decayed, and like Heliopolis, one solitary monument of the past, Pompey's Pillar, alone rewards the toil of the pilgrim looking for antiquities here. Still, we can not lose, amid these Parisian streets and European buildings, the history of this most illustrious city. Here, where now the traders and merchantmen of southern Europe set up their stores on the borders of Mohammedanism, and carry forward the trade of northern Africa, once the most noted scholars of the world assembled to learn wisdom which they should carry to their own distant lands. More than three centuries before Joseph and Mary, bearing the infant Jesus, the spiritual conqueror of the world and of all ages, came to Egypt, Alexander, after the conquest of Syria and Memphis, came here, B. C. 332, and founded a city which was destined to rank only second to any in the ancient world. Dinocrates, the Greek architect whose fame rested upon his rebuilding the Temple of Diana, at Ephesus, was employed as its constructer. It is reputed that Ptolemy brought the body of the youthful conqueror of the world, Alexander, from Babylon, and buried it in this illustrious city.

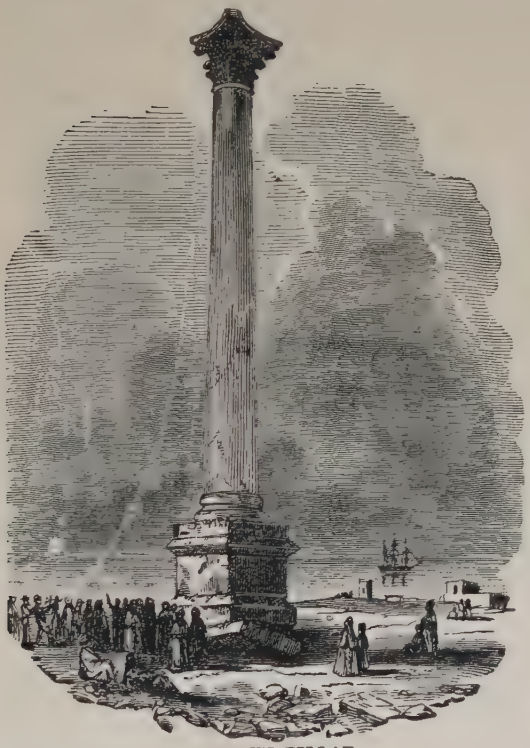
During the reign of the early Ptolemies of Egypt this city won a fame for commerce and learning which has survived the past ages. Less than a century before Christ, Alexandria became the prey of the Romans, and by Augustus was made an imperial city. It was indeed a city of splendor. Before the Christian era, and in the early times of Christianity, Alexandria had schools of literature and philosophy which the world has always admired. It was the seat of a learning which after the times of Aristotle spread into Europe. The famous Alexandrian library, founded by Soter, grew until it is said to have contained no less than four hundred thousand volumes. Besides this, the Serapeum library was said to have contained three hundred thousand volumes, including two hundred thousand volumes of King Pergamus, presented by Mark Antony to Cleopatra. With the destruction of the city by the Moslems in A. D. 640, these treasures melted out in

smoke and flame. Here the art of book-making arose, sixteen hundred years before the Christian era; and here, Ptolemy Epiphanes having forbidden the use of papyrus, the use of skins of animals was resorted to, which to this day continues known among us as parchment. Alexandria was the scene of the labors of Mark, as we are told by ecclesiastical tradition, and the Copts still claim him as their founder and first bishop. Here were the schools so noted in the early ages of Christianity. Philosophy and Christianity fought hand to hand conflicts within the shelter of this vast harbor, and the mighty Origen here laid down his philosophies with which he intended to combat Christianity, and took up the eternal word of God. The Bible had here been translated from the Hebrew into the Greek, and the Septuagint was now given to the world. Here wrought Origen, Clement, and others of the Christian fathers. Christianity flourished here amid great learning, when yet England was in utter barbarism. Slowly the light has traveled westward until even from the city where the light-house, Pharos, flashed out over the sea, the light of Christian learning has flashed across all seas, and now its electric beams play over all waters and shine on all lands.

The treasures of antiquity at Alexandria are few. The obelisks which Cleopatra once brought down the Nile and erected at the entrance of Cæsar's Temple, have foolishly been given to foreign lands, so that one stands on the banks of the Thames below the Parliament House, and the other falls under curious gaze in Central Park, New York.

Pompey's Pillar is the lone sentinel of Alexandrian antiquity. It stands upon an elevation a little way south of the city. It is a round monolithic column of red granite, seventy-three feet high and twenty-nine feet eight inches in circumference. It is the largest monolithic column in the world, and stands upon a broad pedestal, with base fifteen feet square, and is mounted with a capital of the Corinthian order, nine feet high. The entire height of the monument is ninety-eight feet nine inches. It was long supposed to have been built by Pompey, or by some one else in honor of him, while some

supposed it the work of Vespasian, and others attributed it to Alexander Severus. Some Greek inscriptions at last told the story of its origin, and now it is known to have been erected by Publius, the prefect of Egypt, in honor of Diocletian, whose statue no doubt once stood upon it. The shaft is beautiful in its form, and about it in the sand are traces of sphinxes, pieces of statues, and broken columns. This is a lone indication of the greatness of this renowned city. What scenes have been enacted here! In the third century Caracalla enacted here one of the most horrible massacres of the ages, to avenge himself of some petty offenses. But after this time the city arose again to be considered the greatest in the world. In the seventh century it fell into the hands of the Persians, A. D. 616. A quarter of a century later it was possessed by the Arabians under Amru. Under him the great Alexandrian libraries were burned,—as it is reported, being taken for fuel, at the baths, of which it was said there were four thousand. After this the Greeks possessed the city for a time, but were soon driven away by the Arabs.



POMPEY'S PILLAR.

Modern Alexandria is upon a kind of peninsula, but close

to the site of the ancient city, and extending over the ancient site in part. Portions of the city are filthy, and fitted only for Arabs; other parts are beautiful indeed, comparing favorably with the best European cities. In the center of the city is a fine avenue, or boulevard, called after Mahomet Ali, and adorned with a bronze statue of this "father" of his country. The population of the city is put at two hundred thousand, almost one half of whom are foreigners. The harbor at Alexandria is one of the most beautiful in the world, being nearly two miles wide and six miles long. Since our visit there the larger part of the great square in the center of the city was burned by the allies of Arabi Bey, the insurrectionist.

The sensations experienced in walking about Alexandria, are not to be described. It is difficult, as one looks upon the modern city, to harmonize the memories of the illustrious past with what is now beheld. The famous light-house, Pharos, one of the seven wonders of the world, towering five hundred and fifty feet into the heavens, erected by Ptolemy Philadelphus, to perpetuate his name, and flash the light a hundred miles over the dark sea, has left no trace of its foundation. Not only the stucco of the outside which contained the name of Ptolemy, but the marble within, in which the architect shrewdly inscribed his own name, Sostratus, has entirely passed away, after its ages of wonder. The tomb of Alexander the Great is somewhere here, but lies buried and unknown, beneath the sands. Here Peter, the apostle, once labored, and Mark suffered martyrdom for the cause of his crucified Lord. Here the eloquent Apollos was born, and here he passed his early childhood, among scenes which have scarcely left a trace save in dim history. Tombs, and walls of ancient buildings are beneath the washings of the Nile.

Turning from these thoughts, as one walks the streets of Alexandria, he is everywhere greeted with the evidences of fanatical Mahommedanism, mingled with European customs and Mohammedan dogs. In Constantinople, in Damascus, in Shechem, in Jerusalem, in Hebron, in Cairo, and in Alexandria there are these ever-present *dog*-matic brindle *canes*.

CHAPTER IX.

Leaving Alexandria — Across the Mediterranean — Triest — Custom-House Robbery — Homeward — In London — Oxford — Latimer and Ridley — Across the Ocean — At Home — The New World — Good-by.

ON the evening of December 6th, our company pressed through the custom-house at the port of Alexandria, conducted by an experienced guide. It was amusing to see how he managed the departure. One of the officers was taken on the boat and accompanied us out into the harbor where the steamer was in waiting. His presence secured our safe passage beyond the guards who were skipping about in boats. Our guide then undertook to pay the officer. He paid him and talked to him, and paid him some more and then talked more, and then good-naturedly paid him some more and gave him an indescribable push and a kick and sent him out of our presence. Our company purchased a bushel or two of oranges for the voyage, just because they were nice and cheap, and at four o'clock P. M. our steamer, Austria, surrounded by vessels of war and hundreds of sloops, sail-vessels, steamers, and boats, which fill the vast harbor, pushed off, with a pilot to guide us beyond the rocks. While a threatening storm rose behind us, our path over the sea northward and westward was pursued for six days and nights. One day we caught sight of the island of Crete. On Thursday morning the coast-lands of classic Greece were in sight, and Friday evening we lay quarantined at Corfu, where we remained all night; but none were allowed to land. By noon on the sixth day we had crossed the Mediterranean, the Ionian, and Adriatic seas, and were in the harbor on the coast of Austria, at Triest. At Alexandria it was balmy summer. Here we shivered from intense cold!

In all the far eastern countries I learned more and more to despise custom-houses, as doubtless does every American traveler. It is not the strictness of their regulations, but their consummate robbery which is detested. For a few francs one can buy out the officers and take any amount of goods through; but honesty is at a sad discount. At Triest the whole affair was a farce, and a game of robbery. The officers broke into our valises as a set of hungry hounds, and upset their contents in every manner. Most of our company had purchased and picked up mementos in Palestine and Egypt which were of no commercial value, and were not intended for merchandise. These they weighed and on them an enormous duty was charged. After one of our company had paid duty, amounting to four or five dollars on some cigarettes, they were taken from him by another official; but the money was not refunded. This introduction to Austria did not produce a favorable impression upon his mind respecting the Austrian government, though Triest is a city of great commercial interest. For myself, however, I had no reason to complain, being allowed to pass without paying any duty. I had in my valise a tin can of water which I had brought from the Jordan. The officer thrust his hand to the very bottom of my valise and got hold of this canteen of water, which he no doubt understood to be whisky. Myself mistaking the package for some sections of olive wood, I explained that it was "olive wood." He had heard it rattle, perhaps, and thought he had a pint of whisky, and so he persisted in removing the wrapping from it. When I saw what it was that he had, I told him it was "Jordan *wasser*." The old man held it up, shook it violently, looked at it intently for a moment, and then burst into a half hysteric laugh. He then threw the can down and examined no further. What he thought of the matter I do not know, as I could not understand what he said. His laugh indicated that he considered me a Jordan worshiper.

Our way from Triest was chosen by rail to Venice. Here, after a few days spent in visiting in this city of the sea as described in Chapter III., page 156, our company parted, some

going to southern Italy and others continuing toward London. We shall never meet again in this life. There is a peculiar attachment formed for a traveling companion, especially in "journeying in the Old World." You learn to know your man, and, if he is noble and gentlemanly and good, to love him; if not, to pity him all the more. Our way was chosen by rail to Milan, in Italy (see page 153), by Genoa, Turin, crossing the Alps to Paris and thence to London. And so, after the lapse of three months from leaving London, on the nineteenth of December, we were again in the metropolis of the world. A day was spent in preparing for the homeward voyage. On Wednesday, December 21st, Dr. Fry, of St. Louis, Dr. Thompson, and myself purchased tickets for Liverpool, purposing to sail therefrom the following day. Half of the day or more was spent in a visit to Oxford. It is situated on the Thames, and is a city of great colleges. Some of these institutions have stood for hundreds of years,— even for six hundred years. I was much interested in their libraries and disappointed in the plainness of the compartments of these institutions. A solemn sensation comes to the heart as one passes from the halls of these institutions of renown to the spot "without Bocardo Gate" opposite Baliol College, where Latimer and Ridley, illustrious martyrs of the Reformation, were burned at the stake, October 16th, 1555. It makes one tremble to stand on the spot where the benevolent, honest, homely, popular, unpretending, simple-hearted hero, Bishop Latimer, suffered death to appease the hellish fury of the commission of Catholics. It is fulfilled as he prophesied, when he exclaimed courageously, "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man; we shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out." The blood of the Oxford martyrs was the light and life of a flame which has set the world ablaze.

Thursday, at 10:20 A. M., December 22d, we were on the steam-tender, being conveyed to the pier from which our vessel was to sail. Not a little anxiety exists as to what kind of a vessel one is to be quartered in when the Atlantic Ocean is

to be navigated. We were quite agreeably surprised to get the "City of Chester," which is one of the very best of the Inman fleet. Precisely at twelve o'clock the tender was shoved off and our splendid vessel pulled back, and "all clear" was called out loud and strong, and the queen of the ocean set her bow against the waves to plow her path through the sea, bearing us to our far-off home-land. The fog at the starting of the vessel was so dense that it was not without peril that she cleared the harbor. After getting at good speed she ran so close to another vessel that one could almost have leaped from the one steamer to the other. It was the occasion of no little alarm. The next morning we were in the harbor at Queenstown, where the vessel lay till evening awaiting the arrival of the mails.

The first four days of the voyage out from Queenstown were stormy, with tremendous head-winds, so that our vessel made poor progress; and we become awfully sick besides. For four days and nights I was compelled to lie in that little shelf-like bed or berth, vomiting, and meditating between-times. After that it went somewhat better, and I was able to get to the table at meal-times, but with imperfect results. The registered distances made by the vessel each day were as follows: First day, two hundred and forty miles; second, two hundred and twenty-nine; third, two hundred and forty-six; fourth, two hundred and forty-seven; fifth, two hundred and seventy-two; sixth, three hundred; seventh, three hundred and one; eighth, three hundred and twelve; ninth, three hundred and three; tenth, two hundred and eighty-eight; eleventh, two hundred and eighty.

On the second Saturday night of the voyage I retired earlier than usual. My custom was to stay up as late as possible so as to make the night shorter, and then to lie in bed as late as possible in the morning so the day would not seem so long. When the arms of sleep embraced me, suddenly all slumber was broken by the ringing of all the bells, little and big, on the vessel, the blowing of the fog-horn, pounding of pans and kettles, until there was noise enough to scare a

ghost on the ocean, if one had been there. A second thought suggested that the old year was slipping away over the wild waves and the smiling face of the new shone on the troubled waters; and so it was,—the old year was gone forever.

On Sunday night a heavy storm met us for a few hours, and in the morning our vessel was covered with ice, presenting somewhat the appearance of an iceberg. At 9:00 A. M., Monday, we sighted land far off to the right, and knew it to be Long Island, and our ship only seventy miles from Sandy Hook. At ten o'clock a pilot-boat was seen close in our course, and at the signal of our vessel it came to us, and the pilot was taken on board. It is a terrific sight to behold when this hero of the sea, who has been tossed about all the night waiting for a vessel to approach, gets out of his boat into a little row-boat, which is pushed up and down over the foaming waves by two stout men till the pilot climbs up the side of the vessel to take his responsible charge through the dangers of the way to the harbor. No vessel is allowed to enter the harbor without the presence of a pilot. By 3:00 P. M. our vessel was past Sandy Hook and before four was past quarantine. By and by she stood alongside the pier in New York, and I was again on the shore whence I sailed five months before. During these months' absence I had traveled, in all, over sixteen thousand miles,—eleven thousand miles on sea and five thousand or more on land. About five hundred miles were traveled on horseback and on donkeys while in Palestine and Egypt. Landing in New York on Monday following New-year's-day, which was the holiday, I had to pay three dollars for a cab to carry myself and trunk only a few squares to the railroad depot. I advise all persons coming home from a foreign trip not to land on New-year's-day.

Glad to get back? Glad to get to America again? Glad to get home? Who can tell how glad? Who can appreciate it but one who has experienced it? The cars had been too slow and the vessel too tardy with the waves. The nights were too long and the days too tedious. But days and nights came and went, and God was good; and Tuesday evening,

January 3d, I was again with my little family under father's and mother's roof, with brothers and sisters who had come home to welcome my return. Just five months had rolled away since I had seen the faces of those so dear. The children had grown and changed greatly; but my family were again my own, and that evening was the happiest hour I ever saw.

Of all countries upon our globe, none is fairer than our own broad land. Egypt and Palestine garner wonderful and sacred treasures of antiquity. Greece, Italy, and indeed all Europe, are full of the foot-prints of the giant Time, who has led his hosts of kings, poets, architects, artists, and warriors over the mountains and plains, and through cities of renown. There are tropical skies in which the heavens appear more glorious, and under which delicate flowers and fruits grow more luxuriantly in valleys guarded by the Alps and Apennines. There are in England a wealth, and strength of government which have elements one would like to weave into our own republic. But in America there is an individuality and personal manhood which, with all its perils, is our crown of glory. Our free institutions and free church, and our free people and almost boundless plains, make a garden of retreat for the oppressed of the nations of the earth. Here every man may have his own home, every heart its joy, every woman her love, and every man his family. Here God in his providence and grace is working out a new problem in the destiny of the race, and making a new revelation of himself to the world.

All through Palestine after the rains, which came in November, the most beautiful flowers and lilies grew up as in a day, covering the valleys and hills, which were before barren, with the most delicate and precious loveliness and beauty. May the blessings of heaven, in abundant showers, fall on every home into which these pages come, and may the flowers bloom and the lilies grow and the fields yield their grain and their fruits. There are homes which are forever desolate because warm hearts and pure spirits, once their inhabitants, have gone away—and they never come again. May we overtake them in the good world to which we journey.

INDEX.

Abana, 309–312.
Abbotsford, 80.
Aboo Kahasheb, 590.
Abraham,—birth, etc., 272.
Abraham and Hagar, 347.
Abraham in Damascus, 324.
Abraham in Egypt, 595.
Abraham's Oak, 552.
Abu Gosh, 576.
Aceldama, 504.
Acropolis of Athens, 214.
Addison, 97.
Admah, 452.
Adriatic Sea, 203.
Ægean Sea, 227.
Agora at Athens, 220.
Ahab, 387.
Ai, 443, 444.
Aigaleos Mountain, 212.
Ain Julud, 394.
Ajalon, 577.
Alexandria, ancient, 641.
Alexandria,—modern city, 645.
Alexandrian libraries, 643.
Alexandrian schools, 643.
Alps, 138, 154, 649.
Altar of Incense, 436.
Amerigo Vespucci, 147.
Amwas, 577.
Andre, Major, 96.
Anne of Cleves, 98.
Anti-Lebanon, 309.
Apennines, 147, 154, 202.
Apis, 629.
Apostles' Spring, 466.
Appian Way, 187, 188.
Appii Forum, 187.
Arab race down the pyramid, 617.
Arab women, 302.
Arabs, 567, 609.
Arabs at meal, 412.
Arabs at the pyramids, 619.
Arch of Pilate, 534, 535.
Archipelago, 207.
Ark of the Covenant, 437.
Armenian Monastery, 542.
Arno, 146, 165.
Artists, 151.
Asahel, 351.
Askar, 432.
Assos, 250.
Athena, 215.
Athenians, 213.
Athens, 211–213.
Avassalouk, 255.
Awerta, 433.
Ayr, 62.

Baal, 299, 386.
Baalbec, 298.
Backshish, 284, 589.
Bake-oven, 382.
Balata, 433.
Balm of Gilead, 624.
Banias, 331.
Bannockburn, 69.
Baptism of Christ, 460.
Baptistery, Florence, 149.
Barada, 309.
Barak, 344, 395.
Barclay's Quarry, 517.
Bartimæus, 451.
Baths of Titus, 168.
Battle of David with Goliath, 575.
Battle of the gods, 387.
Bay of Bantry, 39.

Bay of Salamis, 209, 212.
Bazaars of Constantinople, 241.
Bazaars of Damascus, 316.
Bazaars of Jerusalem, 544.
Bedford Jail, 132.
Bedouins, 309, 344, 349, 568.
Begging, 38, 284, 599.
Beisan, 398.
Beitin, 443.
Bekaa, 296, 308.
Belfast, 53.
Bells of Shandon, 37.
Bema, 218.
Bethabara, 457.
Bethany, 469.
Bethel, 443.
Bethlehem, 547, 556, 557.
Bethsaida, 361.
Bethsaida Julius, 361.
Bethshan, 398.
Beyroot, 278.
Bezetha, 482.
Bible-house, Constantinople, 243.
Bill of fare on the vessel, 30.
Billingsgate, 88.
Birds of Palestine, 384.
Birth of Christ, 561.
Black Rock Castle, 32.
Black Sea, 242.
Blackfriar's Bridge, 106.
Blarney Castle, 35.
Blarney Stone, 35.
Boleyn, Anne, 108.
Bondage of Israel, 591.
Bosporus, 228, 242.
Bottles, 346.
Bradford martyrs, 126.
Bricks, 314.
Bridge of Sighs, 160, 161.
Brindisi, 203.
Bromley, Thomas, 100.
Browning, 147.
Bruce, Robert, 67.
Bunhill Fields, 128.
Bunyan's Tomb, 130, 131.
Buoys, 23.
Burder, 128.
Burial at Sea, 27.
Burial-grounds, 506.
Burke, 46.
Burket el Mamilla, 504.
Burket es Sultan, 504.
Burket Israel, 533.
Burns, birth-place of, 65.
Burns, Robert, 62.

Cab-drivers, 34.
Cactuses, 279.
Cœnaculum, 543.
Cæsarea Philippi, 331.
Cairo, 593, 598.
Caligula, 172.
Call to prayer, 321.
Calvary, 320, 519, 540, 583.
Camels, 254, 340, 385, 407.
Camp, 292.
Camp life, 293.
Campanile at Venice, 163.
Campbell, 97.
Cana, 371, 372.
Canaan possessed, 273.
Canaanites, 272.
Canon Gate, Edinburgh, 78.
Canosa, 203.
Capernaum, 356–359.
Captain Kennedy, 29.
Captivity of Judah, 278.
Caravans, 294.
Carmel, 580.
Carob-tree, 287.
Carracalla, 172.
Carrying children, 289.
Cars, English, 85.
Castle in Jerusalem, 534.
Castle, Irish, 39.
Castle of Dublin, 46.
Castle of Edinburgh, 75.
Catacombs, 181.
Cathedral at Glasgow, 61.
Cathedral of Milan, 155.
Cathedrals of Rome, 167.
Cathedral of St. Patrick, 47.
Cathedral worshipers, 151.
Cave of Adullum, 551.
Cave of Machpelah, 554.
Cave of Pan, 339.
Cedar of Lebanon, 299.
Ceres, Temple, 212.
Chambers of city gates, 514.
Chariot of Ahab, 399.
Chaucer, 97.
Cheops, 611.
Cherith, 454, 463.
Childhood longings, 21.

Chios, 263.
Christ born, 275.
Christmas, 651.
Church of St. John, 409.
Church of St. Mark, 157, 158.
Church of the Annunciation, 379.
Church of the Holy Sepulcher, 536, 537.
Church of the Madeleine, 137.
Church of the Nativity, 559.
Churning, 347.
Cisterns in Palestine, 401.
Cities of Refuge, 343.
City Road Chapel, 116, 127.
City of Berlin,—vessel, 29.
Clarke, Adam, 52.
Cleopatra, 624.
Climate of Egypt, 596.
Climate of Palestine, 294, 506.
Cœle-Syria, 295.
Colerain, 52.
Columbus, 143.
Colosseum, 173.
Comet, first steam-boat, 60.
Company in Holy Land, 205, 285.
Company in Ireland, 33.
Constantinople, 229, 235.
Coos, 266.
Copts, 597, 602.
Corfu, 204, 648.
Cork, 37.
Corn-gathering, 592.
Coronation chair, 100.
Costumes, 568.
Cotton grotto, 517.
Court of Eastern House, 315.
Covenanters, Scotch, 74.
Coverdale Bible, 46.
Cradle of Christ, 528.
Crater of Vesuvius, 200.
Crete, 647.
Custom-House, Austria, 648.
Custom-House, Egypt, 647.
Custom-House, Irish, 32.
Cyprus, 266.

Damascus, 310, 314, 319.
Damascus Gate, 475, 514.
Dan, 340.
Dardanelles, 227.
Darnley's murder, 76.
Date-Palm, 484.
David slaying Goliath, 575.
David with the Philistines, 396
David's Street, Jerusalem, 542
Dead Sea, 453, 454, 455.
Deborah, 344, 395.
DeFoe, 129.
DeLesseps, 587.
Demosthenes,—story, 218.
Derdarah, 342.
Dervishes, 637.
Dickens, 97.
Diligence, 295.
Diocletian, 172.
Divan, 316.
Division of the Kingdom, 273.
Doges, Palace, 157.
Dogs, 233, 646.
Dome of the Chain, 525.
Dome of the Rock, 521.
Donkey-cart, 40.
Donkey-riding, 625, 645.
Donkeys, 293.
Dorcas, 580.
Dothan, 405.
Douglas, Earl, 69.
Dragoman, 242, 286.
Druses, 296.
Dryburg Abbey, 81.
Dryden, 97.
Dublin, 45.
Dublin University, 45.
Duke of Wellington, 110.
Dung Gate, 516.

Early rains, 339.
Ebal, 415.
Ecce Homo, 535.
Ecumenical Conference, 114.
Edinburgh, 74.
Edinburgh Castle, 75.
Edward II., 100.
Edward, IV., 100.
Egypt, glory of, 594, 595.
Egypt, inhabitants of, 597.
Egypt, population, 592.
Egyptian donkeys, 626.
Egyptian mummy, 636.
Egyptian people, 641.
El Fijeh, 310.
El Kubeibeh, 577.
El Leddan, 341.
El Mahrakah, 386.
El Meshhed, 373.

Eleuses, 212.
Eli, 439.
Elijah, 385, 386, 408, 441, 463.
Elijah and Ahab, 398, 399.
Elisha, 392, 400, 406, 408, 410.
Elisha's Fountain, 446–449.
Elizabeth, 99, 100.
Emmaus, 577.
En Gannim, 403.
En Rogel, 506.
En-shemesh, 466.
Endor, 390.
Enniskillen, 48.
English Channel, 144.
English Church in Jerusalem, 573.
Enon, near Salem, 448.
Ephesus, 253.
Episcopal Church in Jerusalem, 573.
Epistles of Paul, 191.
Erechtheum, 215.
Esdraelon, 385–390.
Eshcol, 552.
Evictions in Ireland, 38.

Farah, 448.
Farah Valley, 410.
Fastnet Light-house, 31.
Father Matthew, 36.
Father Prout, 37.
Fellahin, 567.
Festival of Hassan, 603.
Field of blood, 504.
Fig-trees 286, 565.
Fire-test, 388.
First view of the Holy Land, 270.
Flocks, 344.
Florence, 146.
Flowers in Palestine, 390.
Fog at sea, 25.
Foggia, 202.
Food, 583.
Forests in Palestine, 563.
Forth River, 67.
Forum of Trajan, 171.
Fountain of Gideon, 394.
Fountain of the Sun, 622.
Fountains, 280, 381, 401.
Foxes, 341.
Foyle River, 50.
France, 138.
Fuchsias, 40.
Funerals, Greek, 231.
Funerals in Scotland, 72.
Funerals, Mohammedan, 582.
Funerals, Turkish, 232.

Gadara Mountains, 365.
Galarie Uffizi, 149.
Gap of Dunloe, 42.
Gate of Cæsarea, 333.
Gate of Damascus, 327.
Gates of Jerusalem, 512.
Gath Hepher, 373.
Gay, John, 97.
Gazelle, 351, 466.
Gehazi, 393.
Gehenna, 503.
Gennesaret, Plains of, 363.
Genoa, 143.
Gerizim, 415.
Gesture of Orientals, 206.
Gethsemane, 475, 494, 496.
Giant's Causeway, 53.
Gideon's battle, 395.
Gilboa, 385, 392, 394.
Gilgal, 452.
Giloh, 549.
Giovanni, 162.
Glasgow, 60.
Glengariff, 46.
Goats, 346.
Golden Calves, 341.
Golden Gate, 512.
Golden Horn, 232.
Goldsmith, 46.
Golgotha, 519, 540.
Gomorrah, 452.
Gondolas, 157.
Government of Palestine, 276.
Greek churches, 213.
Greek clergy, 205.
Greeks, 227.
Greenoch, 60.
Grinding at the mill, 401.
Guild Hall, 71.

Hagar, 347.
Hall, Newman, 113.
Hannah, 439.
Haram es Sheriff, 520.
Harvesting in Ireland, 48.
Hasbany, 342.
Hassan, festival, 603.
Hattin, 371.
Heather, 39.

Hebron, 553, 554.
Heliopolis, 595, 621, 622.
Hellespont, 227.
Henry VIII., 108.
Hermits, 389.
Hermon, 289, 329.
Herod Antipas, 366.
Herod Philip, 332.
Herodium, 551.
Herod's Colonnade, 408.
Herod's Gate, 514.
Hieroglyphics, 632.
Highlands of Scotland, 66.
High-priest, 438.
Hill of Evil Counsel, 503, 547.
Hill of Offense, 488, 492.
Hill, Roland, 113.
Hills of Galilee, 384.
Hinnom, Valley of, 479, 503.
History of Palestine, 271.
Hobah, 312.
Holy Fire, 542.
Holy Rood Palace, 76.
Holy Sepulcher, 539.
Home, 652.
Horses in Syria, 283.
Hospital of Knights of St. John, 544.
Hotel du Nil, 593.
House of Commons, 91.
House of Obed-edom, 576.
House of Peers, 90.
House-tops, 428.
Houses in Palestine, 315, 427.
Howard, Alexander, 285.
Howling Dervishes, 636.
Huleh, 349.
Humbert, King of Italy, 173.
Husks, 287.
Hymettus, 212.

Ilissus, 219.
Imprisonment of Paul, 191.
Incident in the Alps, 142.
Innisfallen, 42.
Inversnaid, 66.
Ireland, climate of, 33.
Ireland, location of, 32.
Irish jaunting-car, 34.
Irish people, 54.
Irish wit, 34, 44.
Ismailia, 589, 591.
Italian skies, 154.
Italy, 140, 165.

Jabbok, 448.
Jabesh-gilead, 308.
Jackal, 341.
Jacob's Well, 431.
Jaunting-car, 34.
Jebel Dehu, 390.
Jebel el Baruk, 289.
Jebel Kasiun, 310.
Jebel Keneseh, 289.
Jenin, 402, 403.
Jericho, 450, 451.
Jerusalem, 442, 472, 477, 484.
Jerusalem Chamber, 102.
Jews in Palestine, 566.
Jews' wailing-place, 529.
Jezebel, 385, 398, 400.
Jezreel, 389, 394, 398, 400
Jiljulieh, 451.
John the Baptist, 328, 332, 366.
Joppa, 580.
Joppa Gate, 515.
Jordan River, 447, 456.
Jordan Valley, 351, 447.
Joseph of Arimathea, 579.
Joseph sold, 406.
Joshua, 350.
Josiah's death, 399.
Jotham's Rock, 420.
Judgment of Mohammed, 514.
Julud, 448.

Kana-el-jilil, 373.
Kedesh, 343.
Kedron Valley, 490.
Kefr Hawar, 328.
Kefr Kenna, 372.
Kenmare, 41.
Kerry Mountains, 38.
Khamasa, 577.
Khan Jubb, Yuseph, 352.
Khan Sawich, 434.
Khan Sofar, 288.
Kildare, 44.
Kingsley's Tomb, 284.
Kirjath Jearim, 576.
Kishon, 386, 395, 399.
Kissing the Blarney-stone, 35.
Knox's character, 78.
Knox's home, 78.
Knox's pulpit, 69.
Knox's tomb, 79.
Kubbet es Sakhra, 521.
Kuloniyeh, 577.

Lady Jane Gray, 108.
Lagan River, 53.
Laish, 340.
Lake Katrine, 66.
Lakes of Killarney, 41.
Lakes of the Meadow, 312.
Lambeth Palace, 105.
Land-league, Irish, 38.
Landmarks, 298.
Land of Goshen, 590.
Land-tenure in Palestine, 571.
Lapping water, 394.
Latimer, 649.
Latrun, 577.
Lazarus, 468.
Leaning tower, 145.
Leaving home, 22.
Leaving Jerusalem, 574.
Leaving Joppa, 586.
Leaving the wharf, 23.
Lebanon mountains, 287, 289.
Lebonah, 434.
Lemons, 287, 392.
Leontes, 295.
Lepers, 425, 544.
Lights of Zion, 562.
Limasol, 266.
Litany, 295.
Little Hermon, 385, 390, 392, 395, 396.
Liverpool, 650.
Livingstone, 96.
Lodgings in Palestine, 286.
Lollard's prison, 105.
London, 85, 86, 125.
London from the Clock-Tower, 125.
London sinfulness, 125.
London Tower, 106.
Londonderry, 50.
Lough Ern, 48.
Louis XVI., 135.
Luz, 443.
Lycabettus, 212.
Lycurgus, 219.
Lydda, 580.

Maccaroni, making, 195.
Madeleine Church, Paris, 137.
Magdala, 364.
Mamelukes, 600.
Mamertine prison, Rome, 170, 190.
Mamre, 552.
Manners, Irish, 39.
Marie Antoinette, 136.
Mariette, 631.
Mark Antony, 169.
Markets at Joppa, 583.
Marriage in Damascus, 317.
Mars' Hill, 220.
Martha, 467.
Martyr, Rogers, 126.
Martyrs at Oxford, 649.
Martyrs of Smithfield, 126.
Martyrs, virgins, 70.
Mary at Bethany, 467.
Mary Magdalene, 364.
Mary, Queen of Scots, 99, 100.
Mary's journey, 385.
Meals in Europe, 202.
Medici, 150.
Mediterranean Sea, 263.
Megiddo, 399.
Melrose Abbey, 82.
Memphis, 628.
Merom, 349, 352.
Michael Angelo, 146, 150, 175.
Milan, 153, 649.
Milan Cathedral, 153.
Milk in Palestine, 347.
Milton, 97.
Minerva, 215.
Miracle at Nain, 390.
Miracles of Christ, 362.
Missions at Beyroot, 279.
Missions in Egypt, 601.
Mitylene, 250.
Mizpeh, 441.
Mohammedans at prayer, 207, 240.
Mohammedans' call to prayer, 239.
Mohammedans' funeral, 582.
Mohammedans' massacre, 323.
Mohammedans' school, 600.
Mohammedans' Sunday, 321.
Molech, 503.
Money-changers, 546.
Mont Blanc, 154.
Mont Cenis Tunnel, 139.
Monte Rosa, 154.
Moore, Thomas, 46.
Moorefields, 127.
Moriah, 482.
Morocco, 269.
Moses in Egypt, 628.
Mosque el Aksa, 527.
Mosque el Azhar, 600.

Mosque of St. Sophia, 237.
Mosques, 321, 599.
Mother Carey's chickens, 29.
Mount Ebal, 415, 416.
Mount Gerizim, 415, 416.
Mount Moriah, 488.
Mount of Olives, 487, 488, 489.
Mount Tabor, 392.
Mount Zion, 515.
Mountains of Gadara, 352.
Mourners, 627.
Muckross Abbey, 43.
Mukhnah, 433.
Mummy, 636.
Museum at Cairo, 635.

Nablus, 413.
Nain, 390.
Naaman, 310, 322, 408.
Naphtali mountains, 342.
Naples, 194.
Napoleon in Palestine, 319.
Nargile, 209.
Nazareth, 373, 384.
Neby Daud, 543.
Neby Samwel, 441.
Necropolis of Egypt, 630.
Nehemiah builds the temple, 274.
Nelson, Lord, 46, 110.
Nero's palace, 168.
Newton, Sir Isaac, 95.
New-year at sea, 651.
Nile, 591, 592, 635, 639.
Nile and pyramids, 610.
Nilometer, 636.
Nob, 510.
North Channel, 60.
Nun of Kenmare, 41.

Obadiah, 387.
Obelisk of On, 622, 623.
O'Connell, 48.
Odeum of Herodes, 219.
Oil-mill, 490.
Oleanders, 363.
Olive-oil, 490.
Olive-trees, 380, 490, 495.
Olivet, 470, 487.
Olympium, 217.
Omen, ill, at sea, 28.
On, 595, 621, 622.
Ophel, 482.
Oranges, 287.
Orchards at Joppa, 582.
Orchards in Palestine, 392.
Oriental dress, 377.
Oriental travelers, 247.
Origen, 644.
Orontes, 308.
Oxford, 649.

Pagan tomb, 182.
Palace of the Doges, Venice, 159.
Palatine Hill, Rome, 172.
Palazo Pitti, Florence, 150.
Palm-tree, 287, 404.
Pantheon, 176.
Papyrus, 361.
Parables of Christ, 363.
Paris, 135.
Parker, 147.
Parliament building, 88, 89.
Parliament, Irish, 45.
Parnell, 37.
Parthenon, 215, 216.
Patmos, 264.
Paul at Athens, 221.
Paul at Cæsarea, 184.
Paul at Ephesus, 259.
Paul in Rome, 183.
Paul's hired house, 185.
Peck, Bishop, 118.
Penn, William, 36.
Pentelicus, 212.
Pharpar, 328.
Phenix Park, 47.
Philemon, Epistle, 189.
Philip at Samaria, 410.
Piazza, St. Mark, Venice, 158.
Pigeons, Venice, 159.
Pilate's Arch, 534, 535.
Pilate's Stairs, 179.
Pilgrims in Palestine, 459.
Pilot-boat, 651.
Pilot leaving, 24.
Pine-trees, 287.
Piræus, 206, 209, 227.
Pisa, 143.
Pitt, 95.
Place de La Concorde, 135.
Plain of Esdraelon, 385.
Plain of Gennesaret, 360.
Plain of Moreh, 430.
Plain of Rephaim, 547.
Plain of Sharon, 578.
Plan of Jerusalem, 483.
Plowing, 330, 431, 598.

Pnyx, 218.
Polycarp, 252.
Pompeii, 195.
Pompey's Pillar, 643, 644, 645.
Pool of Bethesda, 533.
Pool of Gihon, 504.
Pool of Hezekiah, 542.
Pool of Siloam, 479, 500, 510.
Pool of Solomon, 549.
Population of Palestine, 566.
Porpoise, 28.
Port Rush, 52.
Port Said, 587.
Poverty of the people, 572.
Praying before the Mosque, 526.
Products of Palestine, 564.
Prophets, 373.
Prophets of Baal, 386.
Propylæa, 215.
Puteoli, 185.
Pyramid of Cephren, 617.
Pyramid of Cheops, 611.
Pyramids, 593.
Pyramids of Ghizeh, 609.
Pyramids of Sakkarah, 630.

Quarantine mountains, 455.
Quarrel, Arab, 546.
Quarries under Jerusalem, 517.
Queen's College, Cork, 36.
Queenstown, 32, 650.

Rahab, 450.
Rain, 339.
Rainfall in Palestine, 506.
Rameses, 590.
Rameses Statue, 629.
Ramleh, 578, 579.
Raphael, 177, 337.
Religions of Palestine, 276.
Rhodes, 266.
Ridley, 649.
River Jordan, 447, 456.
Rizzio, 75.
Road from Jerusalem to Joppa, 574.
Roads in Syria, 282.
Robbers' Fountain, 440.
Robert College, 244.
Robinson's Arch, 532.
Rogers, John, 126.
Roman Forum, 169.
Rome, 167, 175.
Roofs of houses, 427.
Ross Castle, 43.
Round towers in Ireland, 49.
Royal cisterns, 527.
Royal Palace, 173.
Russian buildings, 506.
Russian pilgrims, 551.

Sabbath at Baalbec, 300.
Sabbath in Rome, 169.
Sabustieh, 411.
Sacred Rock, 523.
Safed, 360.
Sakkarah, 625.
Saladin, battle of, 371.
Salamis, 209.
Salome, 366.
Salutations in Palestine 570.
Samaria, 487.
Samaritan Pentateuch, 423.
Samaritans, 421.
Samos, 263.
Sanballet's Temple, 419.
Sandal, 568.
Santa Croce, 150.
Saul and the witch, 396.
Saul's conversion, 324.
Savonarola, 148.
Scala, Santa, 179.
Schliemann, Dr., 207.
Schliemann, Mrs., 209.
Scotland, 59.
Scott monument, 75, 83.
Scott, Walter, his home, 80.
Scottish character, 72.
Scottish language, 77.
Scott's tomb, 81.
Scutari, 245.
Sea described, 26.
Sea-gulls, 29.
Sea of Galilee, 352, 354, 355, 365, 368, 370.
Sea of Marmora, 228.
Sea-sickness, 24.
Seilun, 434.
Seine, 136.
Sepulchers, 509.
Serapeum, 629, 631.
Seven hills of Rome, 166.
Shakespeare, 97.
Sharon, Plain of, 578.
Shechem, 411, 415, 429.
Sheep in Syria, 344, 348.
Sheep-fold, 364.
Shellaby, 416.
Shepherds, 344, 561.

Shiloh, 434.
Shimei, 466.
Ships of the desert, 584.
Shops, 281.
Shtora, 293.
Shunammite women, 391, 393.
Shunem, 392.
Siege of Londonderry, 51.
Siloah, 499.
Siloam, 479.
Simon the tanner, 581.
Simpson, Bishop, 116.
Sister Frances Clare, 41.
Sistine Chapel, 177.
Skelligs, 31.
Smith, Dr. S. F., 228.
Smithfield, 126.
Smyrna, 250.
Snow-houses, 290.
Snow of Lebanon, 290.
Sodom, 452.
Solomon's stables, 528.
Southey, 97.
Sphinx, 618.
Spina Christi, 449, 453.
Spurgeon, 111.
St. Margaret's Church, London, 91
St. Michele della Chiusa, 141.
St. Paolo Fuori le Mura, 180.
St. Paul's Cathedral, 109.
St. Paul's Tomb, 180.
St. Peter's, in Vincoli, 175.
St. Peter's, Rome, 178.
St. Stephen's Gate, 492, 511.
Stadium at Athens, 219.
Stanley, Dean, 99.
State-rooms, 29.
Statue of Burke, 46.
Statue of Goldsmith, 46.
Statue of Lord Nelson, 46.
Statue of Moses, 175.
Statue of Rameses, 629.
Statue of Thomas Moore, 46.
Statue of William of Orange, 46.
Sterling Castle, 67.
Stone in the quarry, Baalbec, 301.
Stone of Rest, 467.
Stone of Scone, 100.
Stones at Baalbec, 300.
Stork, 257, 351.
Storm at sea, 203.
Straits of Gibraltar, 269.
Street called Straight, 325.
Street in Jerusalem, 485.
Streets of Constantinople, 236.
Streets of Jerusalem, 520.
Suez Canal, 588.
Sugar-cane, 583.
Sunset in the Orient, 164.
Superstition, 525.
Surrey Chapel, London, 113.
Sweet-fennel, 351.
Swift, Dean, 46, 47.
Sycamore-tree, 287.
Synagogue in Jerusalem, 544.
Synagogue, ruins, Capernaum, 356.
Syria, ancient, 272.
Syria, modern, 345.

Tabernacle at Shiloh, 435.
Tabitha, 580.
Tabor, 385, 392, 395.
Taxes in Palestine, 571.
Tekoa, 551.
Tell-el-Kadi, 340.
Tell Hum, 356.
Temperature of Palestine, 563.
Temple of Apis, 629.
Temple of Diana, 254.
Temple of Jupiter, 217.
Temple of Jupiter, Baalbec, 303.
Temple of the Sun, Baalbec, 304.
Temple of the Sun, Heliopolis, 622.
Temple of Theseus, Athens, 217.
Temple Plateau, 521.
Tenting, 286.
Tents of Kedar, 254.
Thames, 105.
Thanksgiving dinner, 583.
Theater of Bacchus, 219.
Theater of Ephesus, 258, 260.
Thieves of Jericho, 463.
Thornhill, 110.
Thrashing-floor, 296.
Tiber, 166.
Tiberias, 365, 366, 367.
Tiberius, 172.
Time to visit Palestine, 277.
Tintaretto, 162.
Titian, 162, 163.
Titus, 168.
Tolbooth, Edinburgh, 78.
Tomb of Absalom, 497.
Tomb of Adam, 541.
Tomb of Christ, 509.
Tomb of David, 543.

Tomb of Elisha, 489.
Tomb of Hezekiah, 488.
Tomb of Jehoshaphat, 498.
Tomb of John the Baptist, 489.
Tomb of Jonah, 373.
Tomb of Joseph, 429.
Tomb of Lazarus, 469.
Tomb of Mary, 493.
Tomb of Nimrod, 329.
Tomb of Obediah, 489.
Tomb of Rachel, 548.
Tomb of St. James, 498.
Tomb of Tih, 632.
Tombs of Nain, 391.
Tombs of the Judges, 508.
Tombs of the Kings, 507.
Tophet, 503.
Tower Green, 108.
Tower of Antonia, 534.
Tower of David, 485, 515.
Tower of Hippicus, 485, 515.
Tower of the Forty, 579.
Trajan, 171.
Transfiguration, 178, 335.
Travel in Palestine, 282.
Travelers, 371.
Traveling in London, 104.
Trees in Palestine, 390, 411.
Triest, 648.
Trinity College, 45.
Triumphal Arch of Titus, 170, 171.
Troas, 248.
Trosach's mountains, 67.
Troy, 248.
Turin, 141.
Turks, 567.
Turks and women, 206.
Tyropœon Valley, 482, 500, 516.

University of Scotland, 60.
Upper Pool of Gihon, 505.

Valencia, 31.
Valley of Ajalon, 577.
Valley of Hinnom, 482, 502, 503.
Valley of Kedron, 481, 502.
Valley of Shechem, 414.
Valley of the Giants, 547.
Valley of the Jordan, 447.
Vatican, 168.
Venice, 156, 649.
Vessel at sea, 26.
Vesuvius, 198.
Via Dolorosa, 492, 533.
Victor Emanuel, 177.
View from Cheops, 616.
Vineyards of Naboth, 399.
Virgin martyrs, 70.
Virgin's Fountain, 381, 499.
Virgin's tree, 596, 622.

Wady el Hod, 466.
Wady Kelt, 463.
Wady Kuloniyeh, 575.
Wady Urtas, 551.
Wailing-place of the Jews, 529.
Waldenses, 142.
Walker, George, 51.
Walls of Constantinople, 233.
Walls of Jerusalem, 511.
Walls of Rome, 175.
Walter Raleigh, 91.
Water, streams of, 297.
Watering the lands, 621.
Watts, 96, 129.
Webb, Captain, 134.
Wedding, Oriental, 317.
Weeping for the dead, 485.
Well of David, 561.
Well of Job, 482, 501.
Well of the Virgin, 596.
Wesley, Charles, 127.
Wesley, John, 96, 127.
Wesley, Susannah, 127, 128.
Westminster Abbey, 93.
Westminster Hall, 91.
Whirling Dervishes, 635, 637.
Whited Sepulchers, 328.
Wilberforce, 95.
Wilderness of Judea, 465.
William of Orange, 51.
Wilson's Arch, 532.
Witch of Endor, 390, 397.
Women gathering sticks, 411.
Women grinding at the mill, 481.
Women, oriental, 567, 569, 577, 578, 598.
Women veiled, 569.
Women with ornaments, 407.
Worship of Samaritans, 417.
Wycliffe prison, 105.

Zaccheus, 287, 451.
Zakazik, 591.
Zealots, 275.
Zeboim, 452.
Zerin, 394, 398.
Zion, 483.
Zoan, 590.
Zoar, 552.